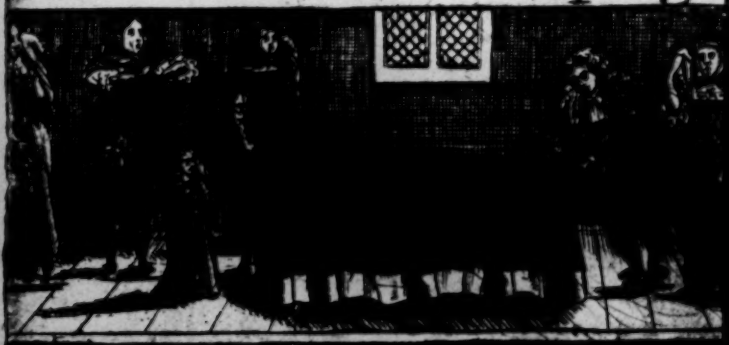
The: House of Weeping



an goeth to his long home and the Mourners
about the Streets Eccl: 12.5

inted for John Dun[illegible] at y Black Raven
the Poultrey London.

THE

Pilgrims Guide

From the Cradle to his Death-bed:

WITH

His Glorious Passage from thence to the

New-Jerusalem.

Represented to the Life

In a Delightful new Allegory,

Wherein the

Christian Traveller

Is more fully and plainly Directed than yet he hath been by any in the Right and Neatest way to the Celestial Paradice.

To which is added the

SICK-MANS

Passing-Bell.

With no less than

Fifty Several Pleasant Treatises

besides (rarely if ever handled before) all of them being distinctly useful, and will afford the READER extraordinary pleasure and delight in the perusal if either profit or novelty will do it. To these are annext, The SIGHS and GROANS of a Dying Man.

By *John Dunton* late Rector of *Aston Clinton.*

Illustrated with Eight curious Copper Plates.

They were Strangers and Pilgrims on earth, but they desire a better Country that is an heavenly, Heb. 11. 13.

Linton, Printed for *John Dunton* at the sign of the Black Raven at the Corner of *Princes-street*, near the *Royal-Exchange*, MDCLXXXIV.

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his moſt Affectionate Siſters and Brother *Sarah*, *Mary*, *Elizabeth*, and *Lake Dunton* of *Chiſwick* near the famous City of *London*; and to his much Honoured and reſpected Uncle and Aunt Mr. *William Reding* Senior of *Dungrove*, and Mrs. *Mary Chace*, late Wife of Mr. *Jeremiah Carter*, both of *Cheſham* in *Buckinghamſhire*; and to his very loving Couſins *William*, *Nathaniel*, *Thomas*, *Anne Reding* of Little *Miſſenden*; and *Mary*, *Margaret*, *Elizabeth*, *John*, *Anne*, *Richard* and *Sarah Woolhouſe* of *Stone* near *Princesbrow* in *Oxfordſhire*; and to the four truly Vertuous and deſerving Gentlewomen Mrs. *Palmer* of *Graffham* (my Native Town) in *Huntingdon-ſhire*, Mrs. *Mead* of St. *Mary's* Pariſh in the City of *Bedford*, Mrs. *Field* of *Aſton Clinton*, Mrs. *Mary Goſſam* of *Bellingdon*; and to his old and dear School-fellows Mr. *Matthew Biſcow*, Mr. *Elias Cox*, Mr. *John Chace* and Mr. *John Ayres*.

My moſt endeared Relations and Acquaintance,

THoſe *Two well known and uſeful Books bearing my Father* Dunton's *Name*, (*Entituled*, The Houſe of Weeping, *&c. and* Dying Paſtors laſt Legacy, *&c.*) *ſelling wonderfully beyond all expectation, have encouraged me now a* Third time *to reoblige the World* (*but in a more eſpecial manner my beloved* Country-men, *and you my Relations and intimate Friends,*) *by publiſhing another Treatiſe of his which you here ſee is entituled,*

The Sighs and Groans of a Dying man, &c. *which ſaid Treatiſe was fairly written out for the Preſs* (as many of you very well know) *with my Fathers own hands juſt before his Death; and if this pleaſes as well as the two former pieces* (*as doubtleſs it will, for it doth together with ſome of the other* Fifty *Treatiſes accompanying of it, comprehend the Whole Duty of a* Sincere Chriſtian) *I intend out of hand to expoſe ſome more of his Works to* publick View: *But many of them being written in* Short-hand (*and no body being able to read his Characters but my ſelf*) *they'l take me up ſome* little time *to Tranſcribe them* fair *for the* Preſs.

Now *if any wonder that this* preſent Treatiſe *comes into this* wide World *without ſome* Great or Noble Man *for its Pa*tron

tron, *let such know that such Dedications begin now adaies to grow out of Fashion, his Policy was commended by many (and proved profitable to himself) who instead of Select* Grandees *for* his Godfathers *made all the Congregation* Witnesses *to his Child: so would I, if I could, invite you* all together, *that are my Friends (and the whole* English *Nation besides) to this useful Book requesting you, and all therein to Patronize such parts and passages thereof as please you best, so hoping that by several Persons of* all Ranks and Degrees *the whole will be protected.*

But the Truth of it is to all *you mentioned on the first Page chiefly, and of right belongs the* Dedication *of this Book; for surely those many and great Favours and daily continued Courtesies, which I have received from you may well challenge and command a* double Expression *of thanks and acknowledgement from me. And I knew not wherein I might more publickly, and better testifie my* gratitude *to you than by presenting you with something that might abide by you (and be your daily Companion both abroad and at home) as a* Specimen *of that solemn respect and service which I owe to you all.*

I have read of Pylades *and* Orestes, *and many others, but the* Past, Present or Fu-

ture Age *have not, nor never will produce ſuch a* Stupendious *Example of Friendſhip and entire reſpect as yours hath been to me, which tho I cannot fully requite (ſhould I live to the years of* Methuſalem*) yet I will never ceaſe (whilſt I have breath to fetch) kindly to acknowledge.*

Moreover, *I very well knew any thing that had* my Dear deceaſed Fathers *name* ſtampt *upon it, would be very gratefully received (and kindly entertained) by you all.*

And therefore now it being very ſeaſonable, *I ſhall crave leave to put you in mind of your* Deceaſed Friend and Father; *he is a true Friend (ſaith the* Smyrnean *Poet of old) who continueth the memory of his deceaſed Friend: When a Friend of St.* Auſtins *dyed, he profeſſed he was put into a great ſtrait whether he himſelf ſhould be willing to live or willing to dye; he was unwilling to live becauſe* one-half *of him ſelf was dead, yet he was not willing to dye becauſe his Friend did partly live in him tho he was dead: Let us all now make the Application as we ſee cauſe. And further conſider, that tho for the preſent our loſs may ſeem great, yet if any Memory on earth goes with us to Heaven, he now being nearer the Fountain of Love, loves us more than ever, and now is better able to expreſs it in* higher *and* dearer *ſervices;*

vices; but if all remembrance of Friends and Kindred dye with us, yet still he loves *us more then he could ever* possibly *upon Earth, tho in another relation the thoughts of which should stop the* current *of those Tears wherewith our* hearts *and* eyes *are so* big *and* full.

But to avoid Prolixity, *I must proceed and further acquaint you that to this* Treatise *of my Fathers entituled,* Sighs and Groans, &c. *is added for your great pleasure and Satisfaction.*

First, The Pilgrims Guide from the Cradle to his Death-bed, with his glorious and triumphant passage from thence to the *New-Jerusalem,* &c.

Which said Treatise was written on purpose to encourage those Holy *and* Devout Pilgrims *who have set forth, and are* Journeying *towards a* Heavenly Country *that so they may make a resolved and chearful progress therein,* notwithstanding *all the* difficulties, oppositions *and* conflicts *that they may meet withal in the way thither.*

Herein *is given brief hints of the usual* Tryals, Troubles and Temptations *that are like to sally out upon those that* travel *this* narrow way *that leads to* Paradice, *with an* exact *account in what places* (*whilst they are upon their* Journey) *they must look for*

and expect comfort, ſuccour and ſupport, with a repreſentation *alſo of the happy ſucceſs of thoſe* Chriſtian Pilgrims *that hold on in their* heavenly race, *and hold out therein, even a* participation *of* future glory, *and that all the Temptations they overcome in the Road to happineſs, ſhall be as ſo many ſhining Jewels in their Crown of* Victory *which will abundantly make amends for all their pains, ſufferings, and* difficult travels.

Here further you may ſee (throughout the whole Allegory) how that this preſent tranſitory Life, is called a Pilgrimage, *a* Travel *and a way, becauſe it continually plieth to an end; For as they which are carryed in* Coaches, *or ſail in* Ships, *do finiſh their* Voyage, *tho they ſit ſtill and ſleep,* even *ſo every one of us,* albeit *we be ſtill buſied about other matters, and perceive not how the* courſe *of our* Life paſſeth away, *being ſometimes at* Reſt, *ſometimes* at work, *ſometimes* Idle, *and ſometimes in* ſports *and* recreations, *yet our life alwaies* waſteth, *and we in poſting ſpeed with* winged haſt *towards our laſt end.*

And loe! as our way-faring Pilgrim (deſcrib'd in this Book) travelleth apace and leaveth many things behind him; even ſo it fares with us: For the poor reſolved Pilgrim in his way ſometimes ſeeth

ſtately

ſtately Towers and ſumptuous Buildings, he beholdeth them a while, he admires them, and ſo paſſeth from them: after wards he ſeeth Green Fields, fine Meadows, flouriſhing Paſtures, and goodly Vine-yards, upon theſe alſo (with pleaſing delight) he looketh a while, he wondreth at the ſight, and ſo paſſeth by, then he meeteth with fruitful Orchards, green Foreſts, long Chaces, delightful Plains, lovely Commons, pleaſant Fields, huge Thickets and ſpreading Trees full of all manner of flying Fowls and ſinging Birds, ſweet Rivers with ſilver Streams, and behaveth himſelf as before. At the length, before he cometh at his Journeys end, he meeteth with loneſome Deſarts, hard Waies, rough, and unpleaſant, foul, and over-grown with Bryars and Thornes, here alſo he is enforced for a time to ſtay: He laboureth, ſweateth, and is grieved; but when he hath gone awhile, he overcometh theſe difficulties and getting at laſt a clear and diſtinct Proſpect of the end of his Journey he remembreth no more his former Griefs and Danger.

Juſt thus it is *with us who like* Pilgrims *and* Strangers *are travelling and poſting* apace towards *our* long homes, *one while we meet with pleaſant and delightful things,*

another while we meet with affrighting, ſorrowful, and grievous croſſes, but they all in a moment paſs away *and are gone and vaniſh even like* Miſt *before the* early Sun. *And look as a pleaſant* Landskip *which at a diſtance ſeemeth to the eye* rough, and uneven, *(by reaſon that here is* ſhadow'd *a Hill, or Dale, there a Plain, and green row of Trees, yonder a Church, a Town, a City, a Village with Rivers* (full of Swans) *running by it; Then here again a* poor Cottage, *a ſhady Grove, a delightful Meadow,* Birds flying, *a ſturdy Caſtle, and behind that ſome* demoliſht Fabrick) yet *if you come cloſe to it all appears both ſmooth and even.*

Juſt thus it is with every Chriſtian Pilgrim, *who when he firſt* ſets out *for Heaven, or whilſt he is on his* Travels *thither, all things ſeem to appear to him* rough, harſh and unpleaſant, *but when he comes cloſe and near to his* Journeys end, *and juſt within proſpect of Happineſs, all things appear to him* ſmooth, plain and delightful.

This *weary Pilgrim* oft did *aſk* to know
How had the way, how far he had to go *.
His way was tedious, and withal oppreſt,
Yet his chief Travels were unto his reſt.
Our Life's *a Journey* †; yet fond man delays
To enquire out the number of his daies.
He cares not [He] how ſlow his hours ſpend;
His *Journey's* better than his *Journeys* end.

* *To the new* Jeruſalem.

† *To the Grave.*

But

But this *true Dyal* *most friendly doth display
To each *sad Pilgrim* the hour of the day.
And *tells* him of the *shady Oak**, and *Her*
That doth refresh; (the *Sun-burnt Traveller*)
And cover him from * *Storms* and *Showres* too,
And * *Highway Thieves* that would his soul undo.
Yet if the *Guide spoke of* be not his Friend
Hee'l miss that Road which doth in glory end.

* *Called* the Pilgrims *Guide.*
* *Divine Providence.*
* Mrs. *Charity.*
* *Called* World, Flesh *and* Devil.

But then again this Heavenly Guide *shews plainly to every* Christian Pilgrim *what strange discouragements he must expect to meet with on the road to the* Celestial Paradise, *and how that his way thither is not all along strewed with fragrant Flowers, with pleasant* Fountains, *and* green and shady Walks (*as many weak* Pilgrims *foolishly imagine when they first set out on their* Journey for Heaven) *for turmoiling fears and perplexities will attend every resolved* Pilgrim, *almost in every* Stage *and place he passes through.*

Further yet this Allegory is shown how no Pilgrim whatsoever must expect whilst on his Travels to Heaven to meet with that glorious Jewel *called* CONTENTMENT (*which many Pilgrims heretofore have eagerly sought for but could never find it*) till they arrive at the desired Country: *which said disappointment often made our* Pilgrim *in this Book wofully to cry out* ——— Contentment, Oh! Contentment, *where art thou, where art thou, what art thou gone such a* long Journey *that thou canst never return?*

——— Oh! Contentment, Contentment*,
Spark of pure Celestial fire,
Port of all the Worlds desire;

Para-

Paradice of Earthly bliſs,
Heaven of the other World and this;
* TELL me where thy Court abides,
Where thy glorious Chariot rides.

Eden knew thee for a day,
But thou wouldſt no longer ſtay;
Outed for poor *Adams* ſin,
In a flaming Cherubim.
Yet thou lov'ſt that happy *ſhade*,
Where thy beauteous form was made;
And thy kindneſs yet remains,
To the *Woods* and *flowry Plains*.

Happy *David* found thee there,
Sporting in the open Air,
As he led his Flocks along,
Feeding on his rural Song;
But when *Courts* and *Honours* had
Snatcht away the *lovely Lad*,
Thou that there no room couldſt find,
Let him go, and *ſtaid behind*.

His wiſe Son with care and pain,
Searcht all Natures frame in vain;
For a while *content* to be,
Searcht it round, but found not thee;
Beauty own'd ſhe knew thee not,
Plenty had thy Name forgot;
Muſick only did aver,
Once you came and Danc'd with her.

All the World ſtill *Hunt* about,
Happy he that finds thee out.
Some have dreamt thou ſtill doſt ſit
Circled round with *Mirth* and Wit,

In

In a Cloyſter, or a Pew,
Others alwaies ſeek for you:
But there ſearch, alike is vain,
Theſe Moroſe, and theſe Prophane.

Mothers with indulgent care,
Hug their Child, and find thee there;
Kiſs it while a Sleep it lies,
And upon it feaſt their Eyes;
When the little *Babling* came
Juſt to Liſp its Mothers Name,
All her airy hopes are fled,
There it dies and leaves her Dead.
—— Oh then Contentment, Contentment!

Since thy *Throne* thou doſt not place
In a Palace, or a Face,
Since thou coyly paſſeſt by
Pleaſures, *Riches*, *Harmony*.
Since we cannot find thee out
With the Witty, or Devout.
Since I here of thee Deſpair,
I'le walk to Heaven and find thee there.

And therefore now *I heartily wiſh that thoſe rouzing and awakening* Truths, *that are contained under this* pleaſant Allegory, *entituled*, The Pilgrims Guide, *&c. may be of dayly and univerſal uſe to all thoſe* Chriſtian Travellers *that are upon the* ſerious enquiry *after the* right *and* neareſt way *to the* New-Jeruſalem: (*where* true Contentment only Dwells) And who knows but they may! *for ſometimes* Truth *apparel'd in a* delightful Allegory, *hath a* freer acceſs *to ſome* Tempers *than in another* Mode *or* Dreſs: *But this I am ſure*

Pro captu Lectoris habent ſua libelli.

Ac-

According to the candour or humour of the Reader, *it will be accepted or cenſured: And therefore I ſhall not be concern'd if it pleaſe not every* Liquoriſh Palate.

That there may be faults *in its* Conduct *I am not altogether* Ignorant, *but theſe lapſes look't on with a* ſorrowful Remembrance *that the Author's* Dead; *or with an* amicable view, *will but appear as* Moles *in a* fair Face *however.*

Dear Hearts,

Do you but give it your bleſſing *and* chearing Protection, *and it ſhall venture the idle and impertinent cenſures of others.*

But Secondly, *for your further pleaſant* Entertainment, *you have in this Book a diſtinct* Treatiſe, *Entituled,*

The Sick-Mans Paſſing-Bell, *&c.*

Wherein you have in moſt winning *and* affectionate Language; Firſt, *The* whole Art *of* Living *and* Dying well, *impartially repreſented to your view.* Secondly, *The* Reaſons *wherefore* Death *is a* ſerious thing; *and how can this be rationally doubted? (tho it is by the* Atheiſtical Spirits *of this Age) for when a man dies, he takes his* ſolemn leave *of one* World *and goes into another (where he* never was yet*) to receive his* laſt *and* final Doom, *either to be* Saved *or* Damned *to all* Eternity. Thirdly, *It is ſhown in* this Paſſing-Bell *how a* dying hour *is the laſt opportunity we* have *for commending the Goodneſs of God, and His holy and righteous waies to* others, *and how we ought therefore whilſt* the flouriſhing *Plumes of Age are upon us, and we continue in perfect* Health *and* Strength, *daily to beg of God that our laſt Breath, in a more eſpecial manner, may be drawn* Heaven-wards, *that ſo we may enter praying into* the Houſe of Bleſſing and Praiſe. Fourthly, *Herein is ſhown how we ought to live in a continual*

pre-

preparation for Death *all our life long, with an account of the infinite hazard of a* Death-bed Repentance, *or* venturing *Eternity upon our* last breath. Fifthly, *It is plainly shown in this* Passing-Bell *what* Death *is, wherein you have his Character drawn to the Life.* Sixthly, *Here you have a* most excellent Prayer *that ought to be said in case of a sudden surprize by Death, as by a* mortal Wound, *or any other* evil Accident, *when the methods and Solemnities of* preparations *cannot be used.* To which is added, *The* Sick-mans *last and loving Exhortations to his Wife, Children and Servants an hour, or thereabouts, before his* doleful Passing-Bell *had Rung.* Seventhly, *You have an Act of Resignation to be said by a dying Person in all the* bad accidents of his Sickness. Eighthly, *You have an Act of holy Resolution of amendment of life in case of Recovery.* Ninthly, *You have in* this Passing-Bell, *the Reasons why the English People shut the eyes and mouth of their dead Friends as soon as ever they are departed.* Tenthly, *You have the reasons why dead bodies are often kissed.* Eleventhly, *The reason why dead Bodies are often washed.* Twelfthly, *You have the reasons why the dead are often perfumed and Embalmed,* &c. Thirteenthly, *The* Reasons *why the dead are usually clothed with white Linnen (or other Suitable dresses) before they are put into their Coffins.* Fourteenthly, *You have the Reasons of the pomp and Ceremony wherewith the English carry thier Dead to the Grave. In the* Fifteenth *place, you have in this Treatise called,* The Passing-Bell, *a preparation concerning the* Contingencies *and treatings of our deceased Friends in order to their Burial.* Sixteenthly, *The manner how the English Bury their Dead.* Seventeenthly, *The exact Method that ought to be observed* in Funeral Processions *for most Ranks and Degrees of men. In the* Eighteenth *place, in this* Passing-Bell, *you will see how Death is borne with us, goes along with us hand in hand through all the Stages of our Life;*

how

how Infancy dyes into Child-hood, Childhood into Youth, Youth into Manhood, and ſo on till Old Age comes where we part fairly *at our* Journeys end, *unleſs ſome accident, a Sword, a Bullet, or a Diſeaſe meet us and makes us break company at* Half way, *as it very often doth, for Death throws at all with an* Impartial hand, *and even ſcorns to ſpare any; he doth not crouch to* Emperours, *and humbly beg their leave to kill them; he Kills not* Kings *upon his* bended knee, *nor doth his darts uſe any more Ceremony to a Prince upon the Throne, than to the pooreſt Beggar on the Dunghill, or loweſt Vaſſal that crawls on the ground, both die and turn to duſt alike. Further is ſhown how the* Noblemans *coſtly and embroidered* Sear-cloth ſtinks, *as well as the rags and half ſheet of the Beggar.*

Nay how, even Kings themſelves corrupt under their grandy Tombs and glorious Arches as well as poor Lazarus, *who goes to bed in ſilence, naked, and without a covering. Then in the* Nineteenth place, *you have an account how that 'tis neither* Riches, Stately Friends, worldly Pomp, *nor* Honours *too can Shield us from the ſtroke of* Death: *For take* Man, *extend him as big as you pleaſe, let your* fancy *ſtretch him till ſhe* crack her ſelf; Cloath *him with purple, then beſet that purple with Jewels as thick and large until he look not like a* Man *but a* Firmament: *Let* Crowns and Miters *ſhoot down like Stars that fall; ſet him in the* midſt of perpetual Victories; *let* vanquiſh'd Towns, Cities, Kingdoms, Empires, Lordſhips and Mannors be his Footſtool, *and let* Conquer'd *Princes and Governours be the* Cuſhions *to it. And let one ſtand and proclaim before him all what ever proud* Titles *or* Honours *(which are but a* blaze *blown by the* breath *of a mortal* Man) *or* Ambition *hath aſpir'd to, or* Fancy *can dictate, call him* King of Kings, the Husband to Fortune and Couſin to the Gods, yet *after all this* Noiſe and Pomp, *when we have done all, it is but a* Man, Death

with

ith his Pale-horſe *will trample upon him and kick out* breath, *and ſo draw a black* Curtain *over him, nd then this mighty* Pageant *is at an* end.

Methinks,
I hear the whiſtling Plow-man all day long,
Sweetning his labour with a chearful ſong:
His Bed's a pad of Straw: his diet, coarſe;
In both, he fares not better than his Horſe:
He ſeldom ſlacks his thirſt, but from the Pump;
And yet his heart is blithe, his viſage, plump;
His thoughts are ne're acquainted with ſuch things,
As Griefs or Fears: he only ſweats and ſings:
When as the landed Lord, that cannot dine
Without a qualm, if not refreſht with Wine;
That cannot judge that controverted caſe,
'Twixt meat and mouth, without the *Bribe* of *Sauce*;
That claims the ſervice of the pureſt linnen,
To pamper and to ſhrowd his dainty skin in;
Groans out his daies, in lab'ring to appeaſe
The rage of either Buſineſs or Diſeaſe:
Alas, his ſilken Robes, his coſtly Diet,
Can lend a little pleaſure, but no Quiet:
The untold ſums of his deſcended wealth
Can give his body plenty, but no Health:
The one, in pains, and want, poſſeſſes all;
T'other, in great ſplendour, finds no peace at all.

How often have I ſeen (*ſaith a late learned Au-*) a Valiant General when he is to reap the har- ſt of his Crowns and Triumphs, fight unproſpe- uſly, or fall into a Feavour with Joy and Wine, d ſo change his Lawrel into Cypreſs, his Trium- al Chariot to an Hearſe, *dying the night before he appointed to periſh in the Drunkenneſs of his* Feſti- l Joyes. *And therefore here under this Head, may* ry properly *be inſerted the following Verſes,* Viz.

Go

Go to the dull Church-yard and ſee
Thoſe Hillocks of Mortality,
Where proudeſt Man is only found
By a ſmall ſwelling of the Ground,
Where crouds of Rich Bodies are made
Slaves to the Pick-ax and the Spade.
Dig but a Foot or two to make
A cold Bed for thy dead Friends ſake;
'Tis odds but in that ſcantling room,
Thou rob'ſt ſome Great Man of his Tomb;
And in thy delving ſmit'ſt upon
His Shin-bone, or his Cranion.

Yet further (*in the* Twenticth *place*) *it is ſhown in this* Paſſing-Bell, *that tho Death* (like a terrible Sergeant) *will moſt certainly one time or other overtake and Arreſt all* (with his cold and clamy hands) *and lay them proſtrate in the Duſt*; *yet how notwithſtanding all that we ought not continually to amaze our ſelves with the thoughts of it, or too much to aggravate to our fancies the pains of* Dying, *the loſs of Earthly* Society, *and deareſt* Friends; *the ſolitude, darkneſs, and* ſluttiſhneſs *of Graves, the dismal* Knells, *the* Blacks, *&c. the* Hearſes, *and the whole pomp of ſorrow and dolefulneſs, that attends* Funerals, *becauſe too many of theſe* ſad and Melancholy *thoughts are ready to ſoften and betray our minds and Chriſtian* courage, *and will make Death the more tremendous and terrible to us when ever with its* grim eyes *it ſtares us in the Face*; *But ſome there are 'tis certain, tho their number is but few that care not tho* Drums and Trumpets *ſhould Ring their* Knell, *or tho they* ſaw a Grave *every ſtep they fetcht.*

And the truth of it is, I am ready to think, that could we from one of the higheſt Battlements *of Heaven ſtand and take an* unlimitted Proſpect *of all things*

in

in this world *& by this advantgeous view eſpy how many men and women lye fainting and dying at this very time for want of Bread, how many Young men and valiant* Heroes, *in* foreign Countries, *are hewen down by the Sword of War? How many poor* Orphans *are weeping over the Graves of their deceaſed Fathers, by whoſe life they were enabled to eat? How many Mariners and Paſſengers are at this preſent time in a ſtorm, and ſhreik out becauſe their* Keel *daſhes againſt a Rock or* bulges *under them? How many people there are that at this time weep by reaſon of* Soul *and* Bodily *troubles both, and are become even deſperate by too quick a ſenſe of infelicity?* In all reaſonable conjectures *we ſhould be almoſt glad to be out of the noiſe and participations of ſo many evils, and even long to be in a better world,* though we were to paſs through a thouſand deaths unto it.

But to proceed (in the 21ſt place) here is further ſhown that the road of Death is as common as this ingrateful, Infants as well as men daily can direct us in it, *witneſs every* Church-yard, *where are to be ſeen* Graves of all ſizes: *but the buſineſs is not ſo much to dye, as to dye well, which this* Paſſing-bell *ſhews you is only obtained by living well.*

It is indeed often uncomfortable to nature (eſpecially when a man ſtands upon the brink of an endleſs Eternity) *to behold the ſad* ſtages *of Corruption and Oblivion of* Duſt and Darkneſs, *and of a* laſting ſilence. *But the only way to* overcome *death is to be reſolved to meet it and to be ready with a* kind and a hearty welcome *to entertain it, or rather to bid it as it were defiance in the open field by a* truly vertuous and godly life. *And further under this Head is ſhown, that when we come to dye we ſhall ſee (whatever we may now think) that* Mines *of Gold,* Rocks *of Diamonds,* Lordſhips *and* Manors, Crowns *and* Scepters, Kingdoms *and* Empires *are not worth one* Drachm of Grace, one Smile from Heaven, one Embrace of a Saviour, *and how they are*

not

not able to purchaſe it; nay if they cold, curſed ſaid noble Galeatius *be that man who counteth all the world worth one* hours communion *with Jeſus Chriſt, and if one hour of Communion be ſo ſweet, Oh! what will a Life of Communion be, ſaith a late Learned and Reverend Divine:* Therefore now

Whilſt on this *Paſſing-Bell*
You caſt your Eye,
Learn theſe two Leſſons,
How to Live, to Dye.

But further (in the 22d place) in this Treatiſe *is ſhewn, that there is no* ſtate, *no* accident, *no* circumſtance *of our life but it hath been ſowred by ſome ſad inſtance of a* dying Friend, *or ſome other aſtoniſhing Providence, a friendly meeting often ends in ſome ſad miſchance, and makes an eternal parting: and* further *how Death is able to meet us every where, and how procured by every inſtrument and in* all chances; *and how it enters in at many doors, as by* violence *and ſecret influence, by the aſpect of a Star and the ſtink of a Miſt, by the* Emiſſions *of a Cloud and the meeting of a* Vapour, *by the fall of a Chariot and the ſtumbling at a Stone, by a full* Meal *or an Empty* Stomach, *by watching at the* Mill *or by watching at* Prayers, *by the* Sun *or* the Moon, *by a* Heat *or a* Cold, *by* Sleepleſs Nights *or* Sleeping Days, *by* Water *frozen into the hardneſs and ſharpneſs of a* Dagger, *or* Water *thawed into the* Floods of a River, *by a* Hair *or a* Raiſin, *by* violent Motion *or* Sitting Still, *by* Severity *or* Indulgence, *by* Gods Mercy, *or* Gods Anger, *by every thing in* Providence, *and every thing in* Manners, *by every thing in* Nature, *and every thing in* Chance ———

Mans body's like a Houſe: His greater bones,
Are the main Timber; and the leſſer Ones,

Are

Are ſmaller Splints: His Ribs are Laths, dawb'd ov'r
Plaſter'd with fleſh and blood: his mouth's the Door:
His throat's the narrow Entry: and his heart
Is the Great Chamber, full of curious Art;
His Midriff is a large partition Wall,
Twixt the Great Chamber, and the ſpacious Hall:
His Stomach is the Kitchin, where the Meat
Is often but half ſod, for want of Heat:
His Spleen's a *Veſſel*, Nature doth allot,
To take the skum that riſes from the Pot.
His Lungs are like the Bellows that reſpire
In ev'ry office, quickning ev'ry fire.
His Noſe, the Chimney is, where by are vented
Such Fumes as with the Bellows are augmented:
His Bowels are the Sink, whoſe part's to drain
All noiſom filth, and keep the Kitchin clean:
His Eyes like Chryſtal *Windows*, clear and bright
Lets in the Object, and lets out the Sight:
And as the Timber is, or great or ſmall,
Or ſtrong or weak, 'tis apt to ſtand or fall,
Yet is the likelieſt building ſometimes known,
To fall by *obvious chances*; overthrown
Oft times by Tempeſts, by the full mouth'd Blaſts
Of Heav'n; Sometimes by fire; Sometimes it waſts
Through unadvis'd neglect: Put caſe, the ſtuff
Were ruin-proof, by nature ſtrong enough,
To conquer Time and Age: Put caſe, it ſhould
Ne'r know an end: Yet, yet our Leaſes would.

And alas! alas!

Eripiter Perſona manet Res.

We take pains to heap up things uſeful to our Life, and get our Death in the purchaſe, which thoſe raſh, fooliſh and over-reaching muckworms do not conſider, who make haſte to be rich by gallopping full ſpeed into an

Eſtate,

Eſtate, (before they are well in the Saddle, or have prayed for a bleſſing) by which means, before they run far towards hoarding up wealth, they unavoidably break their Wind if Death *in the midſt of their* Buſtle *and* Stir *doth not ſave their patcht credit by preventing the odious repute of their breaking. But now in this Treatiſe you will find, that theſe men that drive thus at getting all the world into their hands are men that walk in a vain ſhew, and diſquiet themſelves in vain, heaping up Riches when they know not who ſhall gather them) and how in a day unexpected (when they think their* Earthly deſigns and projects ſucceed moſt bravely) *their very thoughts ſhall periſh.* Pſal. 39. 6. Pſal. 146. 4.

And therefore here Dear Cozens *by the way I adviſe you that have Trades, never to engage in too many buſineſſes at one time, leſt ſome Irons burn, nor in very great affairs (before you have traded in the world nine or ten years) leſt your loſs prove irreparable, remembring that in a great River Fiſh are to be found, but then take heed you be not drowned: for great Undertakers are like Forlorn Hopes,* Aut Cæſar, aut nullus. *And in deſperate Caſts 'tis very great odds if you throw not* Ams Ace; *and on the other hand many buſineſſes are like the King of* Spains Dominions *that lye ſo far aſunder, that the charge of keeping them eats out the profit, ſo that there is very few who eagerly involve themſelves in multiplicity of buſineſs but rue it at laſt; I once my ſelf (ſaid a Dear Friend of mine) had concerns with a Perſon involved in much buſineſs, of whom it may ſeem that ſpeech was not meant,* In the ſweat of thy brows ſhalt thou eat bread, *for he ſweat in toiling for wealth till he was ready to ſtarve, working himſelf by a* World of buſineſs, *in about half a years time out of many Hundreds, till at laſt he was neceſſitated to take Harbour in* Ludgate. *But I ſhall add no more here under this head but theſe Verſes following,*

(which

(which if ſeriouſly conſidered, are enough to put a damp or ſtain upon all our too eager purſuits *after worldly Riches.)* Viz.

Naked we came, 'fore we began to be
Traders among the *Sons of Miſery* ;
Tender, unarm'd, helpleſs and quite forlorn,
E're ſince 'twas our hard fortune to be born.
And when the ſpace of a few *trading days*
Shall be expir'd, then muſt we go our ways.
Naked we ſhall return, and nothing have,
Nothing wherewith to bribe the *hungry Grave* :
Then what's the Proudeſt *Dealers* glittering Oare ;
Oh ! what's he more than I, with all his ſtore,
Since we muſt both without diſtinction dye,
And ſlumber both ſtark naked, *he and I.*

But then (in the 23d place) is ſhewn how that ſuppoſe we could by riſing early, and ſitting up late, and by much hard tugging, and labour, and by often and early combing the Head of occaſion, get the Golden Lock of ſucceſs and proſperity (and ſo by this means arrive to the ſplendid Titles of Rich *and* Great *) yet that all this would not be able to keep off death or old age from our backs, or give us a Leaſe of* Longer Life *for every meal we eat, is as it were a* ranſom *from one Death, and layes up for another. And while we* think *a thought we dye, for the* Clock *ſtrikes, and reckons on* our portion of Eternity, *nay we even form our words with the breath of our Noſtrils, and we have the leſs time to live for every word we ſpeak ; therefore well might holy* David *ſay,* He that lives to fourſcore years we count him wondrous old : *And now adays if any, through much grief and pain climb up to their hundredth year, they are accounted the chief worder of the age wherein they live; but thoſe that arrive to this age their very lives do become the perfect model of a winters day, and they huge burdenſom both to themſelves and*

others.

others. Beſides in Old Age as is ſhewed in the Paſſing-Bell *gray hairs, and hoary Heads, dim Eyes, rotten Teeth, trembling Joynts, ſhort Breath, ſtiff Limbs, wrinkled Skins, ſhort Memories, decayed Appetites,* Bald Pates, *are eſteemed but as Dreſſings to Funeral Solemnities, and the proper badges of perſons entred very far into the regions of Darkneſs.* And now ——

Dear Relations, &c.
We all are going to the ſelf ſame Place,
We only differ in our Way, our Pace:
One treads the Common Road of Age: Another
Travels, directly by the hand of's Brother:
Some croſs the Waves, perchance the nearer way:
Some by the winged Shaft that flies by Day:
Some ride on Fevers: Others beat the hoof,
With Horſes in their hands, and make a proof,
Of their own ſtrength: Others more fairly pace
On Beds of Down: Some ride a ſpeedy Race
On hot-mouth'd Surfeits, emulous for the Cup:
Some hotly-mounted fiercely gallop up
On ſpurgall'd Broyls, whoſe frantick motion ſend
Their haſty Spirits to their Journeys end:
Some ride upon the racking Steeds of Treaſure;
Others falſe-gallop on the backs of Pleaſure:
All journey forwards to the ſelf ſame place;
Some the next way; and ſome the faſter pace:
All poſt an end, till beaten out of Breath,
They all arrive at the great Gates of Death.

As to the ſeveral Emblems *belonging to this Book, I ſhall here in this* Epiſtle *take little notice of* them, *they being fully explained in their* reſpective places *throughout the whole Book, but only ſpeak* ſomething *of thoſe that relate to the* ſick-mans Paſſing-Bell: *wherein you have deſcribed to the Eye in Figures* (after a moſt lively manner) 1. *How the Miniſter* (*being ſent for*) comes

comes to viſit the Dying-man, with the manner of the Sick-mans *carriage when he came there. 2ly. (means proving ineffectual) how the* Sick-man *gives up the Ghoſt, and how forthwith upon this the* Paſſing-Bell *is Rung out by the* diligent Clark, *to tell the whole* Family, Neighbourhood, Town, and Pariſh, *That the Poor-man is dead that lately lay ſick* (being gone the way of all fleſh) *and that they ſhould prepare ſpeedily to follow after, none of them all knowing whoſe turn may be next.*

Then what is Life! But the flouriſhing array
Of the Green Summers Meadow, which to day,
Wears her Green Pluſh, and is to morrow Hay.

And then again 3ly This Paſſing Bell doth as it were tell them that the very ſame Bier, and it may be, that the very ſame perſons that are to carry this Dead-man *to his Grave, ſtands ready to do as much for any of them. And 4ly it tells them all that their own mortality may eaſily be read in the death of this their deceaſed Neighbour and Friend. — But now execution being ſerved upon the* Sick-man, *(he being departed this mortal life)*

Methinks I ſee Grim Death, that aged Sire,
Fly to next Town, with Wings that ne're will tire.
Upon his bare Head an *Hour-Glaſs* he wears,
And in his wrinkled hand a Sythe he bears,
(Both Inſtruments to take the lives from men,
Th' one ſhews with what, the other ſheweth when.)
Methinks I hear the doleful Paſſing-Bell,
Setting an onſet to the Dead mans Knell.
(This moody Muſick of Impartial Death,
Who dances after dances out of breath.)
Methinks I ſee his deareſt Friends lament,
With Sighs, and Tears, and woful dryriment:

His tender Wife and Siſters ſtanding by,
Dewing the Death-bed whereon he doth ly;
Methinks I hear a voice in ſecret ſay,
Their Glaſs is run too, they muſt dye next day.

But then in the next place is repreſented (to the Life) how the man as ſoon as he is dead, is ſtript and laid out all along on the Bed, and how from thence, in about three days time (his Face being pale and wan, his Cheeks fallen, and his Eyes being ſunk into his Head, and he becoming a frightful Spectacle to his very Friends) he is haled in his Winding Sheet *to his* Coffin *with the manner how the weeping Mother, ſorrowful Children and ſighing Friends ſpend over him* many, many *a bitter tear, whilſt probably all this while the greedy Nurſes are fighting and ſcuffling for his very Shirt and Cloathes, and the* wretched Sons *too* Boxing *and* Duelling *of it valiantly for the* Mony and Goods *that he hath left behind.*

In the fifth place is ſhown how the Dead-mans neareſt *and* deareſt Friends *are invited to his Funeral with the manner how upon his* Relations ſhoulders *(after the* uſual Complement *of a ſprig of* Roſemary, *a Glaſs of* Burnt Claret, *paper of* Biskets, Gold Ring, *or Service of* Plumb-Cake *is over) he is carryed to the* Church, *where often for the ſake and inſtruction of the living, a* Funeral Sermon *or* Oration *is made, (and very likely if he was rich, or left a good Fee to the Parſon of the Pariſh) at the latter end of it he is extold to the Skies, as the* Nonceſuch *of the* Age, Town *and* Country *wherein he lived, where as large* Encomiaſtical Praiſes *of the Dead, unleſs their lives were eminent in Goodneſs, and free from any notable Blot, are much* condemned *by the moſt judicious and godly Divines as a thing of very* evil conſequence, *becauſe they often prove* Confections of Poyſon *to the* Living; *for many, whoſe lives ſpeak nothing for them, will draw the example into conſequence, and be thereby, led into*

hope

hopes that they may preſs a Hackney Funeral Sermon *to carry them to* Heaven *when they* dye; *on the other hand it may be ſaid, that though* common Graves *deſerve no Inſcription, yet* Marble Tombs *are not without ſome* Epitaph: Heroical *and* vertuous Examples *ſhould not go with a Common Paſs but with a* Trumpet.

In the ſixth place is repreſented after what mournful manner the Dead-mans *Corps or Herſe is carryed* (when the Doleful Bell begins to Toll) *to its ſolemn* Interment, *where the Drooping Pomp ends, and where the Mourners and Supporters of his Pall,* (*and likewiſe his weeping Friends,*) (*after committing* Aſhes *to* Aſhes, Duſt *to* Duſt *in ſure and certain hope* (*if the man dyed a ſincere Chriſtian of his reſurrection at the laſt day to* Eternal Life) *leave his pale Carcaſs to make a ſplendid Feaſt for the Worms to feed on.*

In the ſeventh place (*in theſe Emblems*) *is ſhown how poor* frail man, *from all* Fortunes ſtore *in the concluſion of his days can reap no more than a* narrow Coffin and a ſcanty Grave, *with the manner how our* entrance *into the world, and* exit *out of it, ſeem to meet, and what affinity there is between our Winding Sheet and Swadling Bands.*

In the eighth place, by theſe Emblems belonging to the Sick-mans Paſſing-Bell *is ſhown,* 1*ſt how* fading *man doth but as it were, juſt ariſe from* mother Earth *to take* one ſingle *turn upon* the Stage of the World, *with a neceſſity* (*by reaſon of ſin*) *to return again and dye* (2.) *How poorly and meanly clad we muſt enter into our Coffins, a Winding Sheet, and one poor Shrowd being all we can carry with us, or our Friends will beſtow upon us when they take of us their* laſt Farewell. (3.) *After what diſmal and diſtracted manner ſome Relations carry it at their Friends Graves with the doleſull* Ahone; Ahone; *ringing of Hands, tearing of Hair and ſheding of Tears they make there, with a diſcription of one that did thus paſſionately follow her Hus-*

band to the Grave (nay deſired to be buried alive with him) that as ſoon as ever the black attire of his funeral was over, marries another, with whom ſhe lived extream merrily all her days. By which you may ſee when once we are dead and gone, *our Friends will think no more of us than we are wont to do of them we now ſurvive. And we know not how ſoon that very earth which we now ſo negligently tread upon, may receive us into her cold Embraces,*

Veiw then theſe Emblems, and Revolve this Book,
For Deaths mementoes, ſtand where e're you look.

But I ſhould quite tire your patience, ſhould I run over all thoſe delightful Heads which this *Paſſing-Bell* treats of, I ſhall therefore here make a ſtop ——— And in the next place proceed to tell you, that there is in this Book, beſides what I have already told you of, a *third Courſe* prepared for you, of no leſs than fifty ſeveral pleaſant Treaſant Treatiſes (rarely if ever handled before) all of them being *greatly uſeful*, and will afford extraordinary pleaſure and delight in the peruſal (as was ſaid in the Title page) if either profit or novelty will do it; nay further I muſt tell you, if depth of Fancy, variety and greatneſs of Subjects are capable of affording ſatisfaction to a Reader, you will have throughout this *whole Work*, I now preſent you with, abundantly to ſatisfie your curioſity. But here again I ſhould be too tedious ſhould I either write all the particulars wherein this Book doth excel, or give you the names of the *fifty ſeveral Treatiſes* juſt now ſpoken of: I ſhall therefore at preſent add no more, but my ſincere and hearty wiſhes, that when your worldly Enjoyments, Incomparable Good Humours, and Earthly Splendor, ſhall be ſhrivelled to nothing, or at leaſt into a cold remembrance,

brance, that even then the ſweet perfume of your truly vertuous Deeds and moſt generous Actions may remain afterwards more fragrant, freſh and green than the *Flouriſhing Graſs* that in *Cheſham* Church-yard ſhall cover your mournful Graves when your ſouls are paſt into Immortality; and that your very names may be as living Examples of Vertue and Piety to after Ages, or rather that they may bury monuments, behold the worlds Funeral, ſee Time laid in the Duſt, and ſtand up with Eternity:

I am,

(moſt affectionate Friends)

Yours, Yours, Yours,

in ten thouſand Obligations

of Love *and* Service:

JOHN DUNTON.

Verſes relating to the *Frontiſpiece* or firſt *Emblem* in this Book, Entituled *The Pilgrims Guide*, &c.

I.

The Pilgrims Guide helps him to a ſight of * *Jeruſalem.*

Walk on Dear Pilgrim, *ſoon ſweet reſt thou'lt find*;
This Piſgah Mount! *Thy* Canan *lies behind:*
Look back *and ſee the Worlds* thin *Gaudy Toys*;
Look on *and ſee the* Crown *of all thy* Joyes.

II.

The Pilgrim in great diſtreſs goes to Prayer.

When all that's gay, when all that's great invite
To the deceitful Bower *of ſoft delight:*
The Chriſtian Traveller *doubles Guards and Pains,*
For now no Countercharm *but Prayer remains.*

III.

Here we have no continuing City, *Heb.* 13.14,

From this Vain World *do* pious Pilgrims *run,*
To reach Heavens Glory, by the ſetting * Sun.
On this falſe Earth our Pilgrim *would not ſtay,*
Though Thorns *did pave, and* Devils *line his way.*

* *Of their Lives.*

The Pilgrim guide helps him to a sight of Ierusalem.

The Pilgrim in great distresse goes to prayer &c.

here we haue noe Continueing City Heb: 13. 14.

THE PILGRIMS GUIDE From the CRADLE To his Death-Bed, &c.

CHAP. I

Shewing the Occasion of the Pilgrims first setting out for Jerusalem.

BEing weary of *England*, the Country where I dwelt, and finding no satisfaction in any thing I enjoyed, I took a Resolution to shift my seat, and to seek for that of which felt as great a desire as I did a want in some ner *Land*.

Many *strange Countrys* there were which I visited pursuance of this purpose, many *steep Hills* I mbed, and many dangerous *Precipices* I narrow- escaped, I committed my self not once or twice the danger of the *Seas*, expecting to be brought the *Port* which I so much wished for. But still I s as far from the accomplishment of my desires

as when I first *launched out*, and found all my pains rewarded with nothing but *weariedneſs and tired Spirits*.

If it were my work in this paper to recount all my *Adventures*, and the ſeveral iſſues of them (*which are enough to fill a large Folio*) the ſtory I believe would not be altogether uſeleſs, nor without that charming *pleaſure* which ſuch relations are wont to yield to thoſe that read them: But having reſolved for *divers cauſes* to begin the main Hiſtory of my Life, there where I began to enjoy a *taſte of Happineſs*, I ſhall reflect no further upon my *Infancy*, *Youth*, *Riper Years*, and *Old Age* then only to tell you in what caſe that bleſſed hour found me: you muſt know then after ſo many tedious Journeys, and as many diſappointments, my legs beginning quite to fail me, and to deny me ſo much as their ſupport, I ſat down upon the *green graſs*, in a deep Melancholy and ſuch a great heavineſs of mind, that I feared I ſhould ſink ſtill *lower and lower, and go no further to ſeek a Grave*, my countenance was ſo altered, that there were very few marks remaining of the ſame man I was before, my looks were ſtrangely dejected, my eyes grew hollow, my complexion turned as white as a *Clout*; and *in ſhort*, my whole blood was ſo impoveriſhed of Spirits, that my *fleſh* fell to the very bone, and my *Cheeks* in a deſpair of any other comfort ſeemed to deſire *to meet, and ſo bid the World farewel*.

In this diſmal eſtate I continued but too many days, and according to the nature of that thoughtful humour which now had gained the ſupreme power over me, I muſed on divers things, and contrived ſeveral new Journeys in my fancy, which yet I ſaw at the ſame moment, would only contribute more to my affliction, and nothing at all to the amendment of my condition. But at laſt, as if I had

had been admonished by some *courteous Angel*, which I fancied then flew by me, and gave me a small touch with his wing. I felt a thought stir in my Soul, remembring me of a place called *Jerusalem*, which I had totally forgot in all my *Travels*, and never so much as dreamed of directing my course unto. My *Heart*, you may easily think, leapt at this sudden stroke, and my *Pulse* beat at no ordinary rate; for hearing by some means or other in times past, very much discourse of the *beauty and the pleasant Scituation of that City*; of the sweet temper of the *Inhabitants*, and the many goodly things that were to be seen and enjoyed there above all other places, I was instantly possessed with a strong desire to remove my seat thither, and to seek my fortune (as we commonly speak) *in another World*. And Pondering seriously with my self the little or no contentment which I had taken in my best condition here, together with the hopes which fluttered in my soul of bettering my self there; my present weakness could not hinder me from being inspired with a conceit that I should be able to *Travel* thither, nor depress my desires from going into a kind of passion to be at that place, whither my thoughts did run before me without my leave, and could not be perswaded to stand still for *one moment*.

In short, my mind was so impressed with the happiness which I heard dwelt at *Jerusalem*, that I was not able to discharge my Soul at any time of those thoughts and desires which lifted me up from the ground, and told me they would carry me thither. When I did eat or drink *Jerusalem* would still be in my thoughts; when I was in company, *Jerusalem* stole away my heart from them; nay, in my very sleep it would not stay away, but I was wont to dream fine things of *Jerusalem*; but that which makes the story of me the more remarkable, is,

that it was toward the latter end of the year, and in the decay of all things, when these good thoughts began to *spring* up in my soul, when the Earth had removed it self a great way from the Sun, when all the *Gallantry* of the Fields had resigned its place to Ice, and Snow, when Charity grew cold, and Christian Virtue seemed to be gone back to its root, when the ways were untrod, and few or no Christian *Travellers* upon the *Road*, then zealous desires began to bud in the heart of me, and I felt such a vehement heat, urging and stimulating my breast, that I could remain in no quiet for thinking of *my Journey to that fair place*, which had been so much commended to my *Love*, as the most flourishing and glorious that ever eye beheld.

CHAP. II.

Shewing the earnest desire of the Pilgrim to be at Jerusalem.

MUch time I spent in consultation with my self about the course which would be best to hold in my *Travels* thither, I spared no cost, omitted no study to get acquaintance with the neerest way to it, nor did I cease to enquire of those who were reputed the most skilful *Guides*, that I might obtain a true information of every passage in that *Journey* which I seriously resolved to undertake; for though the weather was cold, the *waies* dirty and dangerous and the *Journey* I was told would be long, and company *little or none* could be expected to deceive the tediousness of the *Pilgrimage*, yet so great were the ardors which I felt within my breast, that I regarded none of these discouragements, but only wished

that I might be so happy as to find the *right way* though I went *alone thither*. And that which made the fulfilling of my desires more difficult, and my hopes to arrive more gloomy, was the many *Controversies* which were in those daies fiercely agitated, and the huge Quarrels that men raised about the *right way to Jerusalem*. There were no less than Twenty (*and some say many more*) very different Parties that contended sharply with each other, and every one of them confidently affirming, that they only were the *People of Sion*.

I need not here relate how sorely it grieved my *very Soul!* to see so many different waies every one of them laying so high a claim to Truth, and bitterly reproaching the rest as *damnable Heresies*, I could not bend my course to no quarter but I was in danger to be assaulted with some Question or other, and was put upon my defence against some man of Brass, who thought himself worthy to be one of the *Champions of Truth*; nay, they all taking distant paths, and not going in strait and *parallel* lines, but in oblique and crooked waies which crossed each other very frequently; they never met together but there was such justling and quarrelling about the Road to *Jerusalem*, that no man could be near them, but they would engage him to take the one or the other part in their angry conflict. But I received this benefit by these unhappy feuds, that they made me sometimes think it was no mean thing in the esteem of others as well as my self, for which there were so many and so *fiery Contenders*; the prize I hoped would prove glorious which had drawn into the *Field* so many *Combatants*. The affliction also which I felt in my Spirit when I beheld them so sharply engaged, had this good effect upon me, that it made me more sensibly admire the goodness of God, which had preserved me from lifting my self in any of those angry

angry Parties, and entring into those never enough to be *lamented Broils.* This put me likewise in some hopes that he would not suffer me to remain long without the knowledge of the Truth, who had so graciously prevented me from diverting into the paths of Falshood. This degree of understanding I had already acquired that sweetness and love, meekness, moderation and peace were the *Harbingers* to divine Knowledge, and since they were become my Guests, I believed by some providential means or other in a very little time I should be directed in the right way to *Jerusalem,* the place I so earnestly long'd to be at.

CHAP. III.

Shewing how the Pilgrim heard of a safe Guide; *with his* Character *drawn to the Life.*

AND he truly who is not wont to frustrate the expectations of those who breath after *a better Country that is an Heavenly,* did not use much delay before he gave me a sensible demonstration of that which I already believed, for being one night by *meer Accident* at a *Neighbours House,* where there were hot Contests about the right way to *Jerusalem,* where some were of one Opinion, and some of another; at last there stands up an Old Grave Gentleman that was a perfect stranger to me, who said, That in his judgment (if he might be suffered to speak it boldly) they were hugely mistaken who marched under the Banners of any of those who were meerly for form and conception, if they thought they were in the right way to *Jerusalem*: for *Jerusalem* (he said) was a City not standing to them which was

a City

a City at better Unity within it self than it was supposed by these angry men, and he believed the way to that place would be found to be more peaceable than to be disturbed with the hideous sounds of *Drums and Trumpets*; upon hearing of what he said, I called him aside and told him, I desired to take two or three turns with him in the Garden adjoyning to that House we then were in (and it being a *Moonshiny Night* the walk afforded us both great delight) when we came into the Garden, I earnestly begged him to tell me (for I told him I perceived he was the man that knew) the right way to *Jerusalem*. To which he answered, he could not deny but he partly knew the way, but was not throughly acquainted with all the turnings; but he said he was intimately acquainted with a *Guide* that could conduct me safe thither. I askt him where he liv'd? he answered, Not far from this place, but for the present he said he would conceal his name, and only let me know him by his Character; *He is a person then that is altogether disinterested, and a partaker in none of those Hot Controversies and Contentions that are among us, one that hath* Sion *and* Jerusalem *more in his heart than in his mouth, and loves to do more than to talk. But when he speaks, his words are more than sounds, and have a sting in them which pierces the very heart: If you did but hear him, you would feel that he leaves a true compunction in the Spirit, and not a false alarm in the ear. His head is Grey tho not his hairs; his wisdom makes him more venerable than his years, he knows better how to live than others do; how to dispute, and he can Argue more for peace than they for their Opinions. He hath Faith enough to save himself, and Charity enough to believe that others may be saved that are not in all points just of his Belief: His compassion is equal to his understanding, his zeal meekness, equal to his zeal, his Faith is match't with Charity, his love to*

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his Neighbour is proportionable to his love to God, and his Humility and modesty is equal to them all; he seems to be a piece of the Wracks of Antient Christianity, a Relique of the Golden Age, one of the Children and not one of the Apes of Antiquity, he hath escaped the contagion of this evil Age, without flying from it; and he is Master of more strength than custom is of force and violence. In a word, If those Worthys In whose veins the blood of Christ did run, could return to visit this lower World again, I make no doubt but they would discern in him such marks of their vertue, that they would confess him for one of their race, and kindly embrace him as an Inheritor, not only of their name but of their noble Qualities.

If you would know any more of him, you had better learn it from himself than from me only; this I can assure you, that by his safe guidance there are many *pious Pilgrims* have made a very happy *progress* towards *Jerusalem*, to which you are so resolutely *travelling*.

And if you fear that when you go unto him, you may loose your labour and not find him at *home*, or that you may find him little at leisure. I can give you this further assurance, that he being a man of peace, he stirs but little from his own House, which stands at the further end of *yonder Village*, and if you climb up that *Hill* just before us early to morrow morning, you may with a Perspective Glass discern his *Habitation* from all the rest in the Town. And when you come there, you'l find there is but very little company that frequents his House (*the passage to it being very difficult*) and therefore you need not fear of finding him at home. But if your please to call me up early to morrow morning, I'le wait upon you thither for fear you should mistake your way.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

Shewing how the Pilgrim found out this Guide, *and his Diſcourſes with him.*

YOu cannot imagine how it pleaſed me to hear this news, and how much I thought my ſelf beholding to God for bringing me ſo fortunately into this old Gentlemans Company. Well, in the morning I aroſe very early, and went to his Houſe and call'd him up, and he very readily goes along with me. When we came there, we found that the *Guide* was at home, and that he had not one creature in his company: ſo after a very few Civilities paſſed between us, and ſome excuſes that we made for our boldneſs in interrupting his meditations, I plainly told him what the real cauſe of my preſent addreſs to him was, and of the trouble I was come to give him. I am, ſaid I, a true lover of *Jeruſalem*, and have made a vow (by God's aſſiſtance) to take a *Journey* to that bleſſed place, but about the way thither I am ſo perplexed, that I account it a great bleſſing that I have not *loſt my wits*, and am not become unable to travel to your Houſe: One cries to me, *Lo here!* another, *lo there!* and another, *lo yonder* lies the path of Life. But hearing Sir, that you were of great abilities to direct me, and that you are a man of Peace; and more than that, a man of *Good Will*, who hath a ſtrong *Propenſion* to do good, I am come to make it my humble requeſt unto you, that if it be true which is reported of you, you will do me the favour to afford me ſome charitable Inſtructions about the moſt paſſable way to *Jeruſalem*. As ſoon as I had made an end of ſpeaking thus to the *Guide*, the good *Old Gentleman* that out of kindneſs brought me to the

Guides

poor Soul ſo happy as to let it know from that mouth which he perceived would not deceive or miſguide it, that difficult, long and dangerous *way* which leads to *Jeruſalem*. *And now* I am not able to relate how much this devout perſon (who now approved himſelf to be both my *Friend and Guide*) was over-joyed to hear this *welcom language*: And he now begins to direct me in the following manner: Before you begin your Journey (ſaies he) or ſet one ſtep in the way you reſolve to go, have theſe few words in your mind, and ſometimes upon your Tongue, *I am nought, I have nought, I deſire nought*, but only to be with Jeſus at *Jeruſalem*, further (ſaid my Guide) I adviſe you before you enter upon ſo long a *Journey*, to ſee that your body be in good health, leſt you ſhould fall into any ſuch ſickneſs by the way as might prove dangerous and fatal to you, and for that end I would alſo wiſh you to take ſome *Phyſick*, the better to prepare your ſelf for Travel, and to disburthen nature of all thoſe ill humours wherewith you may abound, which will at leaſt indiſpoſe you and make you lazy, and ſoon weary if they be not timely diſcharged and carried away; now the beſt Counſels I can give you of this kind are theſe:

Firſt, I would have yon purge your thoughts of all unworthy thoughts of God, and perſwade your ſelf that he is very good and earneſtly deſires to ſee you at *Jeruſalem*.

Secondly, Then it muſt be your care, when your mind hath recovered right thoughts of God to *puriſie your intentions* throughly, and to ſee that they be unſpotted in his ſight, proteſt to him a *thouſand* times that you deſire above all things to know what that good, that perfect and acceptable will of his is. Let him know that you are ſo paſſionately bent to pleaſe him, that you would not ſtick, to purchaſe the

he underſtanding of his pleaſure at the rate of ten houſand Worlds, if it was in your diſpoſal. This will prepare you

In the *Third* place to throw out that ſluggiſh humour which is in all our Natures, and to diſpoſe your will with true fervour to attend this buſineſs of ſearching out the will of God. And *next* to this, I beſeech you uſe the greateſt diligence you can to provide that your *Faith* that is to do all things in your *Journey*, be not it ſelf infected with the common diſeaſe of *Sloth* and *Idleneſs*; be ſure to purge your Soul from all the drowſie and *Phlegmatique* Opinions you may have about it, which *ſtifle* and *choake* the very Spirit and Life of it; ſuffer it not to reſt till it animate you to a free and chearful obedience of all God's holy Commands; let it give your Soul a ſenſe that the *whole of Religion* is comprehended in this one powerful word, let it ſeem as a point from whence all the lines of your *duty are drawn* like a fire in the middle of a Room, ſending out its heat on every ſide in an ardent love of God, and *of your Brethren.*

And having thus effected this, then *Fourthly*, ſearch your *Conſcience* very narrowly to find out all the ſins whereof you ſtand guilty, ſome of which may lurk ſo ſecurely, or look ſo demurely, that a *Faith* which is not very *buſie*, may either not eſpy them, or let them paſs for no offences; theſe muſt all be purged out and left behind you, as things that can by no means be permitted to go along with you in your *Journey*, and for that end let me adviſe you to unload your ſoul of them all by humble *Confeſſion*, and if any of them lie as an heavy burden upon you, to repair to the Spiritual *Phyſitian*, that he may help you by his counſel and preſcriptions to eaſe you of them. But then take care that all theſe be attended with a ſtrong reſolution, that ſo tho your ſins ſhould *follow*

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Guides Houſe, took his ſolemn leave of us both and departed; *and I never ſaw his face more.*

CHAP. V.

Shewing how plainly the Guide dealt with the Pilgrim, about the difficulty of the way to Jeruſalem.

NOw I appearing in habit *like* a *Pilgrim*, having a very *innocent Countenance*, an humble behaviour and uſing ſuch language as ſignified that it was not curioſity, or a mind to try the skill which he had in *forreign Parts*, but a real deſire to *travel* which brought me thither; he therefore returned me this anſwear, that he was heartily glad to meet with any man that would ask the way to *Jeruſalem*, and that he thought he read in my face ſo much of the ſerenity of my mind, and the ſincerity of my heart, that he might be confident I came with a real deſire to *receive ſatisfaction* about it. But ſaid he, tho' I muſt needs confeſs I can *ſafely guide* you in the right way to *Jeruſalem*, and am willing to do it; yet I believe I may ſpare my pains in giving you *directions*, becauſe there is ſome reaſon to think you will not be at the pains to follow them: For if you will give any credit to my words, I muſt let you know that the way to *Jeruſalem* is both *long* and alſo full of *many* and *great difficulties*; and that there are many waies which will ſeem to you to lead *ſtrait* to it, and which many men will *point* you unto, as the *next Road*, which if you ſhould take, will lead you into great danger, and not only carry you a great deal about, but perchance conduct you to the quite contrary place, and end in your utter undoing. I would wiſh you therefore to conſider a while, whe-

whether it be an adviſable thing to undertake ſuch a *Journey*, wherein there are ſo many hardſhips and ſo many croſs *paths*; a *Journey* which is ſo *tedious* alſo, and wherein I cannot promiſe you ſecurity from *Frights*, *Thieves*, *Beatings*, and ſuch ill uſages as have made many men poſſeſſed with ſuch intentions as you ſeem now to have, quite to lay aſide all thoughts of it, and to *ſit down contented* at their *own homes*; and after all this, I know not whether you will yield your belief to all that I ſhall tell you you muſt encounter with if ever you get to *Jeruſalem*: For, *Firſt*, you muſt expect to be mightily hindred in your way thither by *evil Companions* of all Ranks and Degrees. *Secondly*, you will certainly be fiercely ſet upon (and that almoſt to the peril of your Life) by three powerful Enemies (*World*, *Fleſh*, and *Devil*) which will haunt you conſtantly, both in company and in ſecret, beſides ſeven other Enemies, whoſe names are *Pride*, *Coveteouſneſs*, *Letchery*, *Envy*, *Gluttony*, *Wrath*, and *Sloth*, under a colour of bearing you *Company* for your Recreation and Delight, will earneſtly ſeek your undoing. *Moreover*, by the treacherous aſſault of theſe *Enemies*, your *Cinque Ports*, *Sight*, *Hearing*, *Smell*, *Taſt*, and *Touch* will become endangered; and beſides all theſe an hundred Enemies more you muſt expect to meet with, but time at preſent will not permit me to tell you who they are.

After I had, with a great deal of patience, heard what he ſaid, I was ſo far from ſhewing any tokens of diſguſt at his diſcourſe, that I rather diſcovered an *inward pleaſure* that I had received in his Freedom with me; and after I had rendred him hearty thanks for dealing ſo impartially with me, I beſeeched him that he would not think it fit to ſpare his pains, which he had already, with no ſmall ſucceſs, begun to beſtow, but that he would make a

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poor Soul ſo happy as to let it know from that mouth which he perceived would not deceive or miſguide it, that difficult, long and dangerous *way* which leads to *Jeruſalem*. *And now* I am not able to relate how much this devout perſon (who now approved himſelf to be both my *Friend and Guide*) was over-joyed to hear this *welcom language*: And he now begins to direct me in the following manner: Before you begin your Journey (ſaies he) or ſet one ſtep in the way you reſolve to go, have theſe few words in your mind, and ſometimes upon your Tongue, *I am nought, I have nought, I deſire nought*, but only to be with Jeſus at *Jeruſalem*, further (ſaid my Guide) I adviſe you before you enter upon ſo long a *Journey*, to ſee that your body be in good health, leſt you ſhould fall into any ſuch ſickneſs by the way as might prove dangerous and fatal to you, and for that end I would alſo wiſh you to take ſome *Phyſick*, the better to prepare your ſelf for Travel, and to disburthen nature of all thoſe ill humours wherewith you may abound, which will at leaſt indiſpoſe you and make you lazy, and ſoon weary if they be not timely diſcharged and carried away; now the beſt Counſels I can give you of this kind are theſe:

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and *call after you, when you are upon your Journey, and beg to have but one word with you,* They ſhall be ſo far from receiving any entertainment, that you will not ſo much as enter into Speech with them, nor liſten to the voice of any of their *Temptations.* For this you know undid no leſs than *ſix hundred thouſand Travellers to* Jeruſalem in antient times, and left all their Carkaſſes buried in the Deſarts, who left *Egypt,* as you are now going to forſake the World; but it was in their bodies only, and not in their hearts and affections, their mouths watered ſtill at the remembrance of the Fleſh and Coleworts, the Garlick and Onions, and they had a ſecret inclination to return to thoſe enjoyments which they had abandoned; therefore you muſt reſolve to oppoſe every ſin to wade through all difficulties, refuſe no labours, and reſolve to beg your bread, if without you cannot come ſafely there, this you muſt avow to be your mind, and you muſt confirm and ratifie it again and again, without any reſervations, clauſes or exceptions; and to this you muſt add, *So help me, O my God.*

But 5ly be mindful of your home, and evermore have *yonder glorious City* in your eye to which you are travelling, Travellers uſe not to ſtand gazing or loitering on the way, or to be drawn aſide to behold Novelties; they riſe up early and come to their Inn late, and travel hard to get home-wards; nor are they ſatisfied till they reach it. And ſhall not we that are Chriſtians, that are travelling to an Heavenly Country, be as mindful of our home; it being ſuch a home, that as far tranſcends the ſtatelieſt habitation here, as the higheſt heavens doth the loweſt earth; ſuch a home as the quickeſt and ſharpeſt eye would be dazled with beholding but a Glimpſe of its glory, and the eloquenteſt tongue or pen (that ever was) comes infinitely ſhort to deſcribe it. The great Apoſtle (who had once a view

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of that glory) comes something near in describing it, (but 'tis in the negative, what 'tis not, not what 'tis:) for (saith he) Eye hath not seen, nor Ear heard, or the capacity of man apprehended the splendor of it. 'Tis such a home as all the Patriarchs, Prophets and Saints of God in all ages have left all to enquire after. This was the City to come, which they had ever in their Eye, and wandred about in Sheepskins and Goatskins, destitute, afflicted, and tormented to find out. 'Tis such a home where you shall never be troubled with any loathsome society, and your beloved company shall never be taken from you. No strugling of enemies there; no *David* and *Ishbosheth* to contend for one Crown; for none but Conquerors are there; all Heads shall be adorn'd with Crowns of Glory, such as never incircled the Temples of any earthly Monarch. 'Tis such a home, where Satan, nor any of his instruments shall be ever able to molest; no siding or taking of parts there; no Schisms or Divisions; no room for Make-bates there: What should such Salamanders do in Heaven? there's a fitter place prepared for such hot Spirits, (& twere well for them if one heat would extinguish another) for fire and brimstone must be the portion of their Cup. This place is only for Friends to dwell together in unity, and none admitted here, but those that live in peace; here must be no spirit of Contradiction, no dissentions or fallings out. 'Tis such a home, where you shall forthwith behold and enjoy the glorious beatifical Vision, and be eternally unriddling that Mysterie which Mortality could never reach to, nor reason apprehend, the Tri-une God, the Trinity in Unity, and Unity in Trinity. There you shall see the Lamb with his train of Attendants, Cherubims, Seraphims, Principalities, Powers, Thrones, Dominions, Archangels, and Angels, Patriarchs, Prophets, Apostles, Martyrs

tyrs, and Confeſſors, crying, *Holy, holy, holy Lord God of Sabbath:* And there ſhall thoſe good Angels which were your Guardians upon earth, be your everlaſting Companions in Heaven. (In a word) 'tis ſuch a home where you ſhall be made perfectly happy; Time ſhall not ruſt or diminiſh your glory, nor adverſity with her frowns, ever approach near thoſe Manſions; for you ſhall be ever in the Sunſhine of Gods favour, and your happineſs as everlaſting as his that made it.

Oh! did but all *tranſitory Pilgrims* conſider the ſhortneſs of the ſweeteſt pleaſure here, in compariſon of thoſe endleſs and eternal joys that the Saints ſhall there partake of, and the ſhortneſs and ſmallneſs of the longeſt and greateſt miſery or torture that can be endured here in our paſſage to Glory, to the Worm that never dyes, to the fire that is never quencht, to thoſe everlaſting torments that ſhall in full viols be poured upon the wicked in Hell for ever; they would think leſs of this world, and more eagerly long to be travelling to a better.

6. Chooſe the *beſt Guides* you can get, when I have left you, to direct you in the way, for I muſt ſpeedily depart from you. Chooſe ſuch Guides which will lead you in the way to that home, to which many Saints are already gone in Soul, and many more ſhall in Gods due time arrive, and be fully glorified both in ſoul and body. Theſe Seers and Overſeers are thoſe that open the Scriptures, or make plain the way of the Lord, and cauſe his paths to be known to the Sons of men; they are alſo (for their Dignity) termed Ambaſſadors of Chriſt, Chriſts Stewards, Publiſhers of glad Tidings, Proclaimers of Salvation, fellow-workers together with Chriſt, and Miniſters of the Goſpel. Theſe God hath ſet up as lights, that by their ſoundneſs of Doctrine and integrity of Life, many ſouls may be re-

recalled from darkneſs unto his marvelous light: they are Cities ſet upon a Hill for men to ſee, and Candles lighted upon Candleſticks to light the Traveller the way; and theſe (by their Eminency) are (or at leaſt ought to be) Men of excellent Qualifications, and rare Endowments; (Angelical Perſons, Men made up of Heaven) and if we take ſuch for our Guides: we need not fear crooked paths, but may be confident of our way. But becauſe all is not Gold that gliſters, nor all ſuch as they ſeem, it behoves us to be very cautious in the choice of our Guides; for if the blind lead the blind, whither will they go? The way to Hell is braod and eaſily found, 'tis a pleaſant way beſet with Roſes, able to entice the fooliſh Traveller, who is Ignorant that it leads to death. And on the contrary, the way to Heaven ſeems to fleſh and blood very uncomfortable; a narrow, ſharp, ſteep, and unpleaſant way, very intricate, long tedious, troubleſome and hard to find; in which many a paſſenger hath ſtumbled, and many a blind Guide loſt his way. But that we may be warned by others harms, and reach that which they fell ſhort of; let's bear with the ſharpneſs of the way, and be encouraged by the happineſs of the end. The advice of a late ingenious Author, to this purpoſe, is worthy your obſervation. Regard not (ſaith he) how difficult the paſſage is, but whither it tends; nor how delicate the journey is, but where it ends; if it be eaſie, ſuſpect it; if hard, endure it. He that cannot excuſe a bad way, accuſeth his own ſloth; and he that ſticks in a bad paſſage, can never attain a good journeys end. It cannot be denied, but that many a paſſenger hath ſuffered by bad Guides, ſuch as have let them go out of their way, and made them believe the pleaſanteſt way was the beſt and the poor Traveller not ſenſible of the miſtake, till it hath been

been too late to talk of returning. But of such we are cautioned to beware; and tho they speak never so smoothly, *This is the way, walk in it*, we are to turn our deaf ear to the erring Charms of such blind Guides and witless Counsellors.

7. Set out betimes (when throughly instructed in the way you should go) and hold out to the end. And here I shall in the first place give Directions to young Pilgrims who are just setting out in your Journey towards Heaven. And in the next, humbly address my self to aged Pilgrims, who are (or at least ought to be) near their Journeys end.

And first to you young Pilgrims ah!let me request you to make God and Heaven the constant objects of your thoughts; the one of your fear, the other of your love; so walk that ye displease not the one, and ye need not fear the attaining of the other. Are you setting out for Heaven? Oh! lose no time, remember that many have squandered away the morning, and have not reach'd their Journeys end er'e night; and with those foolish Virgins for their tardiness, have been excommunicated that place of repose, where the early Traveller safely and in good time arrived. An hour in the morning (you know) is worth two at night; and God is better pleased with young Zeal than decrepid Holiness. *Josiah*'s forwardness makes him renown'd to posterity, and young *Timothy*'s Piety eternizes his name to future Generations. Are you on your way, persevere in your Christian Course, and think upon the end whilst ye are at the beginning, (and even now upon the race, have an eye to the recompence) so shall the splendid glory of the one facilitate the the irksome tediousness of the other. Every true Christian (saith a learned Writer) is a Traveller: His Life, his walk; Christ his way, and Heaven his home,

home; his walk painful, his way perfect, his home pleasing. Let's not therefore loiter, lest we come short of home; nor wander, lest we come wide of home; but be content to travel hard, and to be sure to walk aright, so shall our safe way find its end at home, and our painful walk, make our home welcome. We are all concerned to make the best use of time, lest (too late) we lament the abuse of it; yesterdy cannot be recalled, to morrow cannot be assured, to day therefore is only ours, which if we slight, we lose; which if lost, is lost for ever. Young Pilgrims remember this, I mean you whose bodys are strong and healthful, not beset with any sickness, or besieged with any diseases, nor loaded with those common infirmities incident to old age, consider that you know not how short your time is, your Sun (for any thing you know) may go down in the morning, and your night may fall e're noon. Therefore be early up, and earnest on your way towards home; that if death should snatch you away in a moment, it may be, only to waft you to happiness, whilst ye are inquiring after it. *David* rose up early in the morning, and was earnest in his enquiries after this *Jerusalem* which you are travelling to, he longed after it, panted for it, and perpetually did he (during his tedious Pilgrimage in *Mesech*) lift up his hands, with his soul, towards it. The Father of the faithful rose up early too, and did chearfully set out, and held out to the end, as all those must do that hope to reach his bosom. But young Pilgrims i'le now leave you a while on your march, and after your good beginning expect your perseverance in well doing, and a happy conclusion: And now come and direct my speech to aged Pilgrims, *even to you* whose decrepid bodies signifie your night at hand, when you shall lie down in the dust, and rest in oblivion, till the last Trumpet shall summon you before that dread-

ful Tribunal. Let me humbly requeſt you now t
be inquiſitive after the other world; have you tri
fled away the morning of your day, and all thi
while not put one foot forward on your Journey fo
Heaven. Let me acquaint you, that it may not no
be too late, if you defer no longer; remembe
there were ſome called at the third hour, as we
as at the firſt; and labourers entertained in th
evening, that were rewarded with thoſe that cam
in the morning. Are you on your way, go chee
fully along, and you may yet finiſh the work of th
day e're the approaches of the night; wherefo
be not weary of well doing, but remember that t
end crowns the work; and he only the gainer wh
endures to the end. How many have ſet out b
times, and made a promiſing beginning, that ha
fainted on their journey, and fallen ſhort of Heave
that which hath a Diadem in the end, may well a
mit ſome bitterneſs in the beginning. Let the
fore the worth of the Reward prompt you in yo
greateſt difficulties to undergo all with patienc
who would not do much for ſuch a crown, and wh
will not ſome do for a worſe?

In Races, all preſs towards the mark, but t
foremoſt only wins the Prize. Not ſo here; he
a reward for every one that deſerves it, a prize
more than the foremoſt; not only he that r
ſwifteſt and is ſooneſt there, but every one t
runs well, (though he comes behind) ſhall h
ſomething. My advice therefore to you is, t
you would ſo prepare your ſelves in the evenin
your day, for the approaches of your night, tha
things being ready for a change, you may c
Death to conveigh you from the work to the
ward. And it may not unfitly be ſaid of you,
that glorious courſer of Heaven, *The Sun knoweth*
ing down: and your ſetting here, may but

you rebound to shine more glorious in a higher Sphere, in a word consider that

He that doth in a few years to Heaven climb,
Ends a long Journey in a little time.

8. Sort your selves with the best company you can find to travel along with you. Remember thou art a Kings Son, (said *Mindemus* to his Pupil) so say I to thee, Christian Pilgrim, thou art Son to a greater King than *Mindemus* was, and wilt thou undervalue thy self with base company? shall one so nearly allyed to the Prince of Light, be a companion for a brat of Darkness; an heir of Heaven, for a firebrand of Hell; the Son of a King, for the slave of a Devil. It may be guest by the company we keep, to whom we belong, for birds of a feather will flock together (saies our common Proverb.) 'Tis most certain that nothing of good can be gained by bad company; and to shun the workers of evil, is the way to decline an evil work; for we are apt to be drawn more by example than precept, and to imitate those we have most converse with (be it to good or evil;) better therefore to have no company at all, than not have good. I had rather go to Heaven alone, than to Hell with company. How then are we all concerned to make choice of such religious consorts, as by their Heaven-like conversations may draw us to a trade of godliness, such as may be thought fit (by the most wise God) to be both our companions upon earth, and with us to be admitted Denizens of Heaven. To keep company with our betters, is the way to improve our lives; for as a late Author wittily observes, that to be best in company, is the way to grow worse; and the best means to grow better, is to be the worst there. If therefore you have chosen such,

endear your ſelves each to other; for there's no ſuch friend to a tedious jonrney as a good companion; and let your ſouls be (as it were) linkt in the bonds of true friendſhip, that as *David* and *Jonathan*, ye may be lovely in your lives, and in your deaths may not be divided. And like the ſame *David* ye may bid defiance to the works and workers of iniquity, with a depart from me ye wicked; ſo ſhall ye clearly quit your ſelves from the number of thoſe that ſhall at the laſt day be terrified with that direful excommunication of the Great Judge, *Depart from me, for I know you not.*

9ly and Laſtly, I adviſe you as *Joſeph* did his Brethren: *Take heed that ye fall not out by the way.* For Brethren and fellow Sojourners to diſagree againſt the rules both of Piety and Policy; ſmal harmony nor delight in that journey where Travelers do jangle. When two *Iſraelites* fell at variance *Moſes* a ſpectator of the Diſcord, uſeth no other arguments of perſwaſion to compoſe and appeaſe the difference, than this, *Sirs, ye are Brethren*; intimating that 'twas not for brethren to wrong one another. The Father of the Faithful, how tender was he in preſerving friendſhip with his Nephew *Lot*, *Let there be no ſtrife betwixt me and thee, for we are Brethren.* What manner of men were thoſe who ye ſlew at *Tabor*, (ſaid *Gideon* to *Zeba* and *Zalmunna*) Oh! they were my Brethren. *Oh! had ye ſaved them, I ſhould have ſpared you. For your Brethren and Companions ſake*, (ſaith *David*) *I will wiſh thee proſperity.* 'Tis for enemies to fall out, but for ſuch near and dear Allies to diſagree; they muſt hold together, live together, and walk together in love, as being related in an higher and nobler ſcene than that of Nature; being Fellows of one Family, Sons of one Father, Children of one Mother, Stones of one Building, Branches of one Vine, Sheep of one

one Fold, Members of one Body, and Professors of one Truth, Made by one God, Redeemed by one Jesus, and Sanctified by one Holy Ghost: one would think these ties enough to debar division from among such Friends. *Esops* bundle of Cudgels in the Fable are very remarkable; whilst they were all fast bound up with a band, they were secure either from cracking or bending; but when once divided by one and one, easily snapt asunder. Whilst we are all under the bond of peace, we are secured by Gods protection; but when once divided, at the Devils mercy. Whilst we hold together, we need not fear treating an enemy in the Gate, but when once broke asunder with distractions, a pray to them that hate us. Remember that *Joab* and *Abishai*'s united strength, put the *Syrians* and *Ammonites* to flight; consider that ye have Enemies enow abroad, ye need not seek any so near home. Make not those the objects of your malice that should be the bulwarks of your defence against the impetuous storms and batteries of an ensnaring world, a bewitching flesh, and an envious Devil, &c. Know that there's unity amongst wicked men (for they hold together against the righteous.) *Simeon* and *Levi* are Brethren in evil, and shall we be at odds? Nothing can be done well that's not done in unity; that's not well done, that's done through dissention. The Apostle tells us, That love is the fulfilling of the Law; how then can the Law be fulfilled without love. Those blessed Angels who welcomed the new Born Saviour into the world with a Song, did in a short Sentence express both Tables: They sang, *Glory to God on High, Good will to men.* Peace on Earth makes joy in Heaven, and those that will not embrace peace on earth, shall have nothing to do with the God of Peace, or the Peace of God in Heaven. You know what our Saviour said to his

Disciples, *By this shall men know that ye* have an interest in me, *if ye love one another.* If ever therefore ye expect to end in peace, or have peace in the end, be peaceable in your Pilgrimage, so shall ye in good time arrive at your Journeys end, and be no longer Strangers-abroad, but Kings at home.

But to close all my Directions,

I *add* one *Dorio*, a noated Interpreter of the Scripture; and after him, the Author of the *Holy Court*, relate both, the Vision of a wise Man, who on a day sought for the Court, or *House of Conscience* (as eagerly as thou now art seeking for the *New Jerusalem*) and it seemed to him, he beheld a *City* built with *goodly Architecture*, beautified with *five Gates*, which had as many narrow paths ending in one large way: upon this way stood a *Register*, who took the names of all Passengers to Record them: beyond that, he saw *two Tribunes* attended with a great concourse of common people, who governed the inferiour parts of the City. Above was beheld *a Citadel*, wherein a great *Princess* commanded, who had a *Scepter* in her hand, and a Crown on her head: by her side was a *Lady* very antient and venerable, who in one hand held a *Torch*, wherewith she lighted this *Princess*, and in the other, a *Goad*, wherewith she pricked her, if she *Governed* not according to her discretion. The *Wise Man* amazed, asked in his heart, what all this meant? And he heard a voice within, which said unto him, Behold, thy self before thou art aware, art arrived at the *House* (*or Court*) *of Conscience* which thou soughtest for: The *five Gates* which thou sawest, are the *five Senses*, the way wherein they meet is *common sense*; all the people which thou sawest enter in by heaps, are the Creatures in the World, which first

first touch our Senses, before they pass into the Soul. *The Register* is Imagination, that keepeth Record of all things. The two Tribunes, are the two Appetites: The one called the appetite of *Concupiscence*, the other the Appetite of *Anger*, extreamly striving to oppose all obstacles which oppose its good, real or pretended. This mass of people are the *Passions*, which make ill work in the inferiour part of the City. The *Princess* in the Citadel with a Crown and Scepter, is Reason.

Now, dear Pilgrim, wouldst thou know who this antient Lady is (why, I tell thee) it is thine own Conscience) which if rightly inform'd will now and then dictate to thee the right Road thou shouldst take, if ever thou intendest to reach Heaven at the end of thy Journey. She will likewise goad thee and prick thee, if thou turnest aside into *By-paths* that lead to Hell and destruction; and therefore have a care thou offerest not violence to her, for she must *bear thee company to the other world*, and be thy best Friend when all others *leave thee*.

And now, kind Pilgrim, if you resolve to follow all the Directions I have given you, you may esteem your self as much deserving the name of a Pilgrim as he, who forsakes his House, his Wife, his Children, and all that is near and dear unto him, that he may travel into a strange Country. And oh! how very lightly and merrily may he travel that hath nothing about him that may prove an impediment to him in his Journey. After he had uttered these words (*first having me up on an high Mountain, and shewing me a sight of that Heavenly Country to which I was travelling, a glimpse of which wholly ravisht my heart with Delight*) he very kindly shook hands with me, wishing me safe at my Journeys end, and so departed. After which, for an hour and an halfs time being extraordinary,

melancholy by reaſon of the loſs of ſo *faithful a Guide*, and ſo good a friend, I went to a thatcht Cottage that adjoyn'd to a *neighbouring Grove*, where having reſted my ſelf for a little time, I call'd for a Pen and Ink, and writ the following Verſes, *Viz.*

I.

Farewel falſe World! I muſt be gone;
Thou art no home, no reſt for me!
I'll take my Staff and travel on,
Till I a better world may ſee.

II.

Why art thou loath my Heart? O why
Doſt thou recoil within my Breaſt?
Grieve not, but ſay Farewel, *and fly*
Unto the Ark my Dove! there's reſt.

III.

I come, my Lord, a Pilgrims pace,
Weary and weak I ſlowly move,
Longing, but yet can't reach the place,
The gladſome place of reſt above.

IV.

I come my Lord! the Floods here riſe,
Theſe troubled Seas foam nought but mire;
My Dove back to my Boſom flies:
Farewel poor World! Heaven's my deſire.

V.

Stay, ſtay, ſaid Earth, whither fond one?
Here's a fair World, what wouldſt thou have?
Fair World, Oh no! thy beauties gone,
An Heav'nly Canaan, *Lord, I crave.*

VI.

Thus th' Ancient Travellers; thus they
Weary of Earth ſigh'd after thee;
They're gone before, I may not ſtay,
Till I both thee and them may ſee.

VII.

VII.

Put on my Soul! put on with ſpeed,
Though th' way be long, the end is ſweet:
Once more, poor World *! Farewel indeed,*
In leaving thee, my Lord I meet.

And ſo up I aroſe, and putting my ſelf into a *Pilgrims habit* from head to foot, and getting all things with me that might defend me againſt wind and weather, or whatſoever elſe might obſtruct me in my Journey, I took (*as I thought direct ſteps to the Celeſtial Paradice*) but I had not traveled above *ſeven Miles and an half*, but there comes three High-way-men (as I thought them at firſt ſight to be) bruſling up to me, and demanded of me who I was, and whether I was going in ſuch poſt haſt; to which I anſwered, to the Holy City *Jeruſalem*; as ſoon as they had heard me ſay ſo, they cry'd to me, *Stand*, *Stand*, or go back, for we are reſolved if you go a ſtep further towards *Jeruſalem*, we will bind you hand and foot, and afterwards ſtab you with our poyſonous Darts, upon which I askt, *Who are you?* and they anſwered, *World*, *Fleſh* and *Devil*; upon which hearing their Names, I call'd to mind that my *Guide* told me when I firſt ſet out, that I muſt expect ſuch *Raſcally Fellows* to *way-lay* me if ever I travel'd to *Jeruſalem*; but for all that I trembled and quakt, and was almoſt ready to die for fear they ſhould be too hard for me (as they at laſt proved to be.) And I ſhall now tell you how I entred the Liſts with them all, and how weak a Combatant I proved amidſt thoſe Encounters wherewith I grapled.

CHAP. VI.

Shewing how the Pilgrim Encountred with the World.

THe *Field* where I pitched was Fifteen Miles distant from the place where my Guide lived, and five miles distant from any house, so that I could have no hopes of relief in two hours time; but for all this, I was so strangely animated with hopes of a glorious conquest, that I made an attack in the the first place upon the *World*, but that proving a place full of Snares, and such as suited all Estates, begun presently to be too hard for me. Formerly I could not see that place, wherein I could enjoy true peace; but now on a sudden, that which in reason should have been my contempt, became my content, and those *May-buds* of prosperity, honour and humane glory which were scattered here and there to take me; no sooner now were they seen by me, then they took me.

That retired Cell, wherein I both enjoyed myself, and the contemplation of Him that made me, had now for a season been estranged from me. I found such charming *Objects* in the *World*, as I condemned my self for hasting so fast out of it, to the Celestial Paradice. If I desired to be *Rich*, I found means how to purchase my ends: which, were they never so sinister, the custom was so general, as it authorized the error. Were it *Honour* that I sought after, I found a way quickly to enjoy her, tho the purchase made me an unhappy gainer. But for all this, my Conscience four or five times did twinge me severely with no *fight*, no *victory*; no *Conquest*, no *Crown*; and indeed, in the very first assault, I remembred my Creator; and to promote his honour, I made a fair shew, as if I would have entertained

Death Cutts downe all, both great and Sm

Bring out your Dead: Bring out your Dead: B

The pest House

The departing Christian last combate with Sat

Flesh. world. deuill.

Faith. hope. Char

tained the encounter, and ſtill have marched on valiantly towards the Celeſtial Gate; in deſpite of all oppoſition but my reſolution, by this unhappy enemy the *World*, became weakned, and diſcovered my fickle temper.

O Eternity, Eternity; how I forgot thee, and now forgo thee for one poor glimpſe of Vanity! Had I remembred what thoſe glorious Martyrs ſuffered; how they combated; how they conquered. Had I but preſented to my thoughts, what encounters thoſe noble Virgins *endured; how they ſleighted price, prayer and threats; and with their winning modeſty, and reſolved piety, quenched all unlawful heats.* Had I recalled to mind, with what conſtancy, thoſe famous *Confeſſors* profeſſed the Faith, even in the face of Tyranny: and in deſpite of torments confirmed their fidelity: O then, poor *Pilgrim*, thou wouldſt have holden all theſe *encounters* with the *World* light: and, in the diſcomfiture of them, ſhewn thy ſelf a Chriſtian, and in ſpight of all, have travel'd on: whereas now in thy defeat thou haſt acquitted thy ſelf like a weak Champion.

CHAP. VII.

Shewing how the Pilgrim Combated with the Fleſh.

WEll the *World* having thus bound me hand and foot, and left me for dead as it thought, yet I preſently diſentangled my ſelf; but then the *Fleſh* (the ſecond powerful enemy comes domineering over me, to whom I ſpake as follows, *Fl.* *Oh! proud* Philiſtine, *how thou inſulteſt over me! Is there no end of thy inſolence? no bound to thy fury? Wilt thou ſtill Lord it over thy Miſtreſs: and be a Commander of thy Sovereigneſs? Remember how thou wert*

made

made to be a Servant and no Miſtreſs: a Subject and no Princeſs. Imperious Agar, *do me not this diſhonour. I have a noble Gueſt which thou haſt long time wronged: one who was full of beauty, before thou blemiſhedſt it: of a graceful preſence, before thou diſfigur'd ſtit.* O tell me, thou unthankful one, how comes it, that thou ſhouldſt thus diſhonour her by whom thou liveſt; diſparage her by whom thou breatheſt: Pray thee, vile and ſtinking Carrion, haſt thou life from thy ſelf, or from another? If from another, why doſt thou not tender her that honour that may become her, and make thee worthy of her? O whither wouldſt thou hale me, thou hateful intruder! what have I received from thee but miſery: and ſhall I now incline unto thee, who have been ſo oft-times deceived by thy folly? Withhold thoſe ſinful embraces from me: they have already undone me, let them not intangle me in more miſery. O that I were ſtript of thee; or that I had loathed thoſe delights which thou haſt ſuggeſted to me! O why did I ſo tenderly cocker thee, thou baleful *Cockatrice!* And why did I not cruſh the Sepent in the Egg! Why did I not ſhun the occaſion of ſinning, and ſo prevent the means of my undoing! O what had I from thee but ſin! And what other fruit brought Sin forth but death! whence cameſt thou, O treacherous *Fleſh*, O my Darling Foe: and from whence was thy beginning? From Clay, vile Clay was thy Creation: from whence I received every clammy and earthy affection. Thou dreweſt my thoughts from Heaven to Earth; that I might be more like thy ſelf, who tookeſt thy material Creation from Earth.

Therefore be gone, be gone, *Oh Enemy* Fleſh, for I'll travel on in ſpight of thee to *yonder Glory*; and what will become of thee then! And moreover when I am dead, how will thy *Honour* lie in the Duſt!

Duſt? how wilt thou then be a ſtinking Carrion full of miſery and corruption, meat for Worms. And alas, my Foe, how neatly ſo ever thou now art tricked, trimmed, tyred and gallantly armed, yet thou art no more but *Fleſh*: and know that *Fleſh*, and the beauty thereof is as the *flower* of the *Field*. And therefore I'de have thee to know, I'll not be hindred in my Journey by thee, if I can ſubdue thee.

But now give me leave to talk a little with thee, O deceitful *Fleſh!* And firſt reſolve me, if ever I came into any place before I began my Travels to the *New Jeruſalem*, wherein I could promiſe to my ſelf peace. Nay even in this populous City of *Sileſia*, I cannot take my walk in any Street, wherein I am not ſubject to be taken by thy alluring deceit. Thou ſendeſt forth thoſe two *light Spies*, to purvey and bring in Objects of luſt; by theſe am I wounded, by theſe do I ſuffer a continual *Combat*. Neither are theſe wounds cured yet; tho' my youth has left me; and tho' the daily Meſſengers of Death ſummon me. For, tho I be nearer my *Grave*, I fear I am little richer in *Grace*. Tho thoſe follies of my youth have now left me- (and wo is me that I did not leave them before they left me) yet other aged maladies grow ſtrong in me; againſt which I muſt prepare my ſelf for the encounter, or I am undone for ever. Would you hear what my Diſtempers are They are theſe: Tho few be my hours; hoary my hairs (and my Journey long I have to go by a ſetting Sun) yet am I as numerous in my worldly cares, as if I were but even now entring into the World. I cannot without an envious eye ſee my Neighbours Field flouriſh; others proſperity gives me occaſion of repining: others adverſity grounds of rejoycing. Honour I would have, yet can I hardly *ſupport* my ſelf, much leſs that Honour which is conferred on me: and all this is occaſioned by thee. And

And alas, tho now in my Pilgrimage I carry about me conſtant Companions of Mortality, as *Aches*, *Agues*, Cramps and Coughs, which are the Livery of a travelling Pilgrim, and tho *Death* waits at the Wicket, and lies in Ambuſh in what Houſe ſoever I lodge, and in what path ſoever I walk, to ſeize me, or to bid me come away, and leave the *World*, and prepare for a Shrowding Sheet; yet have I a months mind to be greater, or richer, or more eminent in the eyes of others, as if I could diſpenſe with age, or make a truce with death; and all this is occaſioned by thy falſe ſuggeſtions, Oh ſinful fleſh.

Therefore oh ſigh and groan poor unhappy *Pilgrim*, take thy ſelf now into the Ballance; weigh and examine thy ſelf: Let not one hour paſs over thee without a ſigh; not a minute without a ſob. Take away the force of this *Engine*, this fearful *Baſiliſk*, with inceſſant Rivers of tears: Thou haſt yet a little time left thee; beſtow not one moment of it, but to Gods glory. See how every minute thou art nearer unto death; how the Meſſengers of the Grave tell thee thou canſt not live long. There is not the leaſt grain of ſand which paſſeth through this Crevit of thine Hour-glaſs, but may aſſure thee that thou art haſting on to the Sepulcher of thy Fathers. Canſt thou then find any time to game, play and ſport thy ſelf, or to hearken to the Temptations of *World* or *Fleſh*.

CHAP. VIII.

Shewing what Aſſaults the poor Pilgrim ſuffer'd by the Devil, *both in company and in private.*

BUt I had no ſooner utter'd theſe words, but I perceived on a ſudden, I had pretty well gotten the maſtery

maſtery over the *Fleſh*, and ſo I takes up my Staff and travels on again, imagining the third Enemy the Devil was fled, ſeeing how reſolutely I encountered the *World and Fleſh*; but I was miſtaken, for it ſeems he lay all the while in ſecret, and I did not go half the length of a Field further before he ruſhes out of a private corner and Aſſaults me after a moſt furious manner, telling me tho the *World and Fleſh* had been abuſed by me after a Dirty ſort, yet he would not, and that he would, tho he was forced to raiſe all the evil Spirits under his command, obſtruct me in my Travels, and leave me ſprawling on the ground. (Hearing him ſay thus, I rallyed all my courage that I had left together, and thus beſpake him, *O thou envious one, was it not ſufficient for thee to loſe thy ſelf by thy* Pride; *but like a cruel cunning* Nimrod, *thou muſt hunt day and night after innocent blood. 'Tis true, Thou art for ever loſt, and thou wouldſt have my poor ſoul in the ſame ſtate. And to bring thy purpoſe about, thou haſt practiſed with the people of my own Family, to betray my* Fort *unto the Enemy. Thou haſt winnowed me: and as thou foundſt me affected, thou wroughtſt upon me. Thou hadſt* Baits *in ſtore for every ſoul, to take him napping in his Darling ſin.* If thou foundſt him labour of that *Birth* wherein thou periſhedſt, thou couldſt ſuggeſt to him thoughts of his own abilities; bring him to a diſdain of others. Tell him, the Country did not take ſufficient notice of his worth. Adviſe him to hold an higher opinion of himſelf: and by contemning others, to raiſe his own eſtimate. But whereto aim all theſe trains? to undo him; for being fed with theſe conceits, he begins to aſpire to places of Honour, wherein being croſſed of his hopes, he falls into diſcontent, which cloſeth the unhappy Scene of his life in miſery and contempt. Or being deprived of what he once enjoyed, he is to an unexpected thraldom confined,

fined, and ſo with the heavy memory of his former ſweet felicity, and preſent miſery, he either lives deſperately encountred with thoſe affrighting thoughts of danger, or takes his leave at once both of life and honour.

Again, if thou foundſt him *Covetous*, thou hadſt *Achans* wedge, and *Gehezi*'s treaſure in readineſs for him: He ſhall have his *deſires* and a *Leproſie* to boot. If *riotous*, the *Rich-mans* table could not be better furniſhed, his delicious and liquoriſh appetite muſt be ſatisfied: nothing wanting that may tend to ſurfeiting, but with thoſe *Rioters* before the *Flood*, he little knows how near he is periſhing. If *Laſcivious*, his fleſh muſt want no provocation, to bring this deluded Minion to deſtruction. Fancies by night, and more viſible Objects by day, are ſent forth to ſeiſe on his pleaſed heart, and make him forgetfull of God. If *Paſſionate*, he ſhall find motives enough to inrage him; nothing he ſees can content him. Fury is in his Eyes, and revenge in his Heart. Many waters cannot quench this heat: for he aims at nothing but death. If *Envious*, others ſucceſs finds him matter enough to work on. It is hard to ſay, whether his own gain or others loſs pleaſe him better. Thoſe walks in fair flouriſhing fields which are made to recreate others, are juſtly made to macerate himſelf. For to ſee his Neighbours ground proſper, begets in him a diſtemper. If *ſloathful*, the Summer-beams, though they ſhine never ſo gloriouſly upon him, muſt not rouze him: there is an *Adder* in the way: *yet a little, and then a little*, makes him forget his *poverty*. If Heaven may be got by ſecurity, he may be ſecure of it for Eternity. But the purchaſe of Heaven is no ſuch eaſie task.

But thus, thus thou profeſt Enemy of mankind, aſſaulteſt him: and according to every occaſion, prepareſt thy temptation. And of all others, *I poor Pilgrim*,

Pilgrim, became in these most miserable. For little knew I thy subtilty, my weakness and infirmity. Whence it was, that formerly finding me no less ready to assent, than thou wert to assault, thou madest my own *Family* thy *Garrison* to keep that *precious Fort* which thou hadst like to have won from me.

But now I'll be no more deluded and entrapped by thee, therefore fly Satan, fly; upon which words he vanisht.

CHAP.

CHAP. IX.

Shewing how the Pilgrim called at a poor thatcht Cottage that lay in his way to Jeruſalem, *with an account how after he departed thence, he met with a* Beggar, *and pious* Knight *upon the Road, that were both deſirous to ſee the* Celeſtial City, *with his Diſcourſes with them: then* how again *after this he had lik't to have loſt his way in a little green Field, had not a* fair Damſel, *whoſe name was* Piety, *given him Directions: with* an account *likewiſe, how after this he falls into Company with other* Pilgrims, *who together with himſelf (being miſguided and deceived by a treacherous ſpeech the Devil made to them in the ſhape of a tall handſome man) travel into the* Deſtructive City *called* Debauchery, *where they had like to have been deſtroyed and burnt alive, but that one called* ſincere Repentance, *and ſeveral other* honeſt Souls *haſtily came to their aſſiſtance, and delivered them out of this* City, *and ſet them in their right way again that lead to* Jeruſalem; *with the manner how after this they met with ſeveral other Perſons with there Diſcourſes with them, and then how at laſt the* poor Pilgrim, *firſt ſpoken of, loſt all his fellow Travellers (by their ſudden Deaths,) with the manner how after that he was forced to travel to* Jeruſalem *all alone, &c. with many weighty things beſides.*

AFter theſe encounters I began to be very thirſty, I therefore reſolved at the next *Country Village* I came to, to call call for a little cool water to refreſh me, but ſeeing a Thatcht Cottage on this ſide the next Town I was to paſs through, I called there, and entring into the Houſe I found a knot of loving Neighbours at a frugal Dinner, who ſeemed to feaſt one another more with their mutual good

Gou-

Converſation, than with any other Chear that was provided; their eyes told that they were very merry, and that there was a true love in their Hearts; their Countenance and free Converſe did plainly declare there was nothing ſuperfluous, but all very handſom, no looſeneſs but great freedom, no noiſe but much innocent pleaſure; they were diſpoſed to mirth rather than joy, to chearfulneſs rather than jollity, and to entertain themſelves with a grateful variety rather than with abundance of meat and drink: this ſight did very much affect me, and after I had called for a little *Beer of Natures Brewing* to ſquench my thirſt, I began to diſcourſe with them in praiſe of Temperance, Sobriety and other laudable Vertues, but I had not been there above a quarter of an hour before I had an inkling that thoſe three Enemies, that I laſt encountred with, were again upon the ſearch for me, upon hearing of which I took my leave of thoſe loving Neighbours and travelled on again apace towards the *Celeſtial City*; ſometimes croſſing the Seas and great Waters that lay in my way thither, and ſometimes again clambering up Huge Hills and Lofty Mountains, reſolving now that no danger or difficulty whatſoever ſhould retard my *Journey* towards the *New Jeruſalem*, foraſmuch as I had had ſo many hindrances hitherto, at laſt I came to an odd *amphibious Country*, indented all up and down with *Rivers* and Arms of the *Sea*, that I made a *queſtion* whether I ſhould call it *Water* or *Land*, yet at laſt I perceived that tho' the *Sea* was as it were invited and uſhered into ſome places of it, yet that it was churliſhly pend out in ſome others, ſo that tho' the Sea *foamed* and *ſwelled*, and appeared as *High Walls* hard by me, yet the *Natives* of the place kept him from running over me, *mauger all his Roaring and Swelling*.

As

As I wandred up and down in this *Watry Region*, I might behold from a ſtrait long *Dike* whereon I ſtood, a ſtrange kind of *Forreſt*, for the *Trees* moved up and down; they looked afar off as if they had been blaſted by Thunder, for they had no *leaves* at all, but making a nearer approach unto them, I found they were a numberleſs company of *Ship-maſts*, and before them appeared a great *Town* incorporated up and down with Water. As I muſed with my ſelf, upon the ſight of all this, I concluded that the Inhabitants of the Country were notable *Induſtrious* People, who could ſo buſie themſelves upon the *angry Ocean*, and occupy thoſe places where the great *Leviathan* ſhould tumble and take his *paſtime* in. As my thoughts *ran* thus, I met with a man who I conjectured to be betwixt a *Merchant* and a *Mariner*; his ſalutation was ſo *affable and kind*, the Air alſo was ſo foggy that methought it ſtuck like Cobwebs on his Beard, and he was ſo dull in point of motion, as if his Veins had been fill'd with Buttermilk in *lieu* of Blood; when he was come up cloſe to me, *he askt me who I was, and whither I was going*; *I told him I was a melancholy Pilgrim, travelling all alone to another world, being weary of this*: upon which demand of his I began to mingle words with him, and to expoſtulate ſomething about this Country, and the People that dwelt therein, and indeed I found a great deal of *downright Civility* from him. But as he was giving me an impartial *Relation* of this *Country*, and the *nature of the Inhabitants*, he ſuddenly broke the thread of his diſcourſe, and got *haſtily* away from me, being haled by a Ship that was ſailing hard by us, which troubled me a little to think I ſhould ſo unexpectedly loſe *ſo ſweet a Companion*, but I had not walkt a furlong farther onwards of my *Journey* to Heaven before I kenn'd a *certain Beggar* all in ragged Cloaths,

not

not worth three-half-pence, with ſad dirty feet (he being without either Shoes or Stockins) travelling, as I perceived, in the very road that led to *Jeruſalem*, upon which I called out aloud, *So Ho! So Ho! Honeſt Fellow*, whither are you travelliug ſo faſt, if you'l but ſtay till I come up to you, if you are going my way, I will bear you company with all my heart to the end of your *Journey*. The *Beggar* hearing me ſay thus, he looked back to ſee who it was that call'd after him, and reſolves to ſtand ſtock ſtill till I was come up quite to him, ſo when I was arrived, I thus ſaluted him,

Pilgrim. *God give thee a good Morning.*

Beggar. Sir I do not remember that ever I had an evil one ſince I ſet out on my *Journey* to Heaven.

Pilgrim. Well then, *I perceive thou art travelling for the* New Jeruſalem *as well as my ſelf, verily I ſhall be extream glad of thy Company thither; but why* Dear Heart, *doſt thou ſay thou never badſt an evil Morning.*

Beggar. Becauſe I never was unfortunate or unproſperous. But Sir, I can aſſure you I ſhall be as glad of your Company as you can be of mine, to the *Cecelestial City.*

Pilgrim. Be happy! *What mean theſe words of thine?*

Beggar. Nor was I ever *unhappy.*

Pilgrim. *God ſave thee now at laſt, but* man *ſpeak more plainly.*

Beggar. Truly Sir I will do it willingly, thou Sir, didſt wiſh me a proſperous and good Morning, and I anſwered I never had an unproſperous or evil one; for when I am pinched with *hunger* I praiſe God: if I ſuffer *cold*, if it *hail*, if it *ſnow*, if it *rain*, if the weather be *fair* or *foul* in my Travels I praiſe God: if I be *wretched* and *deſpiſed* I likewiſe praiſe God:

and

and therefore there never happened any *sad* or evil morning to me. Thou didst likewise wish that I might be *fortunate*, and I answered, that I never had been *unfortunate*, because what ever God gave me, or I suffered, or whatever happened to me, whether it were agreeable to me, or otherwise, were it *sweet* or *bitter*, I gladly received it at his hands as *the best*, and therefore I was never *unfortunate*.

Thou saidst moreover that God would be pleased to make me *happy*; whereunto I likewise answered, that I had never been *unhappy*; for I am fully resolved through his Grace to adhere, and only to cleave to the will of God as the best, (abandoning mine own will) into which I have so wholy poured out mine own will, that whatever he wills that I will also, and for this cause as I said, I was never *unhappy*, seeing that I will cleave to his will only, and have wholly resigned mine own proper will.

Pilgrim. *This is very strange; but what, I pray thee, wouldst thou say if the Lord of Majesty would drown thee in the bottomless* Pit *and and so stop thee in thy Travels, couldst thou then be contented with his will.*

Beggar. Drown me in the *Bottomless Pit!* why certainly if he should, I have *two Arms* by which I would still imbrace him, and clasp fast about him: one is *true humility*, and that I lay under him, and by him I am united to his most sacred humanity; the other, and that is the right *Arm*, which is *Love*, which is united to his Divinity, and by this Love given to me from himself, I hold him so fast, that he would be forced to go down to Hell with me, and it were much more to be wished by me to be in Hell with God, than to be in Heaven without him.

By this I learned, that the most compendious way to God is a *true resignation* with *profound*

found humility. Hereupon I ſpake again to the Beggar, and asked him,

Pilgrim. *Good Lord! whence cameſt thou?*

Beggar. From God.

Pilgrim, *Where foundeſt thou God?*

Beggar. Even there where I left all the Creatures.

Pilgrim. *But where didſt thou leave him?*

Beggar. In *humble* and *clean hearts*, and in men of *good will*, which is his *Temple* and *dwelling-place.*

Pilgrim. *I pray thee Friend, who art thou?*

Beggar. Who am I! truly I am a King, and Jeſus himſelf hath Crowned me with Peace, Power and Reſt.

Pilgrim. *Art thou a King? but where is thy Kingdom?*

Beggar. Sir, the Kingdom of Heaven is within me, in my Soul (for all my cloaths are thus ragged and torn, and almoſt naked,) and I can now, and do by his power in me ſo govern and command all my *inward and outward* ſenſes, that all the *affections* and *powers* of the old man in my Soul are conquered, and are in Subjection to the *new man* in me; which Kingdom, no man can doubt but is better than all the Kingdoms, Scepters, Crowns and Glories of this world.

Pilgrim. *Lord! what brought thee to all this perfection?*

Beggar. My *Silence*, *ſublime Meditation*, and above all my *Union* with the ever bleſſed God of Peace and Reſt, which is my Kingdom, and to ſay the truth, I could Reſt in nothing which was leſs than *God*; and now having found my *God*, I have forſaken the unquiet world and am travelling to the manſion of *Eternal Reſt.*

The *Beggar* had no ſooner uttered theſe words, but he falls down dead, and I queſtion not but his Soul is ſafely *landed* in the *Regions of Bliſs.*

But

But I was forc't by reaſon of this ſtartling provi-dence to travel all alone again (as ſoon as ever I had gotten his body decently buried) 'till at laſt I happened to light on a *fair ſpacious clear Continent*, a generous and rich ſoil, it was mantled up and down with large Woods, where as I ranged *to and fro* I might ſee divers fair Houſes, Towns, Palaces and Caſtles looking like ſo many Carkaſes, for no hu-mane ſoul appeared in them, and here methought on a ſuddain I felt my heart melting within me in a ſoft reſentment of the caſe of ſo gallant a Coun-try, and as I ſtood at amaze, and in a kind of aſtoniſhment, a goodly perſonage makes up toward me, whom both for his Comportment and Counte-nance, I perceived to be of a finer mould than that Companion I had ſo lately loſt by a *ſudden Death*; by the trace of his looks I perceived he was ſome *Pious Knight* that had been ruin'd by ſome ſad diſ-after: having accoſted him with a fitting diſtance he began with a maſculine ſtrong winded language full of aſperitions and *tough Collition* of conſonants to ſpeak to me as ſolloweth.

Knight. *Sir I find you are a ſtranger (travelling through this Country to a* better *) becauſe you ſtand ſo agaſt at the devaſtations of ſuch a fair piece of the* Continent, *then know Sir, becauſe I believe you are curious to carry away with you the cauſes thereof, that theſe ruſful obiects which your Eyes now behold are the effects of nothing but* ſin and wickedneſs, folly and prophaneneſs, *the knowledge of which hath quiet made me weary of this Country, and I have this twelve months time deſired to travel to the* Celeſtial City, *but I know not one ſtep of the* way thither.

Pilgrim. Say you ſo, *Dear Sir*, then come along with me, and I'le direct you as well as I can in the right way thither.

Knight.

Knight. *I give you ten thousand thanks, but pray ir before you give me any* Directions, *do me the fa- ur to tell me what moved you at first to betake your f to a* Pilgrims Life?

Pilgrim. I was driven out of my Native Coun- ey, by a dreadful *noise* that Conscience had made my Breast, *to wit*, that unavoidable destruction ould attend me if I abode in sinful state, and did t seek out for an Heavenly Kingdom.

Pilgrim. *But how did it happen that you came out of ur Countrey this way?*

Pilgrim. It was as God would ve it * for when I was under e fears of Hell I did not know hich way to turn my self, but meer accident I met with a ave *Old Gentleman*, whose name I could never rn to this day, and he directed me to an honest d skilful *Guide* who set me *in the right way I should to Eternal Rest*, which way he told me lay ough this Country.

* *As a late ingenious Author words it.*

Knight. *Do you not think some- es of the* * *Country from whence came.*

* *The Pilgrim thinks of his Native Country.*

Pilgrim. Yes, but with much ef and trouble; *but now I de- a better Country, that is an Heavenly one*; Oh I g! I long to be at the *New Jerusalem.*

Knight. *But what is it that makes you so desirous to el to* Mount Sion.

Pilgrim. Why, because I would fain be there ere I shall dye no more, and likewise enjoy that mpany that shall perpetually cry *Holy, Holy, Holy,* d therefore now *Good Sir*, come a little way with , and I will faithfully instruct you in the way u must go.

Knight. *But, Sir, are there no turnings and windings, by which a ſtranger may loſe the way.*

Pilgrim. Yes there are many ways, but thus thou maiſt diſtinguiſh the right from the wrong, the right only being ſtraight and narrow: the *Valiant and Pious Knight* hearing me ſay theſe words, he girt up his waſte, and addreſt himſelf to his *Journey* full ſpeed, and he travelled at ſuch a rate, that in *three quarters* of an hour he was quite gone out of ſight, and I believe by this time he is ſafely arriv'd at the *New Jeruſalem*; for methoughts he talkt when I firſt entred into Diſcourſe with him like a man that would hold out to the end of his *Journey.*

But I like a *Reſolved Pilgrim* (though I had now again loſt another Companion) kept ſtill travelling on hoping that I my ſelf likewiſe at length ſhould arrive at my *Journeys end.*

Till at laſt I came to a great populous City, but her buildings were miſerably battered up and down, ſhe had a world of Palaces, Caſtles, Long Streets, and *goodly Churches:* as I ſtepped out of curioſity into one of them, upon the *North-ſide* there was a *Huge Grate*, where a Creature, all in white, beckoned at me, making my approach I found her to be a *Vertuous Damſel*, whoſe name was *Piety*; when ſhe came cloſe to me, ſhe thus ſaluted me.

Damſel. *How now Father, whether travel you ſo faſt?*

Pilgrim. I am going, *Sweetheart* to the *New Jeruſalem*, canſt thou tell me, whether or no I am in the direct way that leads to it.

Damſel. *Gentle Sir, I believe you have come right hitherto, but the way you have yet to go is very dangerous, and if you are not very cautious to obſerve the right turnings, you will unawares fall into a* Deſtructive City *called* Debauchery, *and if you ſhould happen to enter into*

o that place, 'tis a thouſand to one if ever you get
e to the New Jeruſalem.

Pilgrim. How ſhould I know this City from others that I am yet to walk through) that ſo if I ſhould ppen to come near it, I might keep the Road on e upper hand of it, and ſo avoid it.

Damſel. *Why Sir, it lies on the further end of that* dle Field *juſt before you, but you had need* *e ſome* faithful Guide *along with you, elſe I am* *aid ſome* Evil Temptation *or other will bring you* *wares into it, for the way that you have to go to* ruſalem *is both ſtrait and narrow, but the very* Gate *this* City *is ſo wide that a hundred thouſand may go together, yet 'tis divided into*
Five Diviſions, *and the way to it* * *The five Senſes.*
ms (to fools) to be ſtrued with
ſes, *and all manner of* Fragrant Flowers: *And* *ore this great Gate ſtands all manner of* Fleſhly lurements, *on purpoſe to entice all thoſe Pilgrims that travelling to the* Heavenly Jeruſalem; *there ſtands* *ewiſe before it a multitude of Fair Ladies, ſome* *th*-ſpotted Faces, naked Breaſts and Shoulders, wling and wanton Eyes, *ſo that the unwary cannot be taken with the ſight: therefore have you a great* e good Pilgrim *that you are not enſnared.*

Alſo there ſtands continually at the Gate, the Waits the City *with all ſorts of rare and fleſh raviſhing* *ſick, that make ſuch a melodious ſound, that the is engaged preſently.*

But to proceed, the Gate that lets into the City hath ee ſteps *aſcending, the firſt is* the conception of ſt, the ſecond is the ſweet and fleſh-pleaſing con-nplation thereof, the third is free conſent and lding thereto, *which no ſooner you get upon but you in the* City.

It hath likewiſe three exceeding high and impregnable lls *round about it*, the firſt is blindneſs of

Mind, the ſecond is preſumption, the third unbelief.

Then under the Wall lyes a wonderful deep and dangerous Ditch *or* Moat, *which if any of the Inhabitants, who by ſtriving to get out of the* City, *chance to fall into, 'tis a thouſand to one if they ever get out again, but periſh there for ever; the* Ditch *is called* Diſpair, *and if it ſhould be ſearcht, it is verily thought ſome thouſands of* Skulls *of Men and Women would be found there, who the Devil himſelf formerly tumbled in.*

And then the Watch *that keeps the Gate (for 'tis alwayes ſhut to them that are within) is Tyrant Sin, with divers Infernal Spirits all well armed, inſomuch that without infinite power there is no eſcaping,* Therefore Sir, *whatever ſhift you make avoid this dangerous deſtructive place.*

Now at the further end of the City is a Gate alſo as wide as the other, and that ſtands always open, the Porters name is Death.

Moreover behind that Gate is an exceeding deep Lake, that ſends forth nothing but a black ſulphurous ſmoak of Fire and Brimſtone: *and all that dye in this City of* Debauchery *go out at that Gate, and ſo fall into the Lake that burns more fierce than Mount Ætna.*

In the heart of the Town is a ſtrong and wonderful Caſtle, *where the Devil keeps his* Court, *which is called* Hardneſs of Heart.

He that is keeper of his Caſtle is one Monſieur Obſtinate, *a very impudent and grim fellow.*

The walk or path to the Caſtle is pleaſant enough, but at the entrance of the gate is four ſteps very fair to ſet your feet upon; the firſt is called extenuation of ſin, to make great ſins ſmall, and little ſins to ſeem none at all; ſome ſay, that this ſtep is made of two ſorts of materials, viz. *not only to leſſen or extenuate ſin, but alſo to make excuſes about it,* viz. I was drawn in; my *heart is good,* &c. The

The third ſtep is called delight in ſin, *and from ence it is defended, and pleaded for, by ſuch who get thus high.*

The fourth and laſt ſtep is final Impenitence, *and en you are in the* Caſtle.

On the Eaſt-ſide *of the City, towards a little Town lled* Religion, *is a very* little Gate *ſo ſtraight, that t a very few can get through, 'tis called* Regenerati-n; *and he that opens it, (hardly one in a thouſand, ho dwells in the City, does know) whoſe name is* epentance; *this Gate, as* Tyrant Sin *nor the* Prince Darkneſs *never made it, ſo are they not able (not-withſtanding all their Strength aad Power) to keep allways ſhut; but they ſo blind the eyes of the Ci-zens, that but few can find it.*

Pilgrim. Madam you have extreamly obliged me your *Civilities* and *Kindneſs* to me in warning e of this dangerous City, and I hope (by the re I ſhall endeavour to take) I ſhall avoid it: nd therefore now Dear Lady *Adieu.*

As ſoon as ever I had taken my leave of her, I rt up my loins and *travelled* on again, but by at time I was gotten the length of a *furlong* om the *laſt City* I paſt through, I chanced to hear veral Pilgrims, ſome of whoſe names were *Youth, iddle Age, Old Age,* &c. enquiring of thoſe they et, ſaying, which is the way, Oh! which is the ay to the *Celeſtial Paradice*; we are afraid we are ſtaken in our way, for we fancy not above a arter of a mile before us lies that great and de-uctive City called *Debauchery*, that ruines all (both dy and ſoul) that travel through it. I hearing em cry out thus, I *ran* up to them, and told them ir imaginations were too *true*, for that City be-re them was moſt aſſuredly the great City called bauchery, that ruines allmoſt all that paſs through and this I told them was no *fancy* of mine but a *reallity*,

a *reallity*, for I was just now informed of this
rious City, and cautioned against entring into it
a *Vertuous Lady* that lives not a *furlong* off from
place, whose name was *Piety*.

But the Devil perceiving (by what means I c
not tell) that they gave serious attention to w
I said, all studying now which way to avoid
City, and that they were all enclining to go alo
with me in the right way that lead to *Jerusale*
he makes up to us all (first transforming himse
into the shape of a tall handsome man) and spa
to us with an audible voice) after the follow
manner. *viz.*

The Devils Speech.

Gentlemen I perceive you are
Pilgrims travelling to the New Jer
salem, and being afraid you have lo
your right way thither, want instru
ctions from them that can direct yo
in it; well then let me tell you,
have been formerly my self at th
very City you are travelling to, an
the best Directions I shall give you t
it are these, viz. you must wal
though that City just before you
which one of your Company call
Debauchery, and this you may d
without any manner of Danger, an
yet get as safely to your Journey
end (as if you should go forty mil
about

about, and so you must if you go not through it) besides in this City you will find many flesh-pleasing Delights, which will be a great refreshment to you now you are upon a long and tedious Journey, and then when you are gone a mile beyond this City, turn upon your left hand into a Broad-way which leads into a Town called Sensuality, where you may live after a most Flesh-pleasing and Luxurious rate, which will soon bring you to the end of your Pilgrimage. But Gentlemen I do rather advise you to walk back again to your old homes, and never think of travelling to Jerusalem more, for the way thither, I can assure you is very tedious and irksome, so that you will never be able to hold out to your Journeys end. Sirs, do nothing rashly, but first go to yonders Hill on your left hand, and take a view or prospect of all the gallant Kingdoms of this present World, and the ravishing glory of them, and I'le warrant you after such a lovely sight your hearts and affections will soon be so glewed to the pleasant plains of this worldly Jordan, that you will not care to tra-

vel farther to the New Jeruſalem: Oh! what a vaſt and glorious Fabrick is here in which you are placed, (enough to charm the faireſt heart) for 'tis full of nothing but aſtoniſhing wonders and amazing rarities, all which (if you will promiſe me to think no more of that Heavenly Country to which you have been travelling) ſhall be yours, with all the alluring Pleaſures, delightfull Riches and gaudy Honours thereof, therefore talk no more, I beſeech you, of a future ſtate, or of walking to a better world, for what greater happineſs can you deſire than to have the preſent enjoyment of the very ſweets of Life which ſhall both charm your ſenſes and pleaſe your minds.

Theſe ſly Inſinuations (through want of *Chriſtian watchfulneſs*) prevailed ſo upon us, that we all reſolved unanimouſly to venture through the City called *Debauchery*.

When we came to it, our *curioſitys* lead us to ſee all the *manners* and *cuſtoms* of the *Inhabitants*, together with *Strength*, *Government and Trade of the City*, but we had not been in it above *three days* before we heard one *Theologus*, a learned and worthy Biſhop (who as we afterwards underſtood, was ſent on purpoſe by our bleſſed Lord and Saviour Jeſus Chriſt, to preach the Goſpel to *miſguided* and unwary *Pilgrims*, cry out, *Oh Youth, Youth, Middle Age*,

Age, Old Age, &c. Oh! Pilgrims, Pilgrims, look about you, look about you for the Lords ſake, fire! fire! fire! the City in which you are is on fire at one end, and alſo beſieged by the wrath of God, you are all undone men if you do not ſpeedily fly out to ſave your lives, you muſt Sirs get out or dye: Oh! how doth my ſoul tremble to behold what is coming upon you.

And much more he ſpake to the ſame purpoſe with great Zeal, Courage and Compaſſion, Tears ſtanding all the while in his Eyes beholding our woful condition.

But when he had made an end of ſpeaking, we told him the *City* was ſo ſtrong, that we knew not which way to eſcape.

To hear us ſay ſo rejoyc'd his heart (for he was afraid we had deſign'd to have dwelt there) upon which he told us, that there was a little *Gate* called *Regeneration*, which if we could but find, we might get out; but we told him it was very likely that *Gate* was locked, (well ſaid he) but though it be, yet there is a *Key* which will open it, and that is *Prayer*.

The Pilgrim (with others) in great Diſtreſs goes to Prayer.

Then we all went to *Prayer*, and with many *Tears* and *bitter Sobbs* cryed to the Lord, and at laſt we found the *Gate*, but it was a great while before we could find the *Porter*, who is appointed to turn the *Key*, whoſe name is *Repentance*, for *Prayer* without his help cannot open the *Gate* of *Regeneration*, yet our Eyes being enlightned by the *Spirit* of *Grace* we got through the *firſt Wall* (but not without much difficulty) which was *blindneſs* of *Mind*: then we came to the *ſecond Wall* called *Preſumption*, and looking about us, we ſaw divers other Pilgrims (who had

had been in the City *Debauchery* a little before us, just at our heels thinking to get out also, but when they beheld this *Wall* they all stood still, for between these two Gates lies a large * *Green Field*, and those *Pilgrims* that came up to it were resolved to abide there, concluding now they were got far enough from the *City*, and therefore rested wholly upon *the mercy of God*; and so were kept in the City under some *common illuminations of the Spirit* by the *strong wall of Presumption*, which is the ruine of many *thousands*; for when their *Consciences* are awakened, and they begin to be sensible, in some measure, of the woful state of fallen man, yet hearing of the infinite Grace and Mercy of God *in Christ*, they go no *farther* but remain in their sins, and never strive after the Gate of *Regeneration*, and yet hope to be saved: (but for ever blessed be almighty God) we were under a more special and through work, for we called to mind how *Theologus* had opened to us the nature of Gods Justice as well as his Mercy, and that he would in no wise clear the Guilty (and that we must therefore utterly forsake sin and be born again, or else could not see the Kingdom of God) therefore we durst not presume upon Gods mercy whilst we remained in our Sins, nor trust to a *Deathbed Repentance* (which seldom proves true) by which means we got through this Wall likewise.

* *These Green Fields are the Pleasures of the World.*

Then we came with the *Porter* to *the third and last Wall* called *Unbelief*, which we no sooner beheld but our hearts failed us, wherefore we here stood still and knew not what to do, fearing the Devil would come to us again and swallow us up quick (for his Eye was fixt upon us all the while) and our fears in part came to pass, for presently after this

his the Devil beſtirred himſelf to purpoſe, and ndeed threatned us, that if we endeavoured to go ny farther out of the *City* he would throw us over hat *Wall* into the *Moat*, out of which few ever eſ-aped with their Lives.

Upon this our hearts began to ake, and (*like nen half-dead*) we trembled grievouſly, yet look-ng back to our Joy, we ſaw *ſeveral perſons* were oming up to us, having alſo got over the Wall of *Preſumption*: But alas! our joy was ſoon turned to orrow; for lo! on a ſudden we perceived the *De-il* coming out upon ſome of thoſe *poor Creatures*, nd by the help of that *Monſter* called *S I N*, he hrew one or two of them into the *Ditch* or *Moat f deſpair*, and others he forced to *retreat* back again; his ſtruck ſome terror to us, yet for all this (cal-ing to mind what we formerly heard *Theologus* ſpeak oncerning the vertue of Chriſts Blood and the na-ure of Goſpel Promiſes) we took *freſh courage*, ſo hat after a month or two crying to God, the *Gate* hat leads through this *Wall* was open, yet we had ot power to venture through; for one of us more articularly (that had not exactly obſerved all paſ-ages before) calling to mind his notorious evil nd *debauched* Life (he having lived a long time in *anity and folly*) perceived the deep and dange-ous *Moat* (through the *Gate*) which he conclu-ded he ſhould fall into and be undone for ever, for aid he, we can never eſcape out of the City unleſs we can get over the *Ditch*, as well as through this *Wall*. But in concluſion whilſt we were encoura-ging one another (*with theſe very words*, viz. *all would end well at laſt*) a moſt *ſweet and lovely Lady* whoſe name was *Grace*, whom we had met with ome time before and received help from, appear-d to us, who bid us not fear, for, ſaid ſhe, here is my Eldeſt Daughter *Faith*, if you can prevail with

her

her ſhe will ſoon (with the aid of my Daughters *Hope* and *Charity*) help you all through the *Gate* of *Unbelief*, and over the *Moat* of *Deſpair* too, and indeed none elſe can do it.

Upon this we were all again wonderfully comforted, and fell to ſinging of *Pſalms* and *Hymns* of praiſe to God and the Lamb.

But the *Devil* immediately after this moſt furiouſly aſſaulted us again: yet *Faith* by turning her Shield againſt him made him quickly fly, which was no little joy to us to behold, *ſo at laſt* we were reſolved to throw our ſelves upon the mercy of God through the Blood of Jeſus Chriſt, and adventure over, ſaying one to the other, if we *periſh* we *periſh*, there is nothing but *Death* if we go back or remain here.

And thus we encouraged one another and ventured in. And *Faith* that moſt noble Off-ſpring of God (with the help of other Graces) kept us from ſinking, ſo that through infinite Goodneſs we every man of us eſcaped with our lives, and juſt as we got over the *Moat*, we eſpied a clear and lovely Fountain ſet wide * open, and *Faith* helpt us to waſh and bathe our ſelves therein, for ſhe ſaw we were exceedingly polluted.

* *Zech.* 14. 1.

Likewiſe as ſoon as ever we were over this *Moat* we ſaw *at a great diſtance* a moſt *pleaſant Mountainous Country*, beautified with *Woods*, *Vineyards*, *Fruits of all ſorts*, *Flowers* alſo with *Springs* and *Fountains* very *delectable* to behold; upon ſeeing of which we asked the *Lady Faith* the name of the Country, and ſhe anſwered it was *Immanuels Land*, and ſaid very common ſaid ſhe for all Chriſtian Pilgrims when they come to it (*for it lies in the way to* Jeruſalem) to refreſh themſelves in it, and for your encouragement when you come there you have but a little

a little walk to the end of *your Journey*, for being at this place you may see to the very Gate of the *Celestial City*, as those *pious hearts* that live there will make appear, which sight will make amends for all the troubles and dangers you have undergone in your passing through the *City of Debauchery*.

After this we hasted away as fast as we could towards a little Town called *Religion*, which lay in the direct way to the *New Jerusalem* (still bearing in our minds the *Delectable Mountains*, where we were told by the *Lady Faith* we should both meet with refreshment, and get a prospect of our *Heavenly Country*.)

But Oh! with what difficulty did we pass along the Country, for the Devil pursued us close still, so that the *first day* we escap'd the *Moat*, we were forced to mount a mighty *Hill called Opposition*; and here we were stopt, not only by *Infernal Spirits*, and a whole Regiment of *Hellish Temptations*, but the *Country People* also were stirred up by some that were profest Enemies to our precious souls to hinder us in our flight, and to turn us back again if possible into the *City Debauchery*, yet for all this (by the providence of God) we got up the Mountain: but the next day we fell down into a deep Valley called *Self-denial*, and so difficult a passage this was that we were scarce able to pass through it, and yet we saw there was no other way to the *New Jerusalem*. But being got through it, we presently came to a certain *Stile* (which we perceived would also put us hard to it to get over) it being called the stile of *Carnal Reason*, but we not consulting with *flesh and Blood*, made little of it and jumpt over it.

But alas! we were not gone a *Pole* from the Stile before we came into an *howling Wilderness*, through which *Theologus* had formerly told us we must pass,

and

and here we ſeemed for a while to be at a ſtand, there being ſo many turnings and by-ways: and our chief *Enemies* to amuſe us raiſed up ſeveral *ſubtil Impoſtors* to put us again out of the *right path* that led to *Jeruſalem*, one crying this is the *Road* and another that: beſides we were aſſured the *Wilderneſs* had many deep and dangerous Pits in it, and that alſo 'twas very *dark and doleſome*, all which we found to be true, ſo that if we had not met ſometime before with an able and *honeſt Guide* who gave us Directions how we ſhould walk over it, with Cautions alſo how to avoid the dangerous places, doubtleſs we had periſht in this place.

But *Truth* now being our only *Conductor*, whoſe counſel always (as 'twas contained in the *Holy Bible*) we reſolved to follow, we went not a foot out of our way through this dangerous place. But as it fell out two or three days after we were gone over the Wilderneſs we met with many *Lyons* and other *evil Beaſts*, yet we paſſed ſecurely along, they having no power to hurt us, though upon firſt ſight of them we were poſſeſt with great fears that they would, but the *Lady Grace* travelling ſome part of the reſt of the way with us ſhe vanquiſht theſe *doubts* and deſponding thoughts.

But yet the worſt was not over, for lo! on a ſudden we were beſet with *Thieves* who threatned to knock us on the head, (but were reſtrained) yet they robbed us of all our *Cloaths*, and part of that little money (we had left) upon which account we were forced to travel ſtark naked five miles farther onwards of our way to a *Gentlemans Houſe* that ſtood by a River ſide, where we begg'd (and obtain'd) a few rags to cover our nakedneſs the remaining part of our journey.

And now though theſe *hardſhips* we met with after we were robb'd (of our Cloaths and mony) from the

the *Wind and Weather* were irkſome to fleſh and blood, yet we calling to mind how wonderfully God had delivered us from *ſin and Satan*, *mattered none of all theſe things*, for now to our inconceivable joy and comfort we were come into the ſweet and pleaſant way of the *New Covenant:* and at laſt getting up upon the top of an *high Rock* called the *Rock of Ages*, we were ſafe enough; and here we had a full view (when we looked downwards) of the miſerable City of *Debauchery* which we ſo lately, to the hazzard of our lives, paſt through, and when we looked upwards we ſaw (to the raviſhing of our hearts) the glory of that *Heavenly Country* we were going to. After this we all together ſteered our courſe (*through a moſt delicious Country*) to another *City* that was nothing elſe but a kind of Poſie made up of dainty *green Hillocks*, and tyed together by above four hundred *Bridges*, (but it lay in our way to *Jeruſalem*) and therefore we were all forced to go through it, which we did without any ſtay or hindrance in the leaſt: from this City in an *inſtant* we ferried over a long and dangerous *Gulf*, and ſo through a *Midland Sea* into another *Kingdom*, where we felt the *Clime* hotter by ſome degrees, than we had done all along in our *Travells* hitherto: for the moſt part this Country was a rough hewn ſoil and full of *craggy barren Hills*, upon which account all our *walks* here were rendred very unpleaſant, but where there were *Vallies* and *Water enough* the Country was extraordinary *Fruitful*, whereby nature it ſeems made her a *compenſation* for the ſtirrility of the reſt. As we rov'd here a while we encountred a grave man in *black cloaths*, we cloſed with him, and queſtioned him about that Country, and how far he thought we might have yet to the *New Jeruſalem*, he told us he himſelf was wholly a ſtranger to that *Country*.

We

we enquired after, and he could not tell us, but he ſaid, he believed we had many thouſand miles to it yet.

So we took our leaves of him and travelled farther, and as we wandered up and down in the Wilderneſs of this World, at laſt we chanced to come to a ſmall *Village*, at the furthermoſt end of which (*upon the Common*) we eſpied a little Cottage, a poor old ruinous thing it was, the Windows being all broke, only they had cramb'd into the holes ſome old rags to keep out the cold, and by the propping of it up it ſeemed as if it were ready to fall, but however we remembring what *Theologus* formerly ſaid, *viz: that the poor receive the Goſpel*, and it now beginning to grow towards night we reſolved to go thither and ſee whether we might not be refreſhed there with ſleep and entertainment for one night, and have directions both how far we had to go (for we began again now to be at a loſs) and which was our neareſt way to *Jeruſalem*. And being come up to the Door, we underſtood that the *poor mans* name who dwelt there was one *Lackmony*, now we knocked five or ſix times before we could have any manner of anſwer, for it ſeems he was aſleep in bed with his Wife, but at laſt being between ſleeping and waking he asked (though very faintly) *Who is there, who is at the Door?*

Pilgrims. None but a few Friends, pray riſe and let us in, for if you do not, it being now very late, and we ſtrangers and Pilgrims in this Country, we know not whether to go this night for a lodging.

We all liſtned very diligently, but could not hear what *Lackmony* ſaid by reaſon of the noiſe that was within, for he having many *Children* it happened that by this time they were waked and fell into a fit of crying, ſome wanted Victuals and ſome of them

hem cryed for other things which he had not to ive them, which made him one while to weep, nother while to fret and ſtorm at the poor Chil-ren, ſo that we could have no anſwer till we nockt again, which we did and that pretty hard.

Lack mony. *Who is at my Door?*

Pilgrims. Only a few Friends that are travelling o the *New Jeruſalem*, but being benighted come ither to beg a *Lodging.*

Lack mony. Friends *do you ſay you are? I know ot, pray what buſineſs have you here?*

Pilgrims. We tell you once again we come to eg a *Lodging* with you for one *night.*

Lackmony. *From whence come you* Gentlemen? *I ouht you have* loſt *your way.*

Pilgrims. We come from a *Stately-Mans Houſe* not ar off, whoſe name (his Neighbours told us) as *worldly Pomp.*

Lackmony. Well! *had he no* lodging *for you, that u come to me?*

Pilgrims. No, he hath utterly refuſed to entertain us, and not only ſo, but hath baſely abuſed s, calling us at his pleaſure, and alſo raiſed all the *ude rabble of the Town* upon us.

Lackmony. *He had ſome reaſon for it I warrant you, nd truly I my ſelf do not like very well what you talk f, for he is a man ready enough to open his door to any ho are* worth entertaining, *I mean profitable Gueſts; f you could get no lodging at his houſe, what ground ave you to think you ſhould meet with any here; be-ides, tho I cannot deny but that (three) Weeks ago heard* (at a Neighbours Houſe of mine) *that there were me ſuch men as you who went by the name of* Chriſtian ilgrims *that were travelling to ſee the* New Jeruſalem, *nd that they would call at my Houſe for* refreſhment *as ey went along; yet, Sirs, for all this, I know not ſo uch as one Man of you, and therefore I cannot tell that*

you

you are thoſe Pilgrims. *And moreover, I am forbid by certain* Edicts *of this* Country *to entertain any* ſuſpicious Perſons, *and they may be you as far as I know.* 'Tis, Gentlemen, *a dangerous thing to open ones door to* Strangers *at any time, but more eſpecially now when there are ſo many* grand Cheats *and* Robbers *abroad. And I would have you to know, tho I have not much to loſe, yet my life is as dear to me as* any mans; *and ſhould I let you in, how you would deal with me,* God knows.

Pilgrims. Honeſt Friend, We will all aſſure thee (and that if thou pleaſeſt one by one) that we will do thee no wrong, but *contrariwiſe* if you pleaſe to open the Door and give us but *one nights lodging,* you ſhall find us the beſt Friends that ever you met with in all your life, for we will inſtruct you in thoſe *Heavenly Truths* that will tend to your eternal advantage.

Lackmony. *Gentlemen,* you ſpeak well! *but what is it you will do for me to ſupply my* preſent neceſſitys: *Have you any Money to give me to buy my* Family *a little* good victuals *(for we have had little elſe beſides* Bread and Water *a great while to live upon) and ſome* better cloaths? *for my poor Children go almoſt* naked.

Pilgrims. We cannot at preſent ſupply thee with either *Money* or *Cloaths,* for you muſt know we have come a great way (our native Country being ſome thouſands of *miles diſtant* from this place) and having but little *Money* in our Pockets when we firſt ſet out to travel, it is now almoſt *ſpent,* and we are afraid we have but juſt enough left about us to defray all our *neceſſary charges* till we arrive at *Jeruſalem.* And as for *Cloaths,* we have none but what we have upon our *backs,* and they begin now to grow ſo very thred-bare, (and well they may, having paſt through many a dreadful Shower and Storm)

Storm) that they'l hardly hang upon our backs to the end of *our Journey*; Come! come! let us in, let us in, for it is but for one night we desire to trouble you.

Lackmony. *I will not do it, for you will not I perceive promise me any present supplies, and as for your* heavenly instructions *I matter them not, for truly we* poor Folks *in the* Country *think 'tis* Religion *enough for us to bear an* honest *mind, and pay* truly *for what we have, and go to* Church *now and then to hear some good* Prayers *there, and to say the* Creed, *the* Ten Commandments *and the* Lords Prayer, *now and then at home when we come from work, if we do not chance to fall* asleep first; *for it has been so with me, God knows, many a time,* the Lord help me; therefore be gone, be gone, *and seek a Lodging some where else, for I will not* entertain *you, and by your twatling here you do but disturb my* poor Wife *and dear Children, so that they cannot sleep for you.*

When we perceived that he would continue resolute, and would not give us so much as a nights Lodging, we concluded all with one consent to walk to the upper end of that Common, whereon his house stood and there all lie down together upon the *bare ground*, and sleep till morning, and then to travel on again; so accordingly we went there and laid our selves down upon the ground to sleep, and slept very *sweetly* (being hugely tyr'd with the last daies Journey) till about Four of the Clock in the morning, at which time I heard (before any of the other Pilgrims awaked) a shrill Voice crying out, *Prepare for your Change! Oh! prepare for your speedy Change all you Christian Travellers* that were overtaken by the *Pilgrim* in that little Field that lies on the other side of the City called *Debauchery*. When I at first heard this Voice, it a little surpriz'd me, so I immediately awaked all my fellow *Pilgrims* out of their sleep, and told them

that

that there was a *Summons* ſent for them all immediately to appear before the *Great King of Heaven*: But they were not at all ſtartled at the News, but as ſoon as I had told them, took me all by the hand one after another, and ſaid, Well, *Dear Pilgrim*, now it ſeems then, we muſt leave thee, but we all heartily thank thee for thy good Company and Counſel hetherto, and we hope it will not be long before thou comeſt to the end of thy Pilgrimage, that ſo we may meet thee once again, & that too likewiſe when thou art walking in the Streets of the *New Jeruſalem*, where we ſhall enjoy thy ſweet Company for ever: Therefore hold out as couragiouſly to the end as thou haſt done hitherto, and trample down all oppoſitions, for he that holds out to the end ſhall for ever enjoy that Crown that we are juſt going to poſſeſs. But when I had heard them ſay ſo, I ſaid to them thus, Dear fellow Travellers, are you not afraid of that River called Death, through which we muſt paſs to enjoy this happineſs; to which they anſwered No, no, not in the leaſt; For alas man, ſaid they, we are now going to our *Heavenly Father*, where all ſorrow and ſadneſs ſhall fly away; and tho with great difficulty we got ſafe hither, yet now none of us all do repent of that trouble we went through to arrive to that hope of Heaven, which we have now in our own Breaſts.

When the very hour was come that they were to *go hence and be ſeen no more on Earth*, I accompany'd them to the River ſide through which they were to paſs to the other World. As they firſt ſtept into the River, they all of them made a loving *Beck'n* of *Farewell* to me, and preſently after cry'd out, *Oh Death where is thy Sting*; and as they went down ſtill deeper and deeper, they ſaid, *Oh Grave where is thy Victory!* And ſo they paſſed gloriouſly over, *Trumpets ſounding for them on the other ſide.*

But

But glorious it was to see how the open Region was filwith Horses and Chariots, with Trumpeters and ers, with Singers and Players on stringed Instruts to welcome these Pilgrims as they went up, and wed one another in at the beautiful Gates of the New usalem.

Oh! how delightful it was to behold how the very d to this River, through which they were to pass, thronged with crouds of People to see them take their ght into the other World.

And oh how pleasant likewise to see how the very banks nd the River weer full of Glorious Attendants, which e come down on purpose from above to accompany n too the City Gate.

And now see how my Brother Pilgrims ride,
Clouds are their Chariots, Angels are their Guide.

CHAP. X.

wing how the Pilgrim, after the Death of his fellow Travellers, saw a very poor man entertaining himself with much pleasure under a Beech Tree, with what followed thereupon.

Fter the Death of these *Pilgrims*, Passed through a *large green Forest* that lay still in my way to *usalem*, where I on a sudden encounter with a ightful *Spectacle*, which quite diverted me from nking much upon the great loss I had sustain'd the death of my dear fellow Travellers.

The Spectacle was this; as I passed by a large rn Field (it being now Harvest time) in the y heat of the day, I espyed a very poor man all

all in ragged Cloaths, under a *large Beech* Tree, who was liſtning to the Muſick which the Birds made in the *Neighbouring Plains*, and ſometimes whiſtled himſelf to bear them company in their Melodies a long time I ſaw him thus entertain himſelf, and at laſt he pull'd out a piece of *Bread and Cheeſe*, which with eyes lifted up to Heaven, he ſeemed to acknowledge a *liberal Dinner*. And at the end of it he went and *pledged the Birds* in a little Stream that ran by him, giving God thanks again that had provided food for all his Creatures, I was much taken with the Innocence of his looks, and the contentment which I thought I read in his Face, which bred a great deſire in me to know him better, and ſee ſomething more of a *vertue hid under raggs*, and ſo approaching nearer to him, and giving him the ordinary ſalutations which the time of the day required, I entred into free Diſcourſe with him; and in concluſion, enquired of his condition, and how he came to lead ſo *merry* a life, being in appearance ſo very low in his worldly Fortunes, the poor man made no ſcruple to diſcover his heart to me, and being of a free and open *diſpoſition*, and not caring who was privy to his thoughts, moſt readily conſented to anſwer my deſires. And he plainly told me, that the occaſion of the preſent ſatisfaction, which perhaps (he ſaid) I ſaw him expreſs, was to hear the *Birds ſo merry*, who neither Sow nor Reap, nor have any Barns wherein to lay up their food; I could not chuſe, ſaid he, but bear a part with them in their mirth, and think my ſelf at leaſt ſo rich and happy as thoſe *ſilly* Creatures. The World I ſee is as full for me as it is for them, all places are *crouded* with the bleſſings of God, and I know not where he ſhould beſtow more, they are ſo very full; and at preſent my wants are all ſupplied, and I have no reaſon to doubt but they will be

Arise yea Dead and Come to Iudgem

ſo for the time to come: for ſure there is a God, he muſt needs take care of his Creatures, and refore I conclude, I ſhall never want. And as n as he ſpake thoſe words, he ſaid, he muſt now ve me; foraſmuch as his poor Wife and thirteen ldren which he had at home, expected him eve-nour; So I kindly ſhook hands with him and bid n *adieu! adieu!* having parted with him I girt up Loins&travel'd on apace, ſeeing night approaching. went on the Road, I begun thus to reflect upon my : Oh! what a wretch am I, that have enough bear my charges to my Fathers Houſe, and yet do nothing but murmur and repine, and this or man hath but from *Hand to Mouth*, and yet is rry hearted and content. *Lord!* make me for future to be content with any thing, and to ſuf-any thing for thy ſake, let me but have enough ear my charges to the Grave, and it ſhall ſuf-!

But now before I give any further account of my , or of what happened to me in my way to the ſtial Country, I will here as briefly as I can, e the Reader a Deſcription of the City *Jeruſa-*, which I ſo much long'd to be at.

CHAP. XI.

rein the Pilgrim gives a pleaſant account of the ity Jeruſalem, *to which he was travelling together ith a Diſcription of the* General Reſurection *or* reat day *of* Judgment fit for all Pilgr. to think on.

Have no Faculty (it muſt be confeſſed of making good Deſcriptions of thoſe places which I have , and therefore it muſt not be expected that I t you exactly a place which I know but by re-, it is ſufficie. that I tell you nothing but the Truth

Truth, and do not imitate them who fill their Ma
with Chymera's of their own brain. Know th
that as to the *Scituation* of this City, it is agreed b
all to be incomparablely sweet beyond the fai
place that this World (through which I am trav
ling to it) doth afford; for it is seated upon a
exceeding high Mountain, loftier than *Olympus*
self, which yet is said to lift its head above the
Clouds: There are nothing but pure and fragr
Odours which perfume that happy Climate; the
is a perpetual Calm and quiet, which reigns in th
noble Region; there is noise, but that which infi
nitely charms and delights the Soul. But that which
is of greatest remark, is the *glorious Prospect*, which
a place of this advantage yields. All the World here
below presents it self before ones eyes, and make
them the Center in which the beauty and glory o
it conspires to meet; I would not have you think
I mean a World so small as that which we inhabit
upon this Globe of Earth; but one which com-
prehends the Sun and Moon, and all other *adjoy-
ing Orbs*, which are there beheld to move in comely
measures about that Prince of Lights. It will be
infinitely ravishing to see the winning beauty and
fair proportions of every part of this *vast frame*,
the fitness, usefulness and correspondence of it to
all the rest of its neighbouring Parts, together with
the exact and beautiful order of the whole. And
can you imagin into what delightful transports it
will cast your Souls, to hear the praises of the Great
Creator sung out aloud by all his works of wonder.
You have heard, no doubt of the Musique of the
Sphears, which they say would ravish Souls from
these mortal bodies, should it but strongly touch
their *Ears*, and therefore is almost drown'd by the
noise and clatter of this lower World. This is itwhich
I am now commending to you even that sweet con-
sent

t which all Creatures make among themſelves,
t rare harmony which there is in the motion of all
e *heavenly Orbs*, whichſtrikes the mind ſo agreeable-
that one cannot chuſe but dance for joy together
th them.

But yet the place is nothing ſo conſiderable as
e Perſon that inhabits it, enquire not therefo e of
e vaſtneſs of this place, the ſtatelineſs of i s
ilding, the riches of the Furniture, and ſuch li e
ings; but know that it is the City of the *Great*
ng, the Seat of the *Imperial* Majeſty of Heaven
d Earth, the place where the Lord and glorious
overnour of the whole World keeps his Court;
d now what greater happineſs can you wiſh if you
re to be the diſpoſer of your own Fortune, than
way to ſtand before the Soveraign of the World as
e of his Miniſters, Attendants and Favourites?
behold the wiſdom of his Government, the good-
ſs of his Laws, the admirable contrivance of all
works, the Univerſal care which he takes of all
Creatures, the infinite extent of his Providence,
d the power of his Authority whereby he doth
atſoever he pleaſes in Heaven and Earth, and
deep places: it will ſtrangely tranſport you to
e the beauty of his Holineſs, the ſplendor and
ightneſs of his Underſtanding, the largeneſs of his
ve, his uncorrupted Juſtice, his unexhauſted
odneſs, his immovable Truth, his uncontrolla-
e Power, his vaſt Dominions, and to ſee how he
magnified and praiſed by whole throngs and
uds of Saints and Angels. But theſe things now
will leave to your own private thoughts, whilſt I
e time to ſpeak of the reſt of the Celeſtial In-
bitants, eſpecially of the *Kings Son*, who is a prin-
al Ornament of this place. And of him I ſhall
ed to tell you no more than this, that in his
rſon there is to be ſeen at once the moſt Il-

Iuſtrious Lover and Warrier that ever was. His Conqueſts have been *innumerable*, his *Victories* no mortal is able to recount: he hath triumphed over the power of Earth and Air; he hath trailed the greateſt Tyrant that ever was at his Chariot Wheel

The general Reſurrection or Great Day of Judgment deſcribed on purpoſe for the peruſal of all Tranſitory Pilgrims.

But there is one Univerſal Triumph of his behind, (*which will be at the general Reſurrection or great Day of Judgement*) wherein there will be eſpecial marks of his Honour ſet on all the Citizens of *Jeruſalem* who are to bear a part in it, which will aſtoniſh and raviſh all your hearts with *Admiration, Love* and *Joy*: this will be the moſt ſplendid ſight that ever the Sun ſaw, *for all Angels, and all men that ever have been, are, or ſhall be* will there be *ſummoned* to attend in ſome ſort or other upon the Pomp of that *Great Judgement Day*. Then all the Citizens of *Jeruſalem* will be ſeen with Crowns of Gold on their Heads, which this great Prince will beſtow upon them when he comes in the Clouds as the Great and Impartial Judge of all the world, then ſhall all the Chriſtian Pilgrims appear before him as ſo many Kings, and ſhall raign together with him: and then likewiſe all the Heavenly Inhabitants will ring with loud Acclamations and Shouts of Joy and Praiſe to him that redeemed them, as they march along in his Train through the air to *Jeruſalem*. And therefore now where ever I go methinks I hear the voice of the *laſt Trumpet* ſounding thus in my Ears,

Ariſe ye Dead and come to Judgement.

And ſometimes again methinks I ſee both Earth and Sea (*and this ſecond Emblem here attempts to re-*

preſent

ſent it to your natural Eyes) giving up all the ad that ever was, or ever ſhall be therein to the l of the World, that ſo all mortals might receive ir final Doom, by the *Great Judge of Quick and ad.*

——And therefore now!

rk how the laſt Trump frights the Earth, and Skies,
d ſickly nature groans before ſhe dies.
r naked Souls to Rocks and Mountains pray,
ilſt Rocks and Mountains ſhake as much as they.
riſtian! look there and ſmile! look up and ſee
n for whom thou haſt dy'd, who dy'd for thee.
re try, in thy bright Saviours Arms inſhrin'd,
at ſhoreleſs Seas of Joy and Heaven remain behind.

Therefore now let all *tranſitory Pilgrims* be daily on the watch, for *the time will one time or other ainly come of the general Reſurrection or great dgement Day*, (and that too as a Thief in the ht) wherein for the Tryal of *Adams* Treaſon l all mens Actions, a *Seſſions* will be called, at ich time moſt aſſuredly

The Trumpet blows,
The Dead ariſe;*
A Dreadful Seſſions,
Yet none dies.

* For at the General Reſurrection, Earth, Water, and Fire muſt give up all their dead.

At this *Great Aſſiſe* the *Judge* will be terrible, the y ſevere, the *Evidence* impartial, the *Cryer* of the urt as Thunder, the Indictment fearful as Light- g, wretched Souls the Priſoners, and all the Na- ns that ever have been, or now are, the ſtanders

Oh what a day will this be (to all thoſe that have n Pilgrims on Earth?) a day of Terror, and a

day of Triumph, a day of confuſion to the Wicked, a day of comfort to the Godly.

This will be likewiſe the laſt day, for no more day ſhall ever be after: there muſt never be another Sun, nor any other Moon, or any more Stars; all the Lights of Heaven will be put out, and yet a greater Light be ſeen, than ever mortal Eyes beheld; in a word, this day will be the conſummation of Weeks, Months and Years.

The Courts of Kings, the Pallaces of Noble Men, the Mannors of Lords, the Banqueting-houſes of Rich Men, the full Barns of Farmers, the Cottages of Husbandmen, and the Stalls under which Beggars lye, will be as one, and all come to nothing on this Judgment Day.

All the Kings upon Earth, all the Nations under thoſe Kings, and all thoſe ſlaves that have been trod upon thoſe Nations, ſhall be called on this day to an *open Tryal: For behold then he is to come in the Clouds? and every Eye ſhall ſee him.* Death then ſhall ſee an end of his Reign, the Grave will then be ſatisfied: nothing muſt remain but time, *and that time muſt wait upon Eternity.*

On that day the Lord himſelf ſhall deſcend from Heaven with a ſhout, and an Arch-Angel ſhall come with a great Power and Majeſty, and he ſhall ſound a Trumpet, whoſe ſound ſhall be heard over all the parts of the World, and with his Trumpet ſhall Summon all Nations, and all ſorts of People to come to the General Judgement.

Who ſhall appeal from this Summons? who ſhall be able to avoid this Judgement? what heart will not tremble and quake at the terrible ſound of this Voice? This Voice ſhall take from Death all her ſpoils, and force her to reſtore and pay back again whatſoever ſhe hath taken from the World. *All that are living, ſhall be changed, all that are Dead*

all be Alive: the Prophets and the Patriarchs, the Apoſtles and Evangeliſts, Martyrs and Virgins ſhall here ſtand in white. The *Graves* ſhall open, and deliver their bodies, thoſe bodies ſhall reſume their own Souls, and all thoſe Souls ſhall appear together. The *Sea* ſhall give account of thoſe whom he hath drowned: the *Fire* of thoſe whom his flames hath conſumed: whom the Swords of *Tyrants*, the Saws, Axes and Wheels of *Hang-men* have mangled and put to pieces, ſhall at this day have every Limb put into his right place, every Joynt and Bone ſet together. *For on a White Throne one ſhall ſit, from whoſe Face Heaven and Earth ſhall fly away, and their place ſhall no more be found: before him ſhall ſtand the dead, both great and ſmall:* The Book ſhall be opened, and one Book, which is the Book of Life: and the Dead ſhall be judged of thoſe things which are written in theſe Books, according to their works. *The Sea ſhall give up her dead, Death and Hell theirs, and Death and Hell ſhall be caſt into a Lake of Fire, which is the ſecond Death.*

On this Day God will have his pleaſure in puniſhing ſuch as have abuſed his Goodneſs, and rewarding ſuch as have ſet forth his glory.

The Signs before the Day of Judgement.

Of that day and hour knoweth no man, no, not the Angels that are in Heaven, neither the Son himſelf, ſave the Father: watch therefore, for it is uncertain whether the Maſter of the Houſe (being gone into a ſtrange Country) will come at even, or at midnight, at the Cock-crowing, or at the dawning of the day.

Howbeit, certain ſigns ſhall go before this day. St. *Mathew* ſays, before the coming of this Day, there ſhall be great Wars and Troubles in the World: Nation ſhall riſe againſt Nation, and King-

dom againſt Kingdom, and there ſhall be great Earth-quakes in many places, and Peſtilence, and Famine and Terrible things in the Air, and other great Signs and Wonders: St. *Luke* ſays, there ſhall be falſe Chriſts, Wars, Sedition, Hunger, Plagues, Famine: Prophets, betrayed by their own Parents, by their own Brethren, Friends, and ſome of them ſhall be put to death.

Theſe are the Trumpets, the Purſivants, Vancurriers, and Heralds, which go before, and make way *for the Judge to come*; then the day of *Seſſions drawing nearer and nearer*, there will appear other Meſſengers, far more Terrible; for thus ſaith the Lord by *Ezekiel*; *I will cauſe the Stars of Heaven to be darkned on thee, and I will cover the Sun with a Cloud, and the Moon ſhall not ſhew forth her light; and I will cauſe all the Lights of Heaven to mourn, and I will ſend darkneſs over all the Land.*

The coming of the Judge.

Theſe Warning, and theſe dreadful Embaſſies being ſent beforehand, at length the Judge himſelf approaches, before whom goes on univerſal Fire, which will burn and conſume to aſhes all the Glory of the World: the Fire ſhall be unto the wicked a beginning of their Pains, and to the good an Induction to their Glory.

Thus ſaith the Prophet *Joel*, *A fire devoureth before him, and behind him a flame burneth up: the Earth ſhall tremble before him; the Heavens ſhall ſhake, the Sun and Moon be darkned, and the Stars withdraw their ſhining: This day of the Lord is great and very Terrible, and who can abide it?*

Liſten likewiſe how an Evangeliſt ſings upon the ſame Note: *As the Lightning which cometh out of the Eaſt and ſhineth into the* Weſt, *ſo ſhall the coming of the*

he Son of man be, the Sun ſhall be darkned, &c. *and hen ſhall all the Kindreds of the Earth mourn, and they hall ſee the Son of man come in the Clouds with power nd great glory: and he ſhall ſend his Angels with a reat ſound of a Trumpet, and they ſhall gather toge-her his Elect from the four winds, and from the one nd of the Heavens to the other.*

But further obſerve that the majeſtical manner of his Judges coming, is to the life ſet down by *Na-am* the Prophet in this manner. (viz.) *Our Lord hall come like a Tempeſt, and furious Whirlwind, and he Clouds are the duſt of his feet: he ſhall take in-ignation againſt the Sea, and it ſhall wax dry, and ll the Rivers of the earth ſhall be dryed up. The lit-le Baſon and Carmelus ſhall be withered, and the Mount* Libanus *ſhall fade and fall away: The Moun-ains ſhall quake before him, and Hills ſhall melt: he earth ſhall burn in his ſight, yea, the World and ll that dwell therein. Who ſhall ſtand before the ace of his indignation? and who ſhall abide the fierce-eſs of his fury? his wrath ſhall be poured out as fire, nd the very Rocks ſhall become death before him.*

The World at firſt (for Sin) was drowned, and muſt at laſt on this day be burned: a Deluge of Water ſwallowed the one, and a Flame of fire muſt devour the other: *all the World ſhall make but one one-fire, and in the Aſhes of that fire the whole Earth muſt be raked up.*

This Dreadful Diſſolution of the World, in which muſt periſh the Earth, the Heavens, Sun, Moon, Stars, Planets, and all that move in the Waters, or over our Heads, is drawn in this excellent Picture by the hand of St. *John* in his *Revelation*, and in theſe curious colours, viz. *I ſaw a mighty Angel cloathed with a bright Cloud, his Face was like the Sun, he had a Rainbow for a Crown on his Head, his Feet were like Pillars of Fire, of the which one he ſet*

on the Sea, and the other upon the Land. The Angel lifted up his Arm towards Heaven, and swear by him that liveth everlastingly, world without end, that from henceforth there shall be no more time.

The Sessions, the Judge Seated, the Prisoners at the Bar, the Arraignment and Sentence.

The Judge being (at this dreadful *Day of Doom*) placed in his Seat of Justice, it will be a *full Court*, a mighty *Sessions*; never in any Country or Kingdom hath been held so great an *Assize*. All the Children of *Adam* must stand before him: All before *Noahs* time, that were overwhelmed in the general Flood, and *all the Nations of the World*, that ever have been, or shall be, shall at that day be raised out of their *Graves*, and give an account of their lives, and receive according to their deservings.

The Judge shall sit in Majesty and Glory, round about him will stand Angels, Arch-Angels, and all the Principalities of Heaven.

Before him, all the Souls of Men, Women and Children, are Prisoners: All bodys shall rise, but not all after one manner; for the bodies of such as have done well, shall be fair, beautiful, and brightly shining as the Sun: but the bodies of those who in their lifetime upon Earth have done ill, shall appear ugly, black, horrid, ill-favoured, and filthy to behold, in as fearful shape as Devils.

The guilty shall tremble at the sight of the Judge, the godly shall rejoyce. Will you see how the Judge himself will appear, how apparelled, and what Countenance he will carry? See then what *Daniel* saith, thus doth he describe him: *I stood* (quoth he) *attentively, and I saw certain Seats set in their places and the ancient of years sat down, whose garments*

garments are white as Snow, and the hair of his head like pure Wooll. The Throne whereon he ſat was like flames of Fire, and the wheels thereof like burning Fire, and a river of raging Fire iſſued and came forth from before him; thouſand thouſands were attendant to ſerve him, and ten hundred thouſand thouſands, ſtood waiting before him: and I beheld all this in a viſion of the night: and I ſaw one coming in the clouds, who ſeemed to be the Son of Man.

This Son of Man muſt be our Judge, before him muſt be this Arrainment: before his Throne, ſo built up by *Daniel*, muſt all be ſet: then the Books muſt be opened.

At one opening of theſe Books, thoſe Emperors, Princes, and Rulers of Nations that have been wicked, and not governed uprightly, will wiſh that their Kingdoms might fall upon them, and hide them from the Face of him who affrights them.

All Churchmen that have, inſtead of being faithful Shepheards over their Flocks, been Wolves to devour them, ſhall hear a *Va*, a Wo pronounced againſt them: Judges that have upon any account taken Bribes: Courtiers that have flown upon the Wings of Pride, Vain-glory, Self-intereſt and Ambition: Lawyers that have eaten up their Clyents: Generals of Armies, Captains, and Private Souldiers, that have been Drunk with Blood: Citizens, whoſe falſe Oathes and deceitful Wares, have to buy Lands, made away their Souls: Farmers, Graſiers, and Country-men, who have murmured at plentiful years, and in dear ones have grinded the faces of the poor. And laſtly, common Beggers, who have made idleneſs their living, whoſe mouths have been filled with Curſings, with Prophaneneſs, with Damnable Oaths, and with Blaſphemy: *Theſe, and the reſt, and thouſand others as bad as theſe ſhall have no Councellors allotted to plead for them, they are*

therefore in a wretched eſtate, when the Judge and their own Conſcience ſhall call them to a Tryal.

They that on Earth have ſumptuous Palaces, and Wardrops full of Embroydered Garments, who every day who are wherried through the Streets in thundering Coaches drawn with four Horſes, ſhows of Footmen running by: troops of Gallants fluttering before them, Trains of Attendants galloping after them: theſe ſhall at this Seſſions ſtand ſhivering, naked, dejected, and ſtripped out of all their Glories. Thoſe Titles of High and mighty, Right Honourable, Moſt Heroical, Thrice Illuſtrious, Thrice Reverend, Truly Noble, Truly Valorous, Right-Worſhipful, *&c.* ſhall here be laid by, and not regarded. A Cobler and a *Caſar* ſhall at this bar ſtand upon equal terms for Life and Death, about one and the ſame Offence, and that is Sin: One Judge muſt ſit upon both, one Jury go upon both, and one and the ſame Sentence be laid upon them at their Condemnation.

What will all the Idolatrous Kings and People, ſo often mentioned in the Old Teſtament, ſay, when they ſhall ſee that true and Ever living God whom they mocked at, and blaſphemed?

How will the Jews curſe their infidelity, hardneſs of heart, and obſtinate blindneſs, when they ſhall behold the true *Meſſiah*, whom they reviled, ſpit at, buffeted, ſcourged and Crucified?

How will the *Romans* cry out upon their *Jupiter*, and 400 ſeveral gods, when they ſee themſelves Arraigned before an Omnipotent Deity, and not one of their falſe ones able to help them?

How will *Herod*, *Caiphas*, *Annas*, and *Pilate* look, when they ſee him ſit in Judgement upon them, who was by them baſely betrayed, ſold, baffled, tormented and condemned?

Traytor *Judas*, what Hell wilt thou deſperately

again

again caſt thy ſelf into, to ſee thy Lord and Maker ſit in Glory, whom thou with a Kiſs betrayedſt to a bloody Croſs, to an ignominious, barbarous, and cruel Execution?

How will the Turks, and all their Grand Seigniors curſe their Creation, and rail on *Mahomet* their deluding Prophet, when before their Eyes ſits the Father of all the Holy Prophets, whom they on Earth have laughed at: and hated all Chriſtians, becauſe they had their Names from Chriſt.

Nay, how will thoſe Chriſtians hang their heads, and cry, wo worth to the Wombs that bare them, and to the Paps that gave them Suck, ſithence they have gone aſtray out of Gods fold, lived licentiouſly, ſpent their days in *Drunkenneſs*, in Whoring, in all ſorts of varied ſins, *and have danced hand in in hand with Satan:* What will they ſay? Is this he whoſe Body was nailed? hands and feet bored, ſide pierced, whoſe mouth had Vinegar and Gall offered to it, with a thouſand tortures, diſgraces and diſhonours, only for us, to ſave us, to pay our debts, and yet how did we every hour again and again Crucifie him? Is this he, in whoſe Name (for Jeſus Chriſt his ſake) when but one poor Farthing has been begged we have denied to give it, though our Pockets jingled both with Gold and Silver? Is this he, who when we have ſat at our Tables ſurfeiting in Wines and gluttonous Chear, have denied our Scraps and our broken Bread to thoſe who on their Knees have asked for the tender mercies of our Lord Jeſus? O wretched, miſerable, forlorn, and forgetful Captives that we are.

What will remain after this and the like Expoſtulations, but beating of Breaſts, tearing of Hair, curſing their Creation, then Howlings, Ululations, Shrieks, Terrors, fear of Torments before their faces, and an aſſurance of everlaſting Tortures, which

which are to follow; but only this, the Sentence, Doom, or Judgment from the Judges mouth, and that is in two Words only, (*Ite Venite*) *Go and Come: Go ye curſed*, to thoſe who have done ill, *Come ye bleſſed*, to thoſe who have done well. *Go ye curſed into everlaſting fire, prepared for the Devil and his Angels: Come ye bleſſed, and dwell with me in Heaven for ever and ever.*

I will begin here and ſpeak ſomething of this ſentence to the ungodly wherein every word ſpeaks woe & wrath, fire and fury, death and damnation; & every ſyllable ſpeaks the deepeſt Sorrow & dreadfuleſt Sufferings to wicked Pilgrims. *The Lord Chief Juſtice of the whole World*, the Judge of the Quick and Dead is now (as it were) in all his Robes and Royalty, with millions of glorious Attendants, in the Glory of his Father, with all his holy Angels, ſet on the Bench. The poor priſoner, whoſe trembling Soul is newly reunited to the loathſome Carcaſs of his Body, is drag'd to the Bar, awaiting and expecting ſome doleful Doom. He is lately come from hell, to give an account of his Life on earth, and to receive his Sentence; and loath he is to go back to that place of torments, as knowing that the pain of his Body will be a new and grievous addition to his miſery, when that ſhall burn in flames as his ſoul doth already in fury. Therefore he pleads,

Priſoner. *Lord let me ſtay here* (though poor wretch he hath his Hell about him in his accuſing, affrighting Conſcience) *rather than go to that Dungeon of darkneſs. A ſight of thy beautiful Face may poſſibly abate my Sorrows, and thy Preſence may mitigate my Sufferings.*

Judge. No, ſaith Chriſt, here is no abiding for thee, be gone hence. Thou mayſt remember when my Preſence was thy Torment, when thou didſt bid me depart from thee, chooſing my room before my

my company. Now my Abſence ſhall be thy Terror, I like thee not ſo well to have thee nigh me. *Depart*, I ſay, *from me.*

Priſoner. *Lord, if I muſt undergo ſo dreadful a doom, as to depart from thee, the Father of Lights, and Fountain of Life, yet bleſs me before I go; One good wiſh of thy Heart, one good word of thy Mouth will make me bleſſed where ever I go. Thoſe whom thou bleſſeſt, are bleſſed indeed*; Bleſs me, even me, O my Father: *At this parting grant me thy bleſſing.*

Judge. Sinner, be gone, and my Curſe go along with thee. Thou haſt many a time deſpiſed my Bleſſing when it hath been offered to thee, though I was made a Curſe to purchaſe it for thee; therefore, I ſay, depart from me, and the Curſe of an angry Lord, and of a righteous Law accompany thee for ever. *Depart*, I ſay, *Thou curſed.*

Priſoner. *Lord, if I muſt go, and thy Curſe with me, ſend me to ſome good place, where I may find ſomewhat to refreſh me under thy loſs and curſe. It's miſery enough to loſe thy preſence, Good Lord, command me to ſome good place.*

Judge. No, Sinner, be gone with my Curſe to that place which will torture and rack thee with extremity and univerſality of pains. The time hath been that thou haſt wallowed in ſenſual pleaſures, now thou muſt fry in intollerable flames. *Depart thou curſed into fire.*

Priſoner. *Ah Lord, if I muſt go with thy Curſe, and to ſo woful a place as fire, I beſeech thee let me not ſtay there long. Alas, who can abide devouring flames one moment? material fires of man's kindling are terrible, but how intollerable are thoſe flames which thy breath, like a ſtream of brimſtone, hath kindled? I beſeech thee, if I muſt go to it, let me paſs ſwiftly through it, and not ſtay in it.*

Judge. No, Sinner, depart, and my Curſe with thee,

thee, to thoſe extream Torments that admit of no eaſe and no end, *where the worm never dieth, and the fire never goeth out; to the Lake that burneth with fire and brimſtone for ever. Depart thou curſed into everlaſting fire.*

Priſoner. *Lord, this is diſmal and dreadful indeed to go from thee, who art all good, and to go to fire which hath in it extremity of all evil, and to loſe thee, and fry in flames for ever, ever, ever; yet, Lord, if it is thy Will it ſhould be ſo, hear me yet in one deſire, let me have ſuch ſociety as may mitigate, at leaſt ſuch as may not aggravate my miſery.*

Judge. No, Sinner, thy Company muſt be ſuch for ever as thou didſt chooſe in thy life time. He who was thy Tempter ſhall be thy Tormentor. And they who led thee captive at their will, ſhall be bound with thee in Chains of everlaſting darkneſs, and faggoted up with thee together for unquenchable fire. Such fiery Serpents, gnawing Worms, ſtinging Adders, poiſonous Toads, roaring and devouring Lions, hideous Monſters, frightful Fiends muſt be thy eternal Companions. *Depart from me thou curſed, into everlaſting fire prepared for the Devil and his Angels.*

But now, kind Readers, becauſe particulars do uſually moſt affect us, we may here again at this *General Judgment*, ſuppoſe we hear the *Judge* crying out with a loud and angry voice, ſaying, *Bring now all the wicked Priſoners ſeverally to my Bar*, that ſo they may all diſtinctly receive their Sentence, for thoſe particular ſins by which they have moſt offended my Juſtice;

And firſt, *Come forth all ye ignorant perſons:* who have not known the Father, nor me, nor the myſteries of ſalvation. **Take them Devils bind them hand and foot.**

2. *Come*

2. *Come forth all ye ſlothful and unprofitable perſons.* Had not ye talents committed to you for my uſe and ſervice, and what have you done with them? did you bury them in the earth? or lay them up in a napkin? what, could you ly down and ſlumber, when you had ſo much work to do? could you trifle away ſo many hours, when time was ſo precious and ſweet? **Take them Devils bind them hand and foot.**

3. *Come forth all ye that have neglected Family worſhip, and never ſought after God in your Cloſets;* Were not you creatures, and did the law of Creation require no worſhip? were not you ſubjects, and ſhould not you have ſhewen homage to your Sovereign? did not you live upon God's finding and bounty every day, and ſhould not you have acknowledged your dependance? did not God bring you into your Family Relation, and did he require no duty? Did not he threaten to pour out his wrath upon irreligious Families? and yet would not you ſet up Religion in yours? **Take them Devils, bind them hand and foot.**

4. *Come forth all ye Sabbath-breakers*, you that have ſpent the day in ſleeping, in eating and drinking to exceſs; who inſtead of holy meditations, have been thinking and contriving your worldly buſineſs; who inſtead of religious conferences, have diſcourſed only of earthly matters: inſtead of going to Church to worſhip God, have walked into the Fields, and ſpent the time in Recreations. **Take them Devils, bind them hand and foot.**

5. *Come forth all ye Swearers, and Profaners of the Name of God*; did you never read or hear the third Commandment, which forbad this ſin? Did you never

never hear of my ſtrict Injunction, that you ſhould not ſwear at all in your diſcourſes, but that your Communication ſhould be yea and nay? were you never told that ſwearers would fall into condemnation? was the great and dreadful name of God of ſo little regard, that you could not in only uſe it reverently, ſo frequently; but alſo even tear it in pieces by your Oaths? You call'd upon God ſometimes to damn and ſink you; can you ſpeak in that language now, now damnation is ſo near you? **Take them Devils, bind them hand and foot.**

6. *Come forth all ye ſcoffers at Religion, and the zealous profeſſors thereof*; who taught and ſpake of Religion, as if it had been a fancy, and cunningly diviſed Fable; and of the moſt holy, humble, and ſelf-denying Chriſtians, as if they were the moſt mean ſpirited, fooliſh, and contemptible People upon Earth: and have uſed the name of a Saint in deriſion, and proverb of reproach. Have you the ſame mind now, that Religion was but a fancy? Is your Reſurrection and my appearance, but a fancy? Is your puniſhment eternal in hell, like to be but a fancy? Had you not a ſure ground and bottom for your faith in the Scriptures? Could you have deſired more reaſonable evidence of things done before your age? Could you laugh at Scripture threatnings? And can you laugh now you are come to Execution? **Take them Devils, bind them hand and foot.**

7. *Come forth all ye Perſecutors of my Diſciples*; was it not enough for you to mock them; but you muſt perſecute them too? Was it not enough for you to perſecute them with the tongue, but you muſt perſecute them with the hand? What, could you

you betray them like *Judas* for a piece of money, or out of malice, which was worse? Could you disturb them in their service and worship of me, when they were praying for your very Conversion and Salvation? **Take them Devils, bind them hand and foot.**

8. *Come forth all ye intemperate and licentious persons*; who have indulged your flesh, and laid no restraint upon your sensual appetite; who have made provision for your flesh, to fulfill the lusts thereof; but made no provision for my glory, and took no care to fulfill my commands; did you never hear of such a duty as self-denial, which I required of all my Disciples and Followers? **Take them Devils, bind them hand and foot.**

9. *Come forth all ye Gluttons*, who have prepared you flesh with delicious food, but never had the least regard to feed your souls. **Take them Devils, bind them hand and foot.**

10. *Come forth all ye Drunkards*, who if ye have not overcharged your bellies with excessive eating, yet have often intoxicated your brains with the fumes of excessive drinking; what excuse can you find for this sin? were you inticed to it, and overtaken before you were aware? But who could entice you to drink a potion which would kill your bodies? and was not the death and damnation of your souls more to be avoided? **Take them Devils, bind them hand and foot.**

11. *Come forth all ye Adulterers*, you that have neighed like full-fed-Horses after your neighbours Wives and assembled by troops into Harlots houses; or if not so, have committed this sin in secret corners; was there

there no ſhame in you to keep you from this naſty filthy ſin? **Take them Devils, bind them hand and foot.**

12. *Come forth all ye Covetous perſons*, whoſe treaſure, and heart, hope, and confidence hath been in earthly things. **Take them Devils, bind them hand and foot.**

13. *Come forth all ye unmerciful perſons*; whoſe bowels have been ſhut up againſt the poor and needy; who have ſpoken churliſhly to the poor, and looked upon them afar off. **Take them Devils, bind them hand and foot.**

14. *Come forth all ye unrighteous perſons*; who have wronged Widows, and Orphans; who have over-reached your neighbours in your dealings; who have heaped an eſtate together by unrighteous practices; who have ſqueezed and oppreſſed the poor, which have had no helper. **Take them Devils, bind them hand and foot.**

15. *Come forth ye liars*; you who have taught and accuſtomed your ſelves to this ſin; who have not only reported lies, but alſo made them. **Take them Devils, bind them hand and foot.**

16. *Come forth all ye Slanderers and Back-biters*; who have walked about with ſlanders, and carried about tales unto the reproach and injury of your neighbours good name: Did you not know it was your duty to endeavour the preſervation of your Neighbours Reputation as carefully as your own? **Take them Devils, bind them hand and foot.**

17. *Come*

17. *Come forth all ye proud and ambitious perſons*; you that have builded your neſts on high; that have taken many dirty ſteps to get into the ſeat of honour, whoſe hearts have been lifted up with high towering imaginations and conceits of your own excellencies, unto the ſcorning and contempt of others; who have had proud hearts, and proud looks, and proud ſpeeches, and proud carriage towards others. **Take them Devils, bind them hand and foot.**

18. *Come forth all ye envious and malicious perſons*; ye that have grieved at the good of others, which they have had, or done; that have grieved at the good Eſtates of others, or becauſe they have thrived faſter than you in the world. **Take them Devils, bind them hand and foot.**

19. *Come forth all ye wrathful and contentious perſons*; ye that have had fiery ſpirits, and fiery tongues; whoſe tongues have been like ſwords, wherewith ye have laſhed and wounded others in your reproachful reviling ſpeeches. **Take them Devils, bind them hand and foot.**

20. *Come forth all ye civil and moral perſons*, who have had moral righteouſneſs, and been upright in your dealings, but wholly ſtrangers unto the power of godlineſs, who have obſerved ſome precepts of the ſecond Table of the Law in reference to your ſelves and others externally; but have groſly neglected the duties of the firſt Table. **Take them Devils, bind them hand and foot.**

21. *Come forth all ye Hypocrites*, who have made a ſhew of Holineſs; and have born the name of Zealous profeſſours of Religion, but have been acted by

by carnal designs and principles, who have used Religion as a Cloak for your Covetousness, who followed me only for the Loaves; who have been hollow at the heart, rotten at the Core, painted-Sepulchres, blazing-Comets, wandring and falling-Stars, for whom the mist of darkness is reserved for ever. **Take them Devils, bind them hand and foot.**

22. *Come forth all ye Back-sliders and Apostates, from me and my wayes*; You that *turned back* to ways of prophaness, and open wickedness, after some time of profession, and joyning your selves with my People, was my service so burdensome that you could endure it no longer? was the way to heaven so unpleasant, that you would walk no longer therein, after some trial in shew of me, did you prefer and make choice of the Devil before me? **Take them Devils, bind them hand and foot.**

23. *Come forth all ye impenitent Persons and Unbelievers*, all ye that have not yielded obedience to the Gospel; were you not called to repentance by Ministers, and the Spirit in Ordinances? and when a stiller voice was not heard, were you not called louder by God in his judgments? did you not know, that except you repented you would certainly perish? **Take them Devils, bind them hand and foot.**

Well Reader I fear I have made digression long enough to tire you, but what think you now after all I have said of a journey to *Jerusalem*, will not your pains think you be well bestowed to travel to it, Oh! 'twill assuredly, for if you arrive there at the *General Resurrection or Great Day of Judgement*, when all wicked

wicked Pilgrims are committed to the cuſtody of Devils, with a *go ye Curſed*, you ſhall be kindly received with a *come ye Bleſſed* and inherit that glorious manſion prepared for you, as a reward for your troubleſom Pilgrimage on Earth: but alas what need I mention theſe things, for if you take a journey to *Jeruſalem*, you will certainly think your Pains and Travell well beſtowed if it were nothing elſe but to ſee this Illuſtrious Perſon, who is the Protector of all *Pilgrims*, and the Guide and Reſt of all *Noble Travellers*, and who bears a particular Affection to your ſelf, and who hath endeared himſelf to you by a thouſand favours. *Further*, There he intends to entertain you with an everlaſting *Supper*, and to make you a never-ceaſing *Jubilee*, and treat you with ſuch ſumptuous *magnificence*, that had you ten thouſand tongues you could not be able to declare his praiſes, and your obligations to him.

But further, I think it is now high time to lead to other *Spectacles* which are worthy your ſight: *Well then*, in this City all the glorious Miniſters of State to the *King of Kings* have their Manſion Houſes and noble *Palaces*, all the Heroes of ancient days do here make their abode, nay all the ſpirits of juſt men do here inhabit and have their conſtant reſidence, and all thoſe glittering Angels and brave minds that ever flouriſh in this Heavenly Court, I believe you will think ſufficient of themſelves, if there were nothing elſe to render this a very ſplendid place, and therefore worth the while (though through ten thouſand hardſhips) to travel to it.

Further, There you will be preſented with a thouſand *Abrahams* and as many *Joſephs*, whoſe adventures were ſo ſtrange, that fiction is not able to invent any thing ſo ſurpaſſing. There you will meet with no ſtrangeneſs from any of the Inhabitants,

tants, you can meet no body there but will entertain you with as much kindneſs and ſincerity, as if they had known you five thouſand years: there the Inhabitants intwine in the deareſt embraces, there they open to each other their very hearts, there they think all that another has is as if they did enjoy it themſelves. If there be any particular friendſhips there, they do not at all ſpoil the univerſal kindneſs of the place, others will not be loved the worſe for them but rather the better; and after the pleaſures of a more general and large converſation, every one may retire to the delightful company of thoſe he loveth moſt: There you will be met with ſuch ſhining lights as St. *Paul*. *Further*, you will fall into the company of thoſe pious Hearts who were martyred by raging *Perſecutors* for the ſake of Chriſt, and you need not queſtion but you will be joyfully welcomed by them all, for their affections are not changed but only heightned and improved. And therefore judge how happy you will be in the acquaintance of ſuch perſons, and how much more happy in their excellent Friendſhip; and is the joy think you conceivable which you will feel, when you find your ſelf in the Arms of thoſe mighty Lovers; for my part I can imagine nothing leſs, but that we ſhall be in an *extaſie* as ſoon as ever we ſee with what Love and Joy they come to ſee us at our firſt arrival into this *Holy City*; nay, further I cannot propound to my deſires a pleaſure more charming than this, unleſs it be to joyn both heart and voice with the whole number of thoſe glorious Friends, to chaunt the praiſes of our *Creator and Redeemer*. And indeed it is beyond the meaſure of my poor skill to invent any words that can tollerably deſcribe the melodies which will then be made, when the glorious Company of Apoſtles, the goodly Fellowſhip of the Prophets,

the

he noble Army of *Triumphant Martyrs*, the glori-us Troops of Confeſſors, and the innumerable Hoſts f *Victorious Souls* ſhall compoſe but one *Quire* to ing their *Anthems* and *Hallelujahs* to the God of ove: but in a word, the *ſumm* of what I can ſay f the Happineſs of *Jeruſalem* (to which I am tra-elling) is, that its happineſs conſiſts in a raptu-ous Love of God, and a moſt paſſionate Love of ne another. Oh! how my ſoul breaths after this *Heavenly Country*, as the *Hart pants* after the *Water-rooks*, even ſo my ſoul pants with earneſt deſires to rrive there: Oh! that I had the *Wings of a Dove*, hen would I even fly thither from all my fears nd troubles to enjoy *Eternal Reſt*.

I.

Jeruſalem *my happy home*,
O that I were in thee,
Oh would my woes were at an end,
Thy joys that I might ſee.

II.

Oh happy Harbor of the Saints,
Oh ſweet and pleaſant Soil,
In thee no ſorrows may be ſeen,
No Croſs, no Grief, no Toil.

III.

In thee no ſickneſs ever is;
No Hurt, no Ach, no Sore;
There is no Death nor ugly Devil,
But Life for evermore.

IV.

No Damp, no Miſt is found in thee,
No Cloud nor darkſome Night.
There every Star ſhines like the Sun,
There God himſelf gives Light.

V.

V.

Thy Houſes are of Ivory,
Thy Windows Chriſtal clear;
Thy Tiles are made of beaten Gold,
Oh would that I were there!

VI.

Thy Turrets and thy Pinacles,
With Carbuncles do ſhine,
Thy very Streets are pav'd with Gold,
Exceeding pure and fine.

VII.

Within thy Gates can nothing come
Which is not paſſing clean,
No Spiders Web, no Duſt, no Dirt,
No Filth may there be ſeen.

VIII.

The Saints are Crown'd with Glory great,
They ſee God Face to Face,
They ſtill Triumph, they ſtill Rejoyce,
Moſt happy is their caſe.

IX.

We that live here as Pilgrims, *now*
Continually do Moan,
We Sigh, we Sob, we Weep, we Wail,
Continually we Groan.

X.

But there they in ſuch Pleaſure Live,
And ſuch Delight alway,
That unto them a thouſand years
Doth ſeem but yeſterday.

XI.

Thy Vineyards and thy Orchards are
Moſt beautiful and fair,
Full furniſhed with Trees about,
Exceeding rich and rare.

XII.

Thy Gardens and thy gallant Walks
Continually are Green,
There grows such sweet and pleasant Fruit,
As no where else is seen.

XIII.

There's Nectar *and* Ambrosia,
There's Musk and Civet sweet,
There's many fine and dainty Drugs,
Lie trodden under feet.

XIV.

There's Cinamon and Sugar too,
There Myrrh and Balm abound;
What Tongue can tell, or Heart conceive
The Joys that there are found.

XV.

Quite through the Streets, with Silver Streams,
The flood of Life doth flow,
Upon whose Banks on every side
The Trees of Life do grow.

XVI.

The Trees do evermore bear Fruit,
And evermore do spring:
There evermore do Angels sit,
And evermore do sing.

XVII.

There David *stands with harp in hand,*
As Master o're a Quire;
Ten thousand times that man is blest
That doth this Musick hear.

XVIII.

Gods praises there are always sung,
With Harmony most sweet;
Old Zachary *and* Simeon,
Have not their Song to seek.

XIX.

There Magdalen *hath left her moan,*
And cheerfully doth ſing,
With bleſſed Saints, whoſe harmony
In every Street doth ring.

XX.

O Heavenly ſtrane! Jeruſalem
At length I hope to ſee,
Thy glorious Throne, and in the ſame
For evermore to be.

XXI.

O pleaſant City, fair and bright,
When ſhall I come to thee?
When ſhall my Travels have an end,
Thy joys that I may ſee?

But now, *Reader*, I ſhall ſtop here from giving t
any further deſcription of this *Glorious City Jeruſa*
either in Proſe or Verſe, and proceed to give t
an account of what further *progreſs* I made towa
it, by the help of thoſe excellent Directions
Guide had formerly given to me.

CHAP. XII.

Of ſundry new Troubles which happened to the P
grim in his Travels to Jeruſalem, *and how he w*
delivered out of them.

WEll then to proceed, A fine Sun-ſhiny mo
ing it was when I firſt went out again
travel, the Air was perfumed with the ſweet odo
which the Sun exhaled from the Flowers, the Bi
whiſtled and ſung their Hyms to him that made t
glorious Light; and there was no Hedge that I

d by but welcomed me with ſome new Songs and easures; nor any *Traveller* I met but wiſhed me *od ſpeed.* I was ſo much pleaſed with every thing at I ſaw or heard as I went along, that I never ought my ſelf at home till now, that I had no me to go to, but was ſeeking one: I could do thing but compoſe praiſes to God that had ought me ſafely out of ſo many dangers: and I ade it ſtill the buſineſs of every day, as I travel'd , to ſing a certain ditty, the beginning and end which (I remember was nothing but this) *Bleſs e Lord oh my Soul*: whether it was the novelty of oſe objects that preſented themſelves, or the eameſs and beauty of them, or the good ſociety hoped to meet with *three miles further*, or an imediate touch from that Spirit which my *Guide* rmerly prayed might be my Companion, or all eſe, or any other thing that made me ſo merry, I had no leiſure to examine, but I never exreſſed ſo much contentment in any condition as in is new undertaking and reſolution of mine, to travel ſtill on till I came to *Jeruſalem*: yet I had not aſſed many miles in theſe rapturous joys, and freſh ſolutions to travel to the *Holy Land* before I found em ſo much abated; that I thought my ſelf leſs appy than before I imagined I was, for the ways ere on a ſudden grown a little more rugged, the eavens began to be overcaſt, and the *fields* through hich I went were more barren, and yeilded not oſe Fruits which I had before taſted, which togeher with other things caſt me into a damp, & procud to my ſoul more ſadneſs than I had yet met with- in all my journey (though I had met with troubles ough before.) At the firſt indeed I was only oved with ſome wonderment to find ſuch an alteation, and thought that in ſix hours travel or in ch a ſpace, eſpecially before the Sun *went to Bed*,

I ſhould recover more pleaſant paths: but yet found contrary to my expectations that they ſti continued uneaſie, but at laſt I chanced to ſee ſom of my *old Acquaintance*, who called to me at ſom diſtance, and perſwaded me to go back again, ſe ing me ſo much affrighted. Then after this come a man on Horſe back to me (his name I could ne ver learn) and tells me that it would be my ſafe way to turn back, and betake my ſelf to ſom neighbouring Village, for as much as the remainin part of the Road I was to travel through to *Jeru ſalem*, was all along very dangerouſly beſet wit *Thieves and Rogues*, and beſides, that he ſaid i was of a ſtrange length thither, and indeed by ma ny doubted whether or no there were any ſuch place, as that to which I was ſo eagerly *traveling*.

But though this *Path* by the unexpectedneſs of it made me *reel and ſtagger* a little, yet I ſoon recolle ed my ſelf, and calling to mind what I had been for merly taught by my Guide, and repeating that charm which I always had about me, *I am nought, I have nought*, &c. I found my ſelf preſently as firm in my reſolution to travel, as if I had never been aſ ſaulted with Dangers.

CHAP. XIII.

Shewing how the Pilgrim had a fair ſight of the Hea venly Jeruſalem, *and what enſued thereupon.*

AND ſo I trudg'd away again moſt briskly, till at laſt ſeeing a high Mountain juſt before me, I reſolved to travel to it, ſo in about two hours time (notwithſtanding the way to it was both up hill and down hill, ſlabby and dirty to boot) I got to it: when

hen I came to the foot of the Mountain, I encou-
ged my ſelf to get up to the top of it, by the
eetneſs of thoſe pleaſures, the conveniency of
height would afford me a proſpect of ſaying to
y ſelf

Mount up my ſoul, and on this Mountain ſtand;
A taking Proſpect, is the Holy Land.

And having thus encouraged my ſelf, up I went to
e top of it, and being there I had as I fancied an
art-raviſhing proſpect of the *whole Univerſe*, and of
its *glory and beauty*. I likewiſe here met with a knot
moſt excellent perſons, who recompenſed me
thoſe troubles and fears into which I had ſo late-
fallen. The ſpectacle which preſented it ſelf, was
leſs wonderful than it was new; for here I be-
ld ſundry *Pilgrims*, like my ſelf, who had placed
eir bodies there, though in ſeveral poſtures, as
they never meant to ſtir from that place, unleſs
were to be carried directly up to Heaven; ſome
them were fallen upon their knees, others of
em ſtood gazing upon their *tiptoes* with their
onths open. and their eyes ſo fixed, *as if their*
ls were gone half way out of their bodies, to fetch
ſomething which they longed to enjoy: ſo I ob-
rving very narrowly theſe paſſages, I was reſol-
d to try if I could make any diſcovery of that
hich attracted all theſe eyes and hearts unto it.
nd I had not done ſo very long, but by the ad-
antage of this Mountain, and the clearneſs of the
r, and the ſteadineſs of my eyes, and the quiet
nd ſilence I kept, I had a very fine proſpect of the
eavenly *Jeruſalem*.

CHAP. XIV.

Shewing the ſerenity of the Pilgrims condition after his Clouds.

BUt in a little time my *pleaſed eyes* began to ſtill from that raviſhing ſight on which they were *fixed*, but I did not loſe all my pleaſure by taking of my eyes from *Jeruſalem*; for now the Road which lead thither, appeared ſo plain, ſo fair and ſmooth (though formerly rugged) ſo free from Briers and Thorns, and all that moleſted and galled me before, that it now proved the very beginning of Heaven to me: The earth I ſaw was every where loaded with ſo much plenty, that nothing troubled me, but only that I could not ſee Travellers enough to gather it; on every ſide of me there was ſo many beautiful Flowers, that I could ſcarce tell whoſe invitation to accept, when they ſeemed to deſire to be pluckt by my hands: the very ſtones had loſt the hardneſs and roughneſs of their nature, and did ſoften and ſmooth themſelves when the feet of Pilgrims came to oppreſs them: all the way likewiſe was ſo quiet and ſtill, that if a leaf wagged, it was by the ſweet breath of thoſe Muſitians which ſate among the Branches; one could not ſpeak ſo much as a word, but an eccho from the Vault of *Heaven* would repeat it, as if ſhe had a great deſire to learn, or was much in love with the *language*; yea, all the Mountains, which I was ſtill to climb, ſeemed of ſo eaſie aſcent, that they differed nothing from the plain ground. Many a mile one might paſs through a Foreſt of nothing but Mirtles and Lawrels, under the ſhade of which the *weary Traveller* might

ight ſweetly repoſe himſelf, and dream that he w the Crowns and Garlands which were wreathing r him in *Jeruſalem:* every Wood alſo appeared e a goodly Orchard, where an infinite variety of vely Fruit ſaluted them that paſſed through it: d though the courteous Apples with all the reſt emed to bow themſelves to kiſs the Pilgrims nds, yet by their fragrancy one would one judge at they were not of a meer terreſtial growth. *In a ord,* the difficulties of my *journey* now ſeemed to be vercome, and every ſtep I took I ſaw would bring e to a new pleaſure. Now I thought I ſhould be ſo appy as to live more above, and hold a conſtant ommunication with Heaven. I expected to ſurmount he Clouds wherein I had been wrapped, and to ve in a purer light, and enjoy a greater ſerenity f mind; in ſhort, I now diſcovered on all ſide:, oth preſent ſatisfaction and future hopes. But be- ng thus ſpurred by the ſweet invitations of the way, n I went again, ſometimes caſting my eye upon *Jeruſalem*, and ſometimes upon my way, which now ecame more eaſie and more delightful to me than ver before. But having deſcended a little from he head of that lofty Hill where I had ſtayed about ive hours; I obſerved that on a ſudden I had loſt hat *fare ſight of Jeruſalem* which I ſo much admi- ed; at which I began to be ſurpriſed with a little quivering and coldneſs in my body, till at length I met with a *Paſſenger*, who I perceived was travelling my Road, who put new comfort into me (ſeeing me dejected) in telling me the whole way to *Je- ruſalem* conſiſted of *Hills and Dales*, and as now (ſaies, he to me) you are going down from the height, wherein you have been, ſo ſhall you again advance in due time, and be preſented not only with a *freſh*, but with a fairer ſight of *Jeruſalem.*

In fine he repreſented to me, that I was ſo far from deſcending now into into any diſmal ſhades, that I was but going to eaſe my mind with a little variety in thoſe cool levels, which were almoſt ſpent and exhaled by ſo long a ſight of *Jeruſalem* in thoſe ſuperiour Regions.

CHAP. XV.

Shewing how the Pilgrim afterwards feared he ſhould not hold out to his journeys end, with an account how he hired a little Houſe by the way to refreſh himſelf in for a while, that he might be the better able to hold on his journey, with the manner how ſeven wicked Gueſts under colour of lodging with him, ſought his undoing at this place.

AND now (would you think it) for all I had gone thus far towards the *Celeſtial Paradice*, I begun to have odd fancies ſtill, that I ſhould never get there after all my travels, but at laſt this cloud blew over too, for I began to conſider that this could be no other than a melancholy thought; for I conſidered with my ſelf it was very improbable that I ſhould overcome ſo many temptations, and yet not be near the place; how can it be thought that I ſhould have ſo many ſights of *Jeruſalem*, and yet be ne're the nigher my journeys end: I remembred likewiſe that the laſt proſpect which I gained of that place was fairer than the former, and that it did ſeem nearer and cloſer to me.

But my ſpirits now beginning quite to fail me, (and the ſeaſon being exceſſive hot) I reſoved at the next Town I came at, to hire a little Houſe for a ſmall time, and there to take up my Quar-

ters,

ers till I were well refreſht and fit to travel again, ccordingly a houſe I hired; but this undertaking ed like to have proved my utter ruin at laſt.

CHAP. XVI.

Shewing how ſeven wicked Gueſts (whoſe names were Pride, Covetouſneſs, Lechery, Envy, Gluttony, Wrath, and Sloth) *under colour of lodging with the Pilgrim, ſought his undoing; with an account likewiſe how by the treacherous aſſault of theſe ſeven Enemies the Pilgrim's* Cinque Ports, *became endangered.*

FOr many inſtead of *Turtles*, have received *Snakes*, into their boſoms. And ſuch was my unfortunate condition. For upon a time ſitting in my Summer Arbour (adjoyning to my new hired houſe) ſafe as I thought, from the encounter of any open enemy, or ſecret danger: even there, where my private repoſe promiſed me no leſs than a ſecure and untroubled reſt; ſuddenly there appeared before me *ſeven Strangers*; who complayning how they had loſt their way, humbly beſought me to beſtow upon them one nights lodging: and that with a grateful acknowledgment of ſo free a courteſie, they would depart early from me the next morning. I muſt confeſs this their ſudden aproach, did at firſt not a little amaze me, wondring much how theſe could find acceſs unto me, ſeeing, as I remembred, I had ſhut the doors of my Garden, that none might diſturb me. But even civility exacting an anſwer from me; having firſt fully taken notice and ſurvey of them; I in this manner addreſſed my ſelf unto them, *viz.*

Gentlemen, (for you ſeem no leſs by your habits

or demeanours) though my privacy has seldom known the condition of hospitality; yet being strangers, as you profess your selves to be, I should hold it an act of great incivility not to entertain you. One night shall not break squares amongst us. Therefore, pray gentlemen, come in, and carry your selves orderly in my house, and the best Room in all my Lodgings is at your service; pray where have you been, travelling, and what news do you hear? Are the *Imperialists* and *Turks* yet come to engage, how goes things in the World? how doth it fare with our poor Brethren in *France*? What news from *England* my native Country, when will Times be better? Come in, come in Gentlemen. I shall accommodate you with Lodgings immediately, though it may be not according to your ranks and qualities, for I am a stranger to you, and am my self but a *Pilgrim* on Earth as all my Fathers were: And as for this Habitation which you see I now have, I hired it only for a little time till I am refresht, and fit for Travelling again toward *Jerusalem*, the place I first designed to go to, when I first set out from mine own home.

With which answer, they seeming to be well pleased; I left mine Arbour, and took them in with me; preparing such things for them as might refresh them, for they seemed weary.

After they were refresht, I took occasion to call them all aside into my Closet, purposely to converse with them after a most familiar manner, little doubting how these strangers came, rather to undermine me, than lodge with me, as you shall hereafter understand more fully.

When they were come up into my Closet, I made bold to ask them where they were born, and in what parts they had most remained. As for their Birth they told me, they must beg my Excuse, for they should not inform me of that, for several reasons

s best known to themselves: but as touching the ce of their aboad, they told me that upon their t travelling for Entertainment in the Affections men, they planted very near that glorious City *bylon*; where by their instructions they made the *mmon people* there such proficients, as leaving their rmer rudeness they betook themseves to such *eneß and neatneß*, as they would rather neglect eir trade, than not observe all those things that leased their humours, being charmed by sensual leasures, sweet Revenge, Palate-pleasing, requiting Affronts, and Negligence. But they told me rther that their *Commission* was more *General*: eing enjoyned by their *Superiour*, the Father of ell and Damnation, to put in practice such directi-ns in every City, Burrow, Corporation, or Village, s might win the hearts of all such inhabitants unto heir *Prince*: and by that means inlarge his king-lom. Wherewith drawing forth a long scroule, they hewed unto me a Brief of all such directions as were prescribed them, all which were exceeding pleasing to the Flesh: with a relation of such places nd persons by whom they were best entertained, What Countries they had brought in and gained: how far their Dominions were enlarged, with divers other tempting alurements; the discovery whereof so much delighted me, as I desired nothing more than with more freedom yet to enjoy their com-pany: resolving to importune their stay for a long time with me: and to my request they inclined readily. Albeit they told me, that during their so-journing with me, they must sometimes of necessity crave my pardon, to resort to divers of their *Ma-sters* especial Customers, as Painters, Perfumers, Periwig-makers, Usurers, Alehouse-keepers, with others; to the end they might keep their hands in ure, and their brains awork, to shape a Coat for the

Moon

Moon, and bring the world into a new fashion. And to the end they might the better do me a courtesie for my late hospitality; these obliging expressions of theirs so strangely madded me with the thoughts of bravery, and all manner of pleasures, that I thought now I should instantly enjoy, as I became wholly theirs, chearfully embracing whatsoever they commanded me: And within a short time now I became such a Vassal to them, as I thought any service well bestowed that I could do for them.

Thus, thus became I poor Pilgrim (whilst I was on my way to heaven) assaulted; thus became I foiled. But why do I inveigh against their treachery, I became to my self the most treacherous enemy? For by yielding my *Fort* to the spirit of *Pride*, my chiefest glory grew darkned. By entertaining *Covetousness* my former content vanished. By cherishing *Lechery*, both mine inward and outward faculties were disabled. By feeding *Envy*, it became a feeder of me, and so my spirits became wasted. By cockering *Gluttony*, my spiritual infirmities were strengthned. By harbouring *Wrath*, charity the choicest comfort of Christian society was banished. By sostering *Sloath*, out of my *great Masters check-roule*, became my name to be razed. Neither were these unthankful Guests so contented; for by their treacherous attempts, became my *Cinque ports* endangered. So as, those darlings of mine which had they been loyally affected, should have been my assistants, proved to be my private assassinates. Not one of them but they failed in performing those due offices to which they were deputed. My *eye*, indeed, knew how to look, but by wandring it corrupted my understanding with the thoughts of lust. My *ear* knew how to hear, but by hearing amiss it distracted the intention of mine heart. My *nostrils* knew how to smell, but by rejecting those flowers of divine sweetnes

neſs, I begun to ſnuffe up the wind with the *wild Aſſe* in the wilderneſs. *My touch* knew how to perform her office, but by touching unclean things, or by uſing clean things uncleanly, that ſenſe became enſlaved to all ſenſuality. *My mouth became an open Sepulchre mine heart ſins harbour.* What then could this poor razed Fort of my ſurprized ſoul expect but utter ruine, miſery and deſolation? Foes wrought one me without: and fears ſeazed on me within. I had none left to comfort me: for my beſt comfort I had deſervingly eſtranged from me; For had I not with *Demas* left God for the world, I might have had God for my Friend all along to the end of my pilgrimage. In this *ſtreight* I knew not what to do, for to go now any further I was extreamly afraid, having ſo baſely hugg'd in my very boſom, ſeven men that were utter enemies to that glorious City, I had been all this while travelling to, and to go back (*after I had made ſuch a large progreſs towards Jeruſalem*) I was aſham'd; I therefore at laſt reſolved at the next *ſhady Hedge* I came unto, to kneel down under it and go to *Prayers*, remembring how miraculouſly *Prayer* had delivered me formerly, and many other Pilgrims that were then in my company, out of ſeveral unſpeakable Dangers, that we encountred with in the City *Debauchery*, when nothing elſe could help us: ſo when I came to the *Tree*, I kneſt down, and before I had prayed for the ſpace of half an hour, I perceived all my ſeven Enemies were fled, whereupon I immediately aroſe from off my *Knees*, and got my ſelf diſcharged of my *new hired houſe*, (for I perceived it to be a place very lyable to Thieves and Robbers) and ſo I takes up my *Pilgrims ſtaff* again, and travelled further, hoping that at laſt I ſhould come to my *Journeys end*, tho by a *Proſpective Glaſs* I had in my hand, I perceived I had a long and dangerous way yet to travel before I could arrive there.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVII.

Shewing how the Pilgrim, having got rid of his seven deadly Enemies, *fell unawares into a Dreath, (as he was travelling still on in his way to Jerusalem) in which Dream, you have an account of the strange and prodigious Battel, that (he fancied) he saw fought in the* Little Isle of Man; *in which Battel his seven* deadly Enemies, *to the rejoycing of his heart, were taken prisoners. To this Chapter is likewise added abundance of weighty and delightful things besides.*

But (so it fell out) as I was travelling still on in my way to *Jerusalem*, I *unawares* fell into a *brown study*, what might become of these *seven rascally fellows*, that by the force of Prayer, I had so lately both *subdued and vanquisht*, but I did not continue long in that *solitary po-* before *commanding Morpheus* (like a thief in the night, came stealing behind me, and clapt his soft hand upon my Eyes, and I dreamed. And me thought in *my Dream* I was (like *Abakuk* in the painted cloath) carried (not down to a *Den*) but up to an *huge high hill*, invironed with a deep *River*, and beyond the River a great *champaign field*, in the midst whereof there was a fair *fair Castle*, in the form of an *Heart*.

Called Pride, Covetousness, Envy, Gluttony, Wrath, and Sloth.

The Pilgrim falls into a Dream.

This Castle was beleagar'd by two huge Armies: the one on the *South-East side*, and the other on the *North-west*.

Forthwith I heard two Trumpets summoning a

Parley

Parley: whereunto an Answer being replyed, I did behold (or thought I did behold) a goodly young *Damsel* upon the top of the *Castle*, covered with a *white vail*, that I could not see her face: who demanding the cause of their Summons, a double reply was made by two Heralds, *with my Lord*, *and my Lord*: but the Northwest Herald (whose boystrous boldness like blubd-cheekt *Boreas* bewrayed his meager manners) cryed in the *Sclavonian* tongue, my *Lord Vitioso*, base son and heir apparent to *Sultan Plato* (sole Emperour of the North, from *Babylon* to *Egypt*, and so to the further part of *Mare Rubrum* to *Mare Mortuum*, *even from the Sun set to the Sun rising*) doth require entrance and friendly entertainment for him and his followers: Who swears and vows unto you (by his *Horror* and upon the word of a Souldier) all love and service: And to that end (if you please) will send his Commissioners with Authority, to treat with you of *a perpetual League*, as also of a Marriage: and to conclude on articles and conditions thereunto belonging, *&c.*

All which she having heard at large, (not answering one word) turned her about to the right side, to hear what th'other would say: who to the same purpose (though after another manner) protested his Lords entire love and affection. And further putting her in remembrance of a former alliance and neighbourly commerce held and continued between his *Lord Virtuoso*, and her deceased Father, who upon his death-bed motioned a *Contract of Marriage* between them; which if she would stand unto, then a large *dowry* should be ratified under his hand and seal to her, and the heirs of their two bodies for ever, *&c.*

His *Embassie* ended, she briefly thus replyed, Sir you that spake last I answer, *first* thus:

I find not my self enjoyned by my *deceased Fathers Will*,

Will, to any ſuch contract upon a penalty, therefore I hold my ſelf free to mine own will.

But ſeeing it is ſo that both your Lords profeſs love (as you ſay) unto me, and each offereth very largely, I thank them both; and that I might know which loveth me beſt, I will that he that can approve himſelf moſt Puiſſant and truly Valiant by the others *Conqueſt*, ſhall be *Lord of me and mine.*

This Anſwer returned (as faſt as *Imagination* could carry them) away they went to their Lords: who underſtanding her reſolution, though they were both doubtful of their ſucceſs (*for the victory lay partly in her affecting*) yet they reſolved notwithſtanding on both ſides to try the event.

Then Lord *Virtuoſo* ſpeedily deſpatcht three Commiſſioners, *Reaſon*, *Deſcretion* and good *Remembrance* to ſolicit her the ſecond time: And ſo did *Pharo Neco Vitioſo*: viz. *Temptation*, *Folly* and *Senſuality* to uſe their beſt devoir to draw her to their parts.

But *Madam Cogitations* ſtood fully reſolved to behold the *fight firſt*, and then as ſhe ſaw occaſion ſo ſhe would conclude.

Being out of all hope on either ſide to obtain her favourable aſpect, (which would be very furtherſome to the party affected) they prepare to the Battle: but the night before *Don Vitioſo*, like a crafty old Knave ſent his ſworn ſervant *Sinior Senſuality* ſecretly (like a Spie) to ſow his ſlippery ſeed all over the Field, that Lord *Virtuoſo* his Souldiers ſhould not be able to ſtand, their ground ſhould be ſo ſlippery.

Now this right worthy Lord *Virtuoſo* very early the next morning *preparing to Battle*: Thus marched forward with his whole army; himſelf ſitting in an *Ivory Chariot* richly garniſhed with *Gold*, *Pearls and precious ſtones*: there attending on the Chariot ſome worthy Knights: viz. *Righteouſneſs*, *Prudence*, *Strength*

Strength and *Temperance:* Next to the Chariot Rode seven Captains.

The first was *Humility* riding on a *Lamb*, on his helm a Faulcon gentil stood.

Next him followed *Chatity* riding on a *Tiger*, who who carried a Pellican on his helm.

The third was *Patience* on a Camel, he had on his Creſt a *Phenix.*

The fourth was *Liberality* on a Dromedary, and on his Creſt an *Oſpra.*

The fifth was *Abſtinence* riding on a Hart, on his helm a *Popiniay.*

The ſixth was *Chaſtity*, who beſtrid an Unicorn, on his a Creſt Turtle Dove was placed.

Good Exerciſe was the ſeventh, who was mounted on a *Panther:* and a Crane he had on his Creſt.

Many petty Captains there were beſides, as *Pitty, Meekneſs, Goodneſs, Concord, Unity, Patience, Honeſty, true Friendſhip, Simplicity, Steadfaſtneſs, Quietneſs, Peaceablenſs, Helpfulneſs, Diſcreetneſs, Serviceableneſs, Compaſſion, Good-order, Juſtice, Contentedneſs, Sufferance, Foreſightfulneſs, Contemplation, Reverence, Curteſie, Indifferency, Lowlyneſs, Affection,* &c.

All theſe before they march'd were dub'd Knights by their General *Don Virtuoſo.*

Don Vicioſo alſo dub'd other 24 Knights of the *Poſthaſte*, to animate them two to the conqueſt of the *Gilt Spurs.*

Cunning alſo brought to the aid of *Don Virtuoſo* certain Companies whoſe Captains were *Nigromancy, Geomancy, Magick, Adrimancy, Phyſiognomy, Palmeſtry, Ornomancy and Piromancy:* but *Treſnoble Virtue* (ſcarce thanking him for his offer) told him that he never uſed (nor would) any ſuch companions in the wars.

Whereupon *Cunning*, with his Conſorts being thus caſhcir'd, went to *Don Vicioſo*, who (with all reſpect)

gladly

gladly received him and his Comrages, and placed them in his rereward all on Horſe-back, and Crown'd them with Bays; and behold now in my Dream methought I ſaw *Vicioſo*, as a glorious Conqueror, leading the numerous hoſts, like a victorious General, or Commander in chief, under *Apollion*, King of the bottomleſs Pit, having thouſands following him, with great ſhouts, Muſick of all ſorts, and loud acclamations, crying, *great is* Diana *of the World.* Now as touching the martial order they marched in, againſt Madam Cogitation and the precious Soul of man; take this briefly, firſt *Tyrant Sin* led the *Van*, (being himſelf more than an hundred thouſand ſtrong.)

Next to him marcht *Apollion*, mighty *Beelzebub*, and *Lucifer*, heading *three great Armies*, compoſed of different kinds; yet all cruel Enemies to the Soul: The firſt conſiſted of the *riches* of this *world*, by which thouſands have fallen: the ſecond of *Honours* and *ſinful Preferments*: The third was filled up with *vain delights* and *pleaſures*: they are alſo called by three other names, viz. *the luſt of the Eyes, the luſt of the Fleſh, and the pride of Life. After theſe*, followed a man (*if we may call him ſo*) adorned in *Cloath of Gold*, with a *tripple Crown* on his head; and for a *Scepter*, a brace of *Keys* in his hand; who in my dream I took to be the great King of *Babylon*, *Innocent* the 11th, with a glorious retinue of *Cardinals*, *Abbots*, *Friars*, *Monks*, *Nuns*, *Seminaries*, and *Jeſuits*, and a number more following theſe, with a great train of *Artillery*; as, *merit of Works*, *Limbus Patrum*, *Purgatory*, *Pardons*, *Indulgencies*, *Vows*, *Prayers to, and for the Dead*, *Penance*, *Holy Water*, *Pilgrims*, *Auricular Confeſſions*, *extream Unction*, *Lamps*, *Candles*, *Torches*, *Tapers*, *Relicks*, *Oyl*, *Salt*, *Spittle*, *Cruciſixes*, *Beads*, *Holy Garments*, *Signs*, *Geſtures*, *Canons*, *Cuſtoms*, and the Lord knows what

what beſides, as *Blood*, *Slaughter*, *Maſſacres*, *Stake*, *Fire and Sword.*

Then came the *Grand Seignior*, or the proud and blaſphemous *Emperor of Turkey*, attended with his chief *Mufty*, and a multitude of other inferiour Prieſts, with their *Alcoran* in their hand, and a great Army at their *Heels*, with *Swords*, and other *ſlaughtering weapons*, ſwearing by their *Beards*, what they would do to all ſuch that oppoſed them; being all true Sons and Vaſſels of *Apollion*; and this dreadful enemy *Tyrant Sin* who was the Lieutenant General of the whole Army.

And then after theſe, an Army of *fair Ladies* dreſt in Sumptuous Apparel, and in the neweſt Modes the City *Debauchery* hath of late found out; as ſpotted Faces, naked Breaſts and Shoulders, beckoning to all the *wanton Striplings*, which they ſaw as they marched along to the general Rendezvous, ſaying, *Come Boys, ſtolen waters are ſweet, and bread eaten in ſecret is pleaſant*, &c. *Come* therefore, Oh! come along with us, for we have deckt Beds for you, with Coverings of Tapeſtry, and carved works, embroidered with the fine Linnen of *Egypt*; we have likewiſe perfumed them too with Myrhe Alloes, and Cinamon, come, make no demur, but go along with us, and let us take our fills of Love till the Morning, at which time we ſhall all march out in good array againſt all that oppoſes our *ſenſual and lovely pleaſures.*

And then again after theſe marched a number of *debauched Lads* out of *Youth-ſhire*, armed Cap-a-pee, being as true as ſteel to the intereſt of their *Leader*, and very expert, methoughts in my Dream they ſeemed to be in all ſtratagems of War againſt *God*, *Chriſt*, and *true Godlineſs*. Theſe taring Lads had a *glittering Coach* to attend them, which was drawn by four Horſes called *Raſhneſs*, *Luxury*, *Spendall* and *Folly*,

Folly, (their Coachman being the *Devil*) and one whom the Country people called *Beggary*, methoughts I saw ride behind, and although the Coach did run a thundring pace, and these Lads did seem to be secure, yet there was abundance of folks, as *Merchants*, *Mercers*, *Booksellers*, *Silkmen* and *Taylors*, &c. that did pursue them with cruel *long Bills*, so that for their courage in fighting for *Tyrant Sin* against the soul of man, they are like to pay dearly.

But moreover, besides these there was a bloody and treacherous Brigade, who did lie in secret Ambuscado, who were as dangerous as any of the rest, called *Inbred Corruptions*.

In the Reer marched two Regiments, the first was made up of a base sort of Varlets called *Renegadoes*, *i. e.* being such as have deserted the *Lord Jesus*, and the *Holy Profession*, and have joyned in with the Enemy.

The last was a Regiment of strange people, hardly two of them being alike, and their Manners and Customs were as various, they come out of a *Town* which lies on one side of the *City of God*, called *Heresie*, and therefore may fitly be called *erroneous* and *seditious Sectaries*, being rotten at heart, and corrupt in the fundamentals of *the true Christian Religion*; holding almost every abominable *principle* that hath been broached by the Devil in any Age, *&c.*

Thus War being proclamed, and all the forces of *Hell* and *darkness* mustered, a *Councel* was called to consult about the best expedients to carry it on, and there being neither power nor polliey wanting, what can we think to be the issue of it, but *ruine* and *slaughter* to the soul of man.

And therefore to be brief, on both sides they ranged their main Battalions, and *Vicioso Abbadono* most couragiously gave the first onset, discharging his great Ordnance (which was basterd Cannons in all

all his Army) which the Lord *Grace* (who commanded the Vanguard of the Prince *Virtuoſo*'s Army) avoided by the help of a riſing Hill on the *Southeaſt* ſide, and intrenched on the *Northeaſt* ſide, well manned and maintained by right puiſant *Patience* and heavenly *Humility:* ſo that all their ſmall ſhot paſt over their heads without any detriment.

Then they drew near, their Enemy ſcirmiging with their ſmall ſhot, which the Lord *Virtuoſo*'s party manly bore off with their Targers of Proof, not yeilding one foot; joyning Battle, they fell to it *pell mell*, with ſuch fury, that many were ſlain, many wounded, and many taken Priſoners on both ſides: But the wicked weed that *Senſuality* had ſown, made the ground ſo ſlippery, that Lord *Virtuoſo*'s company could not ſtand; which *Infidelity* (ſtanding on the left hand of Madam *Cogitations*) perceiving, inticed her to learn to *Vicioſo Apollino*'s party: But true *Faith* on the right ſide counſelled her to the contrary, but all in vain, for ſhe not only favoured *Mounſier Gogmagogo Vicioſo*, but took part with him alſo.

All which, Lord *Virtuoſo* perceiving, in great diſcontent left the Field for that time; and *Signior Gracioſo* commanded a retreat to be ſounded: *Doggedonado Viciſſimo* hearing that, his Army made a great ſhout, and cryed follow, follow, follow, follow Boys, for we ſhall all be Conquerors. But the Lord *Grace* having recovered the intrenched Hill, with *Faith* and *Hope*, maintained the fight till Sunſet.

Early in the morning by the break of day, worthy *Signior Gracioſo* (with a heavenly Oration) perſwaded his followers to a ſecond incounter; which *Faith* and *Hope* no ſooner heard, but with a freſh courage they led forth their Vangard, advancing their Banners after a moſt gallant manner, and made a ſecond

a ſecond and a ſudden aſſault (the enemy being in their Tents) at the charge whereof, came thrice puiſant *Perſeverance* to their aid, with a mighty Hoſt from the Lord *Virtuoſo*: which Signior *Gratiſo*, with *Faith* and *Hope* perceiving, redoubled their courage, and cryed out aloud, *Victory, Victory, Victory!*

The Enemy hearing this, in all poſt haſte truſſed up their trinkets, and in a diſorderly order, as well as they could (upon ſuch curtoll warning) defended themſelves; but moſt worthy *Perſeverance* perceiving that, took the advantage, and ſo well *behaved himſelf that day*, that he made his foes to fly before his face: commanding *Conſtancy* with his couragious company, following cloſe after that, methoughts in my Dream it rejoyced my heart to ſee it.

Now Madam *Cogitations* ſeeing this, (uſhered by her old ſervant *Goodwill*) ſecretly ſtole to her Caſtle: and meeting *Lady Conſcience* at the Gate (in great ſorrow) craved her counſel how ſhe might recover Lord *Virtuoſo* his favour. Marry (quoth *Conſcience*) you muſt go to *Humility* and *Repentance*: ſo diſguiſing her ſelf, that ſhe might paſs the better unknown, ſhe met with *Contrition*, who with *Repentance*, brought her the next way to *Humilitie*'s Tent, which was placed at the foot of the hill faſt by the intrenchment: whom *Humility* ſeeing afar off, made haſte to meet, and very lovingly embraced and kiſſed them: *Cogitations* diſcovering all her intent, intreated her beſt aid in her ſute to Lord *Virtuoſo*, which ſhe moſt willingly condeſcended unto, and went with her to the Generals Pavilion, and there with *Repentance* and *Contrition*, falling down flat before his Excellency, confeſſed ſhe had done amiſs, and moſt earneſtly and heartily craved pardon, which he moſt lovingly granting, lifted her up, ſet her on her feet before him, and moſt friendly communed with her.

In

In the mean while *Perſeverance* with *Conſtancy* ſo behaved themſelves, that *Don Vitioſo* with all his *whole rout*, was undone, and clean overthrown horſe and foot: when (as the Devil would have it) in ruſheth a mad rogue, one *Stroy-good* with a Chariot (for his Lord was ſo ſore wounded that he could not ride) and ſpeedily conveyed him by a ſecret way out of the field.

In this overthrow were taken Priſoners, ſeven Captains of note, or notorious Captains, viz. *Pride*, *Covetouſneſs*, *Envy*, *Gluttony*, *Letchery*, *Wrath*, and *Sloth*, (who as it appeared to me in my Dream, were thoſe ſeven Enemies that ſo lately had ſought my life) with a number of the Raſcaldry beſides. Some were ranſomed, others were taken priſoners by the Enemy: others committed to perpetual impriſonment: and ſome (like *Haman*) were hanged for examples to others.

There were alſo ordained ſeven ſpecial Officers for the good government of this noble Iſle of Man, for prevention of future invaſions: viz.

1. *Prudence*, Lord Chancellour.
2. *Temperance*, Lord Treaſurer.
3. *Juſtice*, Earl Marſhal.
4. *Perſeverance*, Lieutenant-General.
5. *Grace*, Lord Warden of the Cinque ports.
6. *Reaſon*, Chief Secretary.
7. *Memory*, Mr. of Requeſts and Recorder.

As they were in conſultation about the future good of this *little Common weal*, and election of inferiour Officers, a poor ragged Pilgrim that was travelling towards Jeruſalem, *all alone*, ſeeing [illegible] ly aſleep on the top of a hill, makes up to me (tho the hill was ſomewhat out of his way) and takes his Pilgrims ſtaff, and gives me a huge polt on the head, and with that I awaked. *And*

And being got upon my Leggs again, I saluted this Pilgrim very kindly, telling him withall, that I was very glad to find any Traveller, in that despised and narrow road I perceived he was going in: And I further told him, that seeing we were so happily met, that if he pleased, we would keep company together, and be helpful to each other in this our *Pilgrimage*. He answered and said readily, He wished with all his heart we might, *For* (said he) *if either of us, after we have entred this path, and travelled so many miles herein, should look back and return again to the broad way that leads to hell, we shall make our selves for ever unfit for, and unworthy of the Celestial Paradice*. After this Discourse was ended, I enquired particularly of him of what Country he was, he answered and said, He was born in the Wilderness below that hill upon which he found me asleep, that is called by some, (*The false World*) hearing of him say so, I told him that was a Country I knew very well: I was (said I) born in it my self, I dwelt in it many years, and continued there until Divine fury had overtaken me, and torn me to pieces, and tumbled me down into everlasting burnings, had not Divine Goodness warned me of my danger, and put it into my heart to go on pilgrimage as you now see. *After this discourse was ended*, we began hugely to embrace one another, and to love each other extreamly, and now it was nothing but *Brother* and *Brother* at every word, and now we really went forward with more speed and swiftness than before, and travelled so fast, that in a *few dayes*, we were got many hundred Miles from the brink of Destruction, towards our Journeys end. And thus as we went forward, hand in hand talking together; we came at last to a place where there was two turnings, one of which led to the fresh enjoyment of all Earthly Delights,

upon

on seeing of which we were presently divided, was for walking streight on, and he for turning to the road that lay on the left hand, which led this pernitious place; and do what I could I uld not perswade him, but that *By-roads* he would ke, I told him plainly, I was confident they were *-paths*, and I am very suspitious, said I to him, t all by-paths lead out of the way of Life: And for the way wherein we now are, I am sure (said that it is the right way, and that eternal glory lyes the end of it, because my Guide himself set me o it, charging me withall that I should not dare, ever I design'd to get to *Jerusalem*, to turn out it either to the right hand or to the left, so that you will not be perswaded to go along with me, must not, nor I will not be enticed to go along th you, to be eternally miserable. Pray call to nd what you said, when you first overtook me, d with your stick awaked me out of the Dream I s in, when I lay asleep upon that hill we have left hind us, viz. *How grievous it must be if any of us who e walked together, as Pilgrims in the way to heav-n, (and now are almost at Paradice) should after this miscarry and be damned for ever.*

Having thus told him his danger, and finding him stinate in his way, I left him to his own Devices, d went forward again (all alone) on my Journey, wards the promised Land of Joy and happiness. t I had not parted with him long, before I ob-ned (as I thought) a fresh sight of *Jerusalem*, hich made me as I went along thus to cry.

Blest be the day that I began
A Pilgrim *for to be;*
And blessed also be that Guide,
That thereto moved me.

The new ſight of *Jeruſalem* again (as it had do in my Pilgrimage formerly) filled me with admir tion and wonder, and ſo much tranſporting joy, th I was reſolved now (by the help of God) to hold o to the end, what ever it coſt me: And you may w imagin, that after having a glimpſe of the ſurprizi Beauty, and inexpreſſible Glory and Splendour the *New Jeruſalem*, I was (eſpecially for a whil able to reſiſt all Oppoſitions, Difficulties, and Dea neſs of Spirit whatſoever. But by that time I h travelled a mile further, and perceiving on a ſudd I had utterly loſt the ſight of this glorious City, thereby (even as it had fared with me before) l much of that Comfort and Conſolation which t ſight of it *yielded me*: and indeed the whole w (as was hinted juſt now) both before and after th lay over *Hills* and *Dales*, ſometimes I climb'd ov *Mountains*, and then by and by was in *Valle* ſometimes, as I went along, I could behold the gl rious Sun ariſe upon me with reviving Beams, a at other times, I was ſo benighted, and ſuch fa *Clouds* interpoſed between me and Paradice, that was ſo far from ſeeing the Sun, that I was not able diſcern either Moon or Stars, which made me a went along thus to cry out,

I.

As weary Travellers, when the night is come,
Do wiſh for home:
Or as a Dove, that's wandred from her Neſt,
Is glad of Reſt,
So doth my Soul, tyr'd with this diſmal way,
Long for a *Glimpſe* of everlaſting Day.

I I.

Thrice happy ſouls encircled are above
With Joy and Love,
Who Sin nor Sorrow ſhall not any more
As heretofore.

Who have nothing left to hope or to desire;
Happy in that their Joyes shall ne're expire.

III.

Time was their Race but newly was begun,
Whose Glass is run.
They on the troubled Sea were heretofore,
Though now on Shore.
And 'tis not long, before it will be said
Of me, as 'tis of them, Alas he's dead.

IV.

Thrice happy Life *to live with God above,*
Where nothing shall deprive us of his Love:
And happy Rest, *where* Rest *there shall be none*
From singing Holy, Holy, Holy, *three in One.*

Towards the latter end of my Journey, when I gan to grow very near to Paradise, the Path erein I walked became (of a certain truth) more ooth and fruitful, and the winged Choristers, erewith the blooming and fragrant Groves on her side of it were replenished, sang more sweet- than they were wont to do, and the Air likewise came more serene and clear. Yet it was not al- ys so extraordinary well with me neither, but that had some *intermissions* still, some *Ups* and some owns, some *Sun* and some *Cloud*, some Light d some Darkness: upon which I began to sing as llows,

Let the most Blessed *be my Guide,*
If 't be his Sacred *Will,*
Unto his Gate, *though I alone*
Climb up his Holy-hill.

So I went on all alone, till at last I came to the lectable Mountains (before in this Treatise spoken) when I came to them I immediately endeavou-

red to climb to the top of them, to behold the G
dens, Fountains, Springs, Shady Walks, and glori
Prospect I was formerly told I should have there
the *New Jerusalem*, to which I had so long steer
my course.

As soon as ever I was got to the top, an *able D*
vine presented himself to my view, his sober cou
tenance, black cloaths, and grave aspect, struck
me an extraordinary reverence, for performi
those complements that were fitting, I said.

Pilgrim. *Revereud Sir, is this the way to the c*
stial City?

Divine. You are just in your way.

Pilgrim. *How far is it thither I pray?*

Divine. A considerable way.

Pilgrim. *Sir, is the way that I have yet to go saf*
or dangerous?

Divine. It is safe for those that walk upright
but transgressors shall fall therein.

Pilgrim. *Is there on these delectable mountains a*
relief for poor weary Pilgrims?

Divine. Yes, the Owner of these mountains ha
given us a charge, not to forget Strangers and Pi
grims, but to refresh them when need requires.

After he had uttered these words, I took my leav
of him, (first rendring of him thanks for his kin
Answers to what I questioned him about) and walk
ed to the further end of the Mountain, where
overtook a very lusty and jovial lad, whose nam
was *Self-conceit*, that came out of a crooked lan
hard by the place; I overtook him, so I aske
him from what parts he came, and whither he wa
going?

Self-conceit. I was born in a Town *six Miles* o
from this place that lyes yonder before us, a litt
on the left hand, and Sir, I am now marching t
the *Celestial City.*

Pilgrim

Pilgrim. Alas thou doſt not look like a man that ill hold out to that Glorious Place, for I perceive our nature is ſuch, that you cannot undergo y difficulty, and you muſt expect to meet ith a thouſand and a thouſand before you come ere; for my own part I believe I have met with n thouſand dangers hitherto, and expect to meet ith ten times as many before I get to the end of y journey.

Self-conceit. *Pray good Sir trouble not your ſelf ith me, for I doubt not but to get to Heaven as ſoon nd as ſafe as you, or any* Chriſtian Pilgrim *of you ll.*

Pilgrim. But pray what have you to ſhew for your dmittance when you come to the *City Gate*, that ou are thus confident of your ſafe arrival.

Self-conceit. *I know my Lords will, and have been good liver; I pay every man his own, I Pray, Faſt, y Tithes, give Alms, and have left my Native Town r the ſake of that place I am travelling too.*

After he had done ſpeaking thus, I told him I believed he was ſome Thief or Highwayman, and hat I was really afraid of him, upon which words e flung away from me, and turned aſide into the road-road that led to Hell and Deſtruction.

But I kept on my *right Road* ſtill, which at laſt rought me to a rich and copious Country (much reſembling the form of a *Lozenge.*)

Now by that time I had gone a little way in this Country, I entred into a narrow paſſage, where I met a man whom the Devil had bound with a ſtring called *Vainehope*, upon *firſt ſight* of him I began to tremble and quake ſadly, which a Native of the place perceiving, made up to me, and told me he would not have me afraid of that ſad object before me (for as much as he believed, it was no body elſe but one *Formaliſt* who dwelt for ſeveral years

formerly in a large City called *Apostacy*, and I might safely escape both him and his temptation, if I were but cautious how I past over that *Plain* that lay just before me called *Carelesness*.

I weighing well what he said, begged his company a little way with me, and resolved to set watch over every step I fetcht: And being gone past him, I looked back and espied him still grovelling on the bare ground with this written in Capital Letters upon his Forehead, FROTHY WANTON AND MISERABLE SINNER. Then said the Country man to me, oh dear Sir, now I see what you have just seen written upon his Forehead, I call to mind that which was told me of a thing that befell one to a *good Pilgrim* in this place: The name of the *Pilgrim* was *Small belief*, but a good Christian, and he dwelt in a Village called *Integrity*: the thing was this, at the entring in of the passage which you and I just came through, there comes down from *Hell-road-gate* a little entry called *Bad-mans-row*, so called because of the robberies that are very often committed there upon the unwary *Pilgrims* in their way to the *New Jerusalem*: and this *Small-belief* going on *Pilgrimage* as you now are, chanced to fall down there and slumber, as possibly you sometimes have done in your journey since you set out from your Native Country for about a quarter of an hour: now there happening at that time to come down the Entry from *Hell-road-gate*, seven sturdy Vagabonds (*whose name were Pride, Covetousness, Envy, Wrath, Gluttony, Lust and Sloth*) accompanied likewise with *three Rascally Highway men*, whose names were *World Flesh and Devil* (three Brothers in Iniquity) and they espying *Small Belief*, where he lay slumbering on a little rising Hill came galloping up with full speed. Now the *devout Pilgrim* was just awaked from his *slumbers*, and

wa

was getting up to go on his journey, ſo the ſeven Vagabonds came with flattering Speeches and ſo tempered him; and the three Highwaymen with threatning Language bid him ſtand. At this *Small Belief* looked as pale as a Clout, and had neither power to run nor fight: then the *Devil* (one of the Highway Thieves) perceiving this, ſaid, Fellow deliver thy chief Treaſure to me (I mean thy heart) but he making no haſte to do it (for he was loath to loſe that precious Jewel) then *Diffidence* ran up to him, and tript up his Heels, and then bound him Hand and Foot, and left him as he now lies; upon which *Diffidence* cryed out *Thieves, Thieves, Thieves,* with that *Ungodlineſs* with his firſt Cozen *Heynous Crime* with two knotty Clubs, that were in their Hands, ſtruck *Small Belief* on the Head, and left him, as you now ſee, ſprawling on the ground; and all this while the ſeven *Vagabonds* with the other two Highwaymen *World and Fleſh* ſtood ſmiling by.

But at laſt they hearing that there was an *Hew and Cry* ſent out into that Road for them, they betook themſelves to their Leggs, and left this good Pilgrim to ſhift for himſelf: now after a while *Small Belief* came to himſelf, and getting up made a ſhift to march along on his way again: This was the *Relation.*

Pilgrim. *But pray Sir did they not leave him money enough to bear his charges to the end of his* Pilgrimage.

Countryman. Money enough! no, I doubt not, for they rob'd him of every peny he had about him, but they could not rob him of his *good Conſcience,* for that ſticks cloſe to him ſtill, and as I am told is reſolved one time or other to go along with him into the other world: Therefore pray Sir, whatever ſhift you make likewiſe in your Pilgrimage to

Heaven, keep your Conſcience clean and undefiled for that no man can ſteal from you. And therefore now to this purpoſe I will tell tell you a pat ſtory which I would have you keep in mind, till you come to the end of your journey. The ſtory is this, There was a man had *three Friends*, two whereof he loved moſt intirely, the *third* he made no great account of. This man being ſent for to come before his King, came and deſired his *firſt* Friend to go with him, but he would not go with him, but brought him part of his way: he went to the *ſecond*, and deſired him to go with him, but he could not, but gave him ſomething for a remembrance: he went unto the *third*, of whom he made no account or reckoning, and he went with him to the *King and anſwered for him in all matters whatſoever.*

So poor Pilgrims in this world when they are ſent for by *Death*, come to their Wives, Children, or Friends to go along with them into the *unſeen World*, but they will not, but they go with them to their Graves. Then they deſire their Goods and Subſtance to go along with them, but alas! they cannot, yet they can give them a Winding Sheet, Coffin and decent *Funeral*. But their *Conſciences*, oh! their *Conſciences*, they will and they muſt go along with them, and anſwer for them before the Throne of the Great God of *Heaven and Earth*. Once more therefore, *Dear Pilgrim*, I intreat you have a great care that you keep a good Conſcience in your Breaſt, for that will prove a ſure and loving Friend to you to all Eternity.

Pilgrim. Kind Countryman, *I thank thee unfeignedly for thy ſavory counſel, and for thy ſingular good Company hitherto: and prethee man now forſake this vain World, and betake thy ſelf to a* Pilgrims Life, *and have me Company to the* New Jeruſalem. *And now I hope thou*

thou wilt readily close with this sudden motion of mine, for I perceive thou art one that is sensible of that vast Eternity to which all men are hasting.

Countryman. Sir, you fright me, *adieu, adieu,* I have lately married a *Young and Loving Wife,* and I cannot have time to think of any such thing.

With these words in his mouth he left me *(by which I perceived he was only one that could talk well and no more, but I understand since that he is dead, but I am afraid that he hath many Brethren still living in* England, *I am sure he had when I left that place.)* But I perceived as he went along, he would often look behind him, to see whether or no I kept still on in my right way to *Jerusalem,* which I did couragiously till I had walkt about a dozen miles from the place I left this *new Married Youth.*

And now I began to be very hungry, and sick in my stomach for want of food, for I had neither eat nor drunk for two whole days together, which occasioned me to call at a little Inn that stood upon the Road, for some *Corporal Refreshment.*

CHAP. XVIII.

Shewing what good cautions *and* inſtructions *the Pilgrim left to all ſuch Holy Pilgrims, that ſhould for the future ſet out after him* with Reſolutions *to travel in the right road that leads to the* New Jeruſalem; *wherein likewiſe he gives a full impartial and experimental account of the chief Rocks and Temptations they muſt of neceſſity avoid if ever they get ſafe there, together ith what happened to him, after this to the end of his Life: with his Laſt Will and Teſtament.*

AND after I had eaten very plentifully here, and had *ſatisfied nature*, I ſate me down (for a little time) and call'd for *Pen Ink and Paper*, and marked out, as well as I could, (as you may perceive by the following pages) *the right and neareſt way to Paradice*, for the ſake and help of all thoſe unwary Pilgrims, that ſhould for the future ſeek after this *Heavenly Country* I was ſtill travelling to. *In which pages moreover* I likewiſe endeavour to give a faithful account of the chief wiles and temptations all Pilgrims muſt of neceſſity avoid, if ever they get ſafe thither.

And now *it muſt not be here expected* that I ſhould bring any thing *that is new*, for the way to *Paradice* hath been allways the ſame ſince Chriſts *Conſummatum eſt*, with whoſe Writings the World abounds; but becauſe there is much difference in limitations and deſcriptions of Roads, I ſhall here apply my ſelf to ſet forth ſome of them, and i'le ſet down nothing but what I my ſelf have found by experience ſince I ſet out for *Jeruſalem*.

Well then, Dear Pilgrims, your firſt paſſage is by the Plain of Obedience, and I muſt ſeat it in a *Plain* becauſe the way of an obedient perſon is eaſie and clear:

clear: For where there is misunderstanding the offence cannot properly be called *Disobedience*; and contrariwise the *Paths* of persons disposed to raise doubts, are always rugged and perplexed. And although the way to Heaven is far from being *level*, yet it is not (as I have by sweet experience found) altogether *unpleasant*: and with resolved Travellers, Countrys consisting of *Risings and Descents* are esteemed the most delightful and refreshing.

Your next *remove* is over the *Mount of Justice*, I mean not Justice in the largest acceptation, for so it is as comprehensive as *Righteousness* (or rather convertible with it, containing a distribution of all that in any kind can be due, as obedience to God himself, *&c.* But I take it as relating only to the *Creature*; and I give it an *habitation* upon a Hill, that it may have a *fair and lovely Prospect*: for no man can be just, but he must acquaint himself with *circumstances*, and the condition of him with whom he is to deal. The rule of Justice is to give every man his due, and much more that which is his own in *property*. Within a *stones throw* of this *Hill of Justice* is easily to be seen in a clear day, (if the wary Pilgrim do but take a Prospective Glass) how that the *four last Commandments* of the ten save one, borders so far upon it, so as near half the *Decalogue* belongeth to it. And Justice is so important in Christianity, as he who meriteth the name of a Just man, is understood to be a man exactly religious. A chief benefit arising from this vertue to those who are blessed with the habit of it, is freedom from the horror of *Conscience*, which is more frequently stirred up to disquiet by injustice, than by any other offence whatsoever, and this exemption is more precious, because a troubled Conscience is the greatest unhappiness that can befall any man in this Life.

At

At the foot of the Mount of Justice stands the House of Temperance, a frame built and situated rather for Conveniency than Curiosity, but wanting nothing that is useful for the entertainment of Pilgrims: here when I my self past by this place I found nothing of excess, and yet that which was convenient *in every respect*. This Lady *Temperance* and her Family led a Life most contented, being not acquainted either with repining for want, or with extravagant desire of attaining more than they enjoy; their sleep is sweet, and they are not much in danger of Diseases, because most sickness arise from distempering and overclogging the Stomach. In this Family no good thing is forbidden, but the moderate use commanded. I find not in the *Ten Commandments*, either temperance litterally enjoyned, or the contrary forbidden, but certainly it is greatly serviceable in the way to *Jerusalem*. It preserves the faculties of the body and mind in their full strength as to all good duties, and therefore must be a very fit preparative for *Devotion*.

But now it may be time for you to *prosecute* your journey beyond *the House of Temperance*, and therefore now when you have *in a farewell salute* taken leave both of Temperance and her *two Daughters, Sobriety and Chastity*.

The next eminent thing in your way that offereth it self to view, *is the mansion of Christian Fortitude*, which is a *Castle* situated upon ground raised somewhat above the rest near it. This place had need to be defensible, for that precious treasure of truth seemeth to trust her self in it, and where can she be with more safety than in Custody of those who will lay down their life for her defence? *This Fort* hath arms offensive and defensive, since Fortitude cannot want the fire arms of holy Zeal supplying Arguments sufficient to maintain truth, and the

he *armour of Patience* is alwayes at hand, enabling o receive and bear without giving ground, the vio-ent assaults of Errour and Hereſie. And within his *Caſtle* there may be ſuppoſed to be kept a *Re-ord* or *Regiſter* of thoſe eminent perſons, who have ither ſpent their lives in actual reſiſtance againſt nvaſions made upon the Church by *Pagans*, *Sara-ens*, &c. or laid down their lives by ſuffering as Martyrs for the true Faith. And no perſon can be enrouled as a *Chriſtian Souldier*, *or Militant Pilgrim*, n the noble and victorious Army of Martyrs, but by the means of *paſſive Fortitude*, *or Conſtancy*, *as ſome ſtyle it.*

Having ſtrengthened your ſelves at the *Caſtle of Fortitude*, you muſt deſcend into an obſcure place, where there is *a confluence of many Rivers*, *containing the waters of Affliction*, upon theſe there is no *Bridge*, ſo as of force you muſt paſs through them, and it is with much reluctation you will do it, but be-ing within them, you will have occaſion (if not neceſſity) of looking upwards towards Heaven, and of holding up your heads, leſt you be overwhelmed. The *cold* of theſe waters hath ſuch operation, as it driveth the heat inwards, making you to reflect upon your ſelves, and your former miſcarriages. I ſpeak only of thoſe, who are furniſhed with grace ſufficient to ſupport them, for others there are, who being voluptuouſly diſpoſed, make no reſiſt-ance, but are carried away with the ſtream, and utterly leave the *path of Holineſs*, giving themſelves wholly to be governed b the World, and the powers thereof. But thoſe who are better diſpoſed, uſe all their ſtrength to recover the paſſage, and to con-tinue in the right tract, and theſe are the only per-ſons to be directed. Theſe are not fully recove-red of damage by thoſe waters, or at leaſt the damage is not forgotten by them, when they paſs near

near to the *bathing place of Repentance*, and if they will, they may forbear to uſe the *bathing*; but their *good Angel* calleth upon them to purge themſelves, telling them that their way having been narrow, they have made *wandrings*, ſo as it is very needful for them to be purged by Sorrow, for their deviations, and from the filth contracted thereby: and certainly *Repentance* is neceſſary in the way to Salvation. For can that Faith be true, which pretendeth to an aſſurance of ſins to be forgiven, which were never either generally or particularly repented of, or remiſſion implored for them? From theſe waters by an *aſcent* you will go (though with difficulty) by reaſon of your fainting Spirits, to the *Garden of ſpiritual Conſolation*, a place not only pleaſing, but uſeful: *For there we may diſcern at a conſiderable diſtance, the Rock of Faith and the Temple of Holineſs, as alſo the way to them.* And in that *Garden* may be gathered the *herb of Grace* uſeful for Nutrition and Suſtentation, and *Salvia* (or the hope of Salvation) as an incentive to Perſeverance, from both which you may receive freſh vigour, enabling you to undergo the reſidue of your journey.

Now leaving the Garden of Comfort, you muſt deſcend into the vale of *Humility*. This was altogether unknown to the Heathen, or at leaſt not eſteemed a Virtue, which they alwayes placed in activity, and took this for a hindrance to it. I find it mentioned in the Proverbs of *Solomon*, as commendable, but the *Jews* put it little in practice; ſo as we may term it purely Chriſtian, eſpecially that part of it which conſiſteth in relation only between man and man. *This Valley is ſo invironed with towring hills, as it is altogether free from the tempeſtuous blaſts of Ambition, and the Inhabitants are happy in the enjoyment of the bleſſings ariſing from peace and quiet;*

quiet; *for here comes no* Promethean *Eagle of Care feeding upon the heart*, no ravenous Wolf of Contention, no circumventing Fox, nor undermining Cony of humane Policy. All is peaceable, no noiſe of Complaint or Grief, their Muſick being that of the *innocent Turtle* and the *early Lark*, the *wakeful Nightingale*, and ſuch like. But before you leave this *valley of Humility*, you muſt come to the Fountain, or *Well-ſpring of Charity*, which is inexhauſtible, receiving its virtue and plenty from a Charity, of as much higher nature, as its habitation is higher, even Heaven it ſelf. Out of this *Well-ſpring of Charity*, continually floweth water compoſing the *River of Beneficence*, or good works, which divideth it ſelf into many ſtreams, that it may the better water and refreſh thoſe dry and thirſty grounds which need it. Laſtly, I muſt give notice, that every Chriſtian Traveller in this *via lactea*, or *milky way to heaven*, muſt drink very deep in the well of Charity, for he cannot have admittance to Paradice without doing ſo, there being no place for envy, Rancour or Malice, and ſuch like affections; whereas Charity which is the cement of Brotherly ſociety, and bond of Perfection, hath clear and uncontrouled entrance there.

Now having paſſed the Well-ſpring of Charity, you muſt leave the vale of Humility, and come to the rock of Faith. A Rock I may well call it, for our bleſſed *Saviour* doth ſo, when *Matt.* 16. 18. he ſaith to St. *Peter*, *upon this Rock will I build my church.*

This Rock is high and hard of aſcent; but you may help your ſelves in getting up, by the *Scala ſancta*, or *holy Stair of hope*, and not improperly, ſince by St. *Paul* Heb. 11. 1. *Faith* is defined to be the *confidence of things hoped for.* But of what faith is this Rock compoſed? Certainly not of that Faith whereof the Devils are capable, who are ſaid to believe

and

and tremble. Therefore it must be that Faith which we call Justifying or Saving Faith.

But here I must not forbear to express, that from *the height of this Rock of Faith*, a good Christian may in a fair day see (as *Moses* did the promised Land from Mount *Nebo*) *as much of Paradise*, as is needful, to comfort him against afflictions, and to arm him against the *terrours of death*, whose gulf must be passed before admittance into Paradise; but of that more hereafter.

Now I have thus chalked out the right way to Paradise, it will be needful to represent the danger of straying, for good Pilgrims have those attending constantly upon them, who will not fail at *every stage* by *Entisement or Terrour* to mislead them. These are the *World*, *the Flesh*, *and the Devil*, all of them sworn enemies to Mankind, though professing friendship. First, *In the plain of Obedience*, on the right hand, the *World* putteth *Passengers* in mind that Obedience is no way at all to preferment and honour. *And on the left hand*, the *Flesh* crieth up Liberty, and brandeth Obedience with the unpleasing name of *Servitude*. *Upon the mount of Justice*, *on this hand*, the *World* representeth Profit by gifts, with the favour of great Persons to be obtained; *and on that hand*, the *Flesh* suggesteth great trouble and care in keeping the balance even, with danger by loss of Friends and favour; *and in the way of Justice*, in private dealings damage to our selves, by parting with that which we might hold. *At the house of Temperance* they lay several baits, and some terrour to keep us from entring in. *To the young person the Flesh presents Beauty*, *tempting him to Incontinence*, *telling him that Youth will not last ever*, *and that it is folly to lose the pleasures of it.* The *aged* person's Sobriety is assaulted by offers of Wine or strong drink, and he is told, that the uncomfortableness

tableneſs of his great years, is to be qualified by that which may render them chearful. And all ages are tempted by them with exceſs in Diet, and they all cry out with St. *Paul's* Epicurean, 1 Cor. 15. 32. *Let us eat and drink, for to morrow we ſhall die. As for Chriſtian Fortitude*, they have ſeveral batteries againſt it. Firſt, *the Fleſh* repreſents the inconveniencies of Shame and Ignominy, *then* the terrours of Death: And *laſtly*, the Devil affirms it the height of Folly, to ſuffer for Truth, which is ſtrong and will prevail howſoever; and as for Rewards after this life, he cries them down as no ways to be believed. *In the waters of Affliction* the Devil hath one great artifice, which is by ſuggeſting to the perſon that he is out of Gods favour irrecoverably, nay, in high diſpleaſure with him; and therefore *(like Job's Wife)* he provokes him to curſe God, and to apply himſelf to other remedies, wherein *the World and the Fleſh tender their aſſiſtance, as Seconds. At the baths of Repentance*, the Devil pretends godly ſorrow to be uſeleſs, upon the ſame grounds newly delivered at the waters of Affliction, and that there is great want of Wiſdom in thoſe perſons, who wilfully render their lives unpleaſant by grief, and by a refuſal of thoſe pleaſures which offer themſelves to them. And in caſe he prevail not in preventing Repentance, then he ſeeks to keep them from entring *into the garden of Conſolation*, by aggravating unto them all their paſt offences, affirming that there is no hope of mercy, and by ſeeking to prove it by Scripture, as *Ezek.* 18. 4. *The ſoul that ſinneth it ſhall die*; and *Matt.* 16. 27. *Every man ſhall be rewarded according to his works*, but ſtill concealing thoſe Texts that unfold the mercies of God. *In the vale of Humility*, the Devil ſetteth forth how all men are of the ſame extraction from *Adam*, and that the meaneſt may have as good

natural

natural parts as the higheſt. That ſince *honours and riches* are in the world, that man who affecteth Humility may and ought to have his part in them, as well as others. *That an humble conceit* of a man's ſelf and his own parts, cauſeth others to conceive *meanly* of him, and that this keeps him under, ſo as he ſhould do well to lift up his head, and forſake *Humility*, which is ſo diſadvantageous to him. But the chief ſtrivings of that infernal Spirit, are *at the well-ſpring of Charity and river of Beneficence, Charity*, being a vertue moſt oppoſite to his nature; but here again he will tell you, that Charity is oppoſite to all the ways of Eminency in this world, and that *Honour* and *greatneſs* are attained by ſupplanting others, and Riches by impoſing upon other mens weakneſs. And laſtly, he expreſſeth the *ſweetneſs of Revenge*, which is perfectly oppoſite to Charity. As for *the Rock of Faith*, the Devil now of late endeavoureth to blow it up wholly by Hereſie and Errour.

Thus I have endeavoured to expeſs ſome of the chief dangers offering themſelves in the way to Paradiſe, that thoſe Chriſtian Pilgrims who are forewarned may be fore-armed.

But now at preſent i'le inſiſt no longer upon theſe inſtructions for fear I ſhould be too tedious, *&c.* but proceed to give you an account of the remaining part of my Pilgrimage.

Well then thus it was, after I had left this *Inn* that lay on the Road where I called for refreſhment, *&c.* I travelled again towards *Jeruſalem* as nimbly as if I had been inſpired, but far I did not go before I found three Country Boobees, whoſe names were *Folly*, *Lazibones*, and *Preſumption* faſt aſleep with Iron Fetters upon their Legs, but rouſing them, I bid them have a care leſt the Roaring Devils ſhould find them and make them his prey. But

ſeeming

ſeeming not to regard me; *The firſt ſaid, I ſee no danger, the ſecond, yet a little ſleep; the third let every* Tub *ſtand upon his own* Bottom; So that I ſeeing there was no good to be done, I went away and left them to ſleep on. Then going a little farther I met *Diſſimulation* and *Deceit*, who would have perſwaded me to go with them, but I refuſed it and paſſed on. Now when I was rid of them I went up a mountain called *Difficulty* and with much labour attained the middle of it, where finding a pleaſant Houſe I went in, and pulled out my Bible to read, and whilſt I read I fell aſleep; but being awakened by a heavenly voice, I ſtarted up, and letting the Bible fall went away without it to the top of the Hill, where I met one *Fearful* and one *Diſbelief* running back from the place they were travelling too as hard as they could drive. When I demanded what was the cauſe, they told me they had been travelling to Mount *Zion*, but in the way ſtood two Robbers, and that they durſt not go any farfarther, and likewiſe adviſed me to go back, but I refuſed. Then feeling for my Bible I found I had loſt it, which much perplexed me, ſo that I reſolved to go back to the Arbour where I ſlept, and being come thither I found it to my unſpeakable joy; for had I loſt it my journey had been made in vain; then preſſing forward in a narrow path I ſaw two Lyons and was afraid, ſo that I had gone back had not a voice called to me and bid me keep the middle way, for the Lyons were chained and could not hurt me. Then I walked on and came to a *ſtately Palace* called *Delightful*, built by the Lord of the *Celeſtial City*. Here I lodged for two nights with *Diſcretion*, *Prudence*, *Piety* and *Charity*, who ſhewed me many ſtrange things, and to whom I related my adventures, who gave me a ſuit of Armour, and led me through the Valley of *Humiliation*,

tion, where they left me. So the next place I entred was the *Valley of the ſhadow of Death.* Now when I came to the border of it and beheld many dreadful ſhapes in it, I ſtood in doubt whether I had beſt enter or not. But I finding it was my way to the *Holy City*, I preſently ſlighted all dangers, and was reſolved to venture with my Pilgrims ſtaff in my hand: ſo in I went, where I ſaw many dreadful things, as Satyrs, Ghoſts and Hell it ſelf flaſhing out flames of fire, and Spirits ruſhing to and fro; then I began to be afraid and cryed out, *O Lord I beſeech thee deliver my Soul*, Pſal. 1. 16. but going on I heard ſome one before me ſay, *Though I walk through the Valley of the ſhadow of Death I will fear none ill, for thou art with me*, Pſal. 33. 4. then began I to take courage, as knowing ſome others beſides my ſelf were on the way; So I travelled through a thouſand dangers till I came to the end of the Valley, and then the Sun aroſe; and ſo I looking back I eſpied the perils I had eſcaped, and greatly rejoyced, ſaying, *His candle ſhines upon my head, and by his light I travel through darkneſs*, Job 29. 3. Now after I had paſſed this danger I eſpied a man before me, and being deſirous of Company I haſted after him, and found him to be one *Trueheart* who came from the ſame Country I came from and was there my Neighbour, upon which account we rejoyced greatly in each others Company, reſolving not to part; for as the wiſe man ſaith, two are better than one. So on we went talking of the ſeveral adventures we had met with in the way, and how we had eſcaped them. At laſt as we went talking along we met with a very aged man who told us his name was *Adam*, and firſt he inquired where we were going and we told him to Paradice. Then, ſaid he, it will be better to come and live with me, and your lives ſhall be very delightful, and for our wages he would

would leave me sole inheritor of his possessions; and further he told us that he had three beautiful Daughters whose names were *Pride*, *Fleshly Lust*, and *Impiety*, and that we should marry one or all of them. But we not liking him, knowing that if we went along with him he would make a bondslave of us, we turned away from him, at which he seemed very angry, and menaced us with grievous threats; and not so contented but he took hold of our flesh, and pulled so hard that we thought he had taken some pieces out: but turning to look him we saw this Inscription in his Forehead (*Put off the old man with his Deeds*) then we knew who he was.

Now we had no sooner escaped him but one *Theologus* overtook us whom formerly we had received excellent instructions from, saying, peace be with you whom I intirely love. When we saw him we greatly rejoyced and welcomed him a thousand times, telling him all the snares we had escaped by taking his counsel.

Then he laid before us all the glory that awaited us in the *Celestial City* if we persevered to the end. But said he, you will still meet with many trials in the way, therefore be faithful unto death and you will receive a Crown of Life. For, said he, you are still to go through a large Country called *Prophaness*, where is a great Market kept all the year, where all sorts of *Vanities* are made merchandice of; here you will be hard put to it and find many enemies, and if you refuse to comply with their Vanities they will put you to death, but whosoever lays down his life for the King of the *Celestial City* shall find life eternal; therefore by no means give heed to what they say, *for he who is put to death there will take the neareſt way to Heaven.*

Then

Then he left us, whereupon passing through a large Chace we entred into this Market, which it seems was established by the *Prince of Darkness* about two thousand years since. The chief merchandice that is sold there is Vanities of all sorts, as *Whores*, *Bauds*, *Houses*, *Trades*, *Lusts*, *Pleasures*, *Stately-preferments*, *Wives*, *Husbands*, *Children*, *Masters*, *Servants*, *Gold*, *Silver*, *Gems*, *Lives*, *Souls*, *Blood*, *and what not*. Now when we were in the Market, we not only refused to buy these Merchandices but slighted them, saying, we bought the Truth and not Trash, which so inraged some of the Rabble that they fell upon us and halled us before the Judge as contemners and disturbers of their Market, who committed us to the Common Prison, where we were derided and scoffed at, yet some good men of the Country were we where took our parts, but had e'ne as good have held their tongues, for they were abused for so doing. The next day we were brought to our Trials, where *Superstition*, *Pick-thank* and *Envy* swore against us, that we had spoken against the Lord of the Market, and strove to draw away his Subjects and all the Nobility that are his Kindred, as *Carnal Delight*, the *Old Man*, the Lord *Desire of vain Glory*, the Lord *Luxurious*, Lord *Lechery* and several others, nor have they, said the witnesses, refrained to asperse your Lordship. To all this my Brother *True Heart* made answer, since *Belzebub* was Lord of the Market, and consequently an enemy to the King of the *Celestial City*, he did defie him and all that appertained to him, for his portion he had was not in this life, but in the *New Jerusalem* to which he was travelling. Upon which the Jury having received their charge, grounded upon certain Statutes made in the time of *Nebuchadnezar*, *Darius* and *Herod*, brought him in guilty, so that he was delivered to the tormen-

tors,

tors, who after they had ſcourged him, ſlaſhed him with knives, and barbarouſly abuſed him, they burnt him to aſhes: Now as he expired in the flames I beheld ſeveral *Angels deſcend and fetch his ſoul into the aboads of bliſs, ſounding before him with loud Trumpets.*

Now whilſt they were in this hurry in the Country, I like a reſolved Pilgrim, through the Aſſiſtance of Divine Providence, made my eſcape out of priſon, and got out of the Country of *Prophanneſs*; ſo I went on again pondering upon my ſtrange adventures, till I came to a ſtyle that led into a pleaſant meadow, when finding the high way rough, I left it, and went over this ſtyle: but going a great way, after I was over, I found I was miſtaken in my way, and therefore was reſolved to return. But then the ſtorms aroſe, and night coming on I could not find the way, but lying down under a little ſhelter, where falling aſleep, a grim fellow next morning carried me to a *diſmal Dungeon*, called *Disbelief*, where he beat me very grievouſly for about ſeven weeks time, but at laſt I opened the gates with a key called *Promiſe*, and got thence, making what haſte I could to the right road, which led me to a delectable Proſpect, called *Contemplation*, where I once again, to the joy of my heart, got a freſh ſight of *Jeruſalem*, and there I ſtayed and refreſhed my ſelf, and took new directions of the Townſ-men that dwelt there, and then departed; but was again after this led out of the way by the *Flatterer*, and taken in a net, and there had certainly periſhed, had not one of the *Celeſtial guard* come by and delivered me, who, after he had given the flatterer correction, ſet me in the right way. So on again I went rejoycing, but I did not go far before I met with a man called *Atheiſt*, who had turned his back upon *Zion*, and who would have perſwaded me to have done

done the like. But I minded him not, but kept ſtill travelling on, having the Glory of *Jeruſalem* ſtill in my eye, and (for ever be adored the riches of Divine Grace;) ſo it fell out that through abundance of Viciſſitudes and Changes, I came at laſt to a *narrow River*, which parted the *Wilderneſs* of this World, and the Heavenly *Paradiſe*, through which I was compelled to paſs, in regard there was no other *way* to the *New Jeruſalem* but that. Now this *River* through which I was to paſs, was called by the name of *Death*, I was extreamly ſorrowful when I firſt ſaw the *River*, and began to quake with Trembling, and wiſhed that the going through that *River*, had not been the road to *Jeruſalem*.

But at laſt conſidering with my ſelf, that there was no *other road*, and that he was unworthy of a Crown, that would not couragiouſly adventure through a thouſand difficulties to win it, I pluck'd up my *fainting Spirits*, and called aloud to my three old Friends, *Faith*, *Hope*, and *Charity*, (ſeeing that formerly they had been ſo kind to me in my Pilgrimage, and upon all *emergent occaſions* had promiſed to help me) and begg'd of them moſt earneſtly upon my *bended knees*, that they would aſſiſt me now in my *laſt moments*, and bear me company, through the River, or elſe I was undone for ever, and ſhould even at the laſt (though I had travelled ſo very nigh towards *Jeruſalem*, and overcome ſo many dangers to get there) miſs of ever arriving to that *happy region*. Theſe three, though formerly my *ſweet* and *very dear* Friends, and the only perſons that were ready to relieve me under my *Troubles*, at my firſt call returned no anſwer, (and which was worſe) ſeem'd not to liſten at all, which on a ſudden put me to a great plunge but *Conſcience*, (thanks be to Almighty God) ſweetly ſmiling upon me, which is the beſt friend.

friend, when world, money, friends, earthly delight, and all forsake one) I adventured to call again, and called much louder than I did before, hoping that they would at last for pity hear a poor travelling Pilgrim, the time of whose departure was just at hand; upon which second call, they all three made up to me, and bid me be of good chear, for as much as my warfare was now accomplish'd, for they would see me safely over the River, upon hearing of which words, my very heart leapt within me for joy, and being now in an *holy transport*, and much ravish'd in soul, *I thus bespake them.*

Oh my deareſt, ſweeteſt, trueſt friends, I am really rejoyced to ſee you all in my greateſt extremity, ſo ready to help me (and even that at ſuch a time, when my deareſt and tendereſt relations do, and are forced to leave me; but this is now the very laſt time that ever you can poſſibly have an opportunity to aſſiſt me, or to afford me comfort: for as ſoon as ever I am got over this *River*, which lyes just before me, and I have reacht the further ſhore, and am got ſafely within the gates of the *New Jeruſalem*, (the place I ſet out for when I firſt begun to go on *Pilgrimage*, and where my dear fellow-travellers are already landed) *I muſt then take my eternal leave of you.* After I had uttered theſe words, they again, with many ſweet endearments, repeated their late and kind *promiſe* of ſeeing me ſafe over the *River*: which very words of theirs (methoughts) ſet a gloſs upon the very Face of *Death*, and made it really lovely in mine eyes, and filled me with ſo much *joy*, that I could now chearfully *ſmile* at the thoughts of its approaches, and triumph at the ſight of my own *Tomb*, *Death* becoming more welcome to me now, than a joyful Trumpet is to poor Captives when it ſounds out to a glorious *Jubilee*. *And now with courage could I take my ſteps, and with triumph could I travel to that Ri-*

ver, whose streams must waft me over to Glory, a when I came just within prospect of it (I having le nothing behind me that I should carry to heav with me) *I sate me down for about a quarter of hour upon the stump of a green Willow tree, that adj ned to it, and there I drew up my last* Will *and T stament after this following manner:*

My Soul *I do bequenth to God; provided,*
That so small Legacies *may be divided*
Among my Friends: Item, *my* Sins *I give*
To my dear Jesus, *whether die or live:*
Item, *I give the World that did refresh*
The tender frailty of my feeble Flesh,
My lesser Cares: *I do bequeath moreover,*
To my poor body, home-spun-Cloath *to cover,*
And hide her shame; and Food *for needful diet;*
Some sleep, *but not immoderate to quiet*
Distemper'd Nature, *and in her Vacation,*
Some lawful Pleasure *for her Recreation;*
My Charity, *to my poor helpless brother,*
I give: My Prayers *to the true Church my* Mothe
Whose watchful eyes I must desire still,
To be the Overseers *of my Will.*

But further my Will is, that after this vessel Earth, this poor shell of corruption shall be to ear committed, and *as near to the bones of my Ancest* as the conveniency of the place may permit: a that my *Funeral* expences shall be discharged; the performance of which *Christian duty* I appro of *decency*, but in no case too much *solemnit* (which has too often drowned the remembran of mortality in the *lees of sensuality*). After this, say, my *Will* is, that this small estate wherew God hath blessed me, shall be divided in *equal pa* or portions amongst my dear and tender Childre

A

And now, *methinks*, all my worldly cares are drawn near to their *period* Seeing then *I am sailing towards mine harbour, let me strike Anchor; that taking the wings of the Morning, I may fly to the bosom of my dear Redeemer.* ——Oh then,

Why lingreſt thou bright Lamp *of Heaven? why*
Do thy Steeds *tread ſo ſlowly on? muſt I*
Be forc'd to live when I deſire to dye?

Laſh thou thoſe Lazie Jades, *drive with full* ſpeed,
And end my ſlow pac'd *days, that I may feed*
With joy on him, *for whom my heart doth bleed.*

Poſt *bleſſed Jeſus, come* Lord flee away,
And turn this Night into the brighteſt Day,
By thine approach, come Lord, *and do not ſtay.*

Take thou Dove's wings, *or give* Dove's wings *to me,*
That I may leave this world, and come to thee,
And ever in thy glorious preſence be.

I like not this vile World, it is meer droſs,
Thou only art pure gold, *then ſure 'tis loſs*
To be without the Throne t' enjoy a Croſs.

What, though I muſt paſs through the gates of Death,
It is to come to thee that gav'ſt me Breath,
And thou art better (Lord) than Dunghill-Earth.

When ſhall I come? Lord tell me, tell me, when?
What, muſt I tarry Threeſcore Years, and Ten?
My Thirſty Soul *cannot hold out till then.*

Come deareſt Saviour, come unlock this Cage
Of ſinful Fleſh, lovingly *ſtop the Rage*
Of my deſires, end thou my Pilgrimage.

Go forth then, oh my Soul! what feareſt thou go forth, why trembleſt thou? Thou haſt ha enough of this vain World in thy *Pilgrimage* a along; for what found'ſt thou there but anguiſh Now then turn thy face to the *Wall*, and think o the *Land* of *Promiſe*.

Oh now my *heart* then *is ready*, my heart is re dy, for too too long have I ſojourned here, in bein made a ſtranger to my *heavenly Country*. It is hig time for me then to diſcamp: and to leave the tents of *Kedar*, that I may reſt without labouring rejoyce without ſorrowing; and live for ever, with out dying, in the Celeſtial *Paradiſe*, even in th *New Jeruſalem*, to which *for theſe threeſcore years have been travelling* Say then, O my joy-raviſhe Soul, *I deſire to be diſſolved, and to be with Chriſt*. Eve ſo *come, come, come* Lord Jeſus, come quickly.

The Pilgrims *Grave-ſtone*.

HE *whom here this* Stone *does cover,*
Whilſt he lived was no other
Than a Pilgrim *and your* Brother,
But too long the Worlds Lover.
Would ye know that courſe of his?
In an Abſtract, *it was this.*

Long in Idumæa *living,*
Rich in favour, fortune, fame,
Strong in power *to ſhield the ſame,*
Never loſing, ever thriving;
He eſteem'd himſelf ſole bleſt
In thoſe treaſures *he poſſeſt.*

Mines and Magazines of gain,
Various objects of delight
Sported with his appetite,
Till those Guests hee'd entertain,
Made him to consider well
Earth *was but the* Sinners Cell.

Pride *first rais'd him to a* Cedar.
Avarice *made him hug his Treasure,*
Envy *pin'd him beyond measure,*
Wrath *became his passion leader,*
Riot *cram'd him*; Lust *belull'd him,*
Sloth by ceasing on him dull'd him.

Thus environ'd, reft of rest,
Solace, Soul, Society,
Till Faith, Hope, *and* Charity
Repossest him of a Guest,
And those Guests *he hugged so,*
That they to heaven with him would go.

Seas thus calm'd, and storms appeas'd,
To discover his content,
He makes his Will *and* Testament.
Which if (Christians) *ye be pleas'd*
To partake here come with full eyes
To solemnize his Obsequies.

THE SICK MANS Passing-Bell RUNG OUT,

In Death-Bed { Meditations, Wiſhes, Prayers, Expoſtulations, Legacies, Duties, Dialogues and Ejaculations.

For the Inſtruction of his Friends, Neighbours and Relations, and all others whatſoever that ſhall chance to come within hearing of its ſound.

MEDITATION I.

HArk! Hark! the Pilot Sickneſs *rings my Paſſing-Bell* and calls on me to embarque, and now *Naboths Vineyard*, *Belſhazzars Bowls*, *Jonas Gourd can give me no content.* Yet this my *ſudden* and preſent ſickneſs I bid welcome knowing is is the back door which muſt let me into the *Kingdom of Heaven*, and therefore *Dear Friends*

The minister visiting the dyeing man: death comes

The passingbell hath rung: the graues a diging

A Funerall Sermon is Preacht for ye dead man

Friends run preſently to the Clerk of the Pariſh and bid him *toll the Bell* that all good people may *take notice* how nigh I am to my end.

Let them go *toll the Bell* whilſt I tune my tongue to the *Paſſing-Bell* for the inſtruction of thoſe dear Friends and Neighbours of mine that may live many years in this *vain World* after I am *dead and rotten*, well then my Dittie ſhall be *Mortality*, my Tune *Lachrime*, my Time ſhort *ſemiquaver* time which will admit of no manner of *Reſt*, and therefore *oh moſt endeared and kind Readers* give me leave at this preſent inſtant with my laſt breath to read you a Lecture of Mortality, *before I go hence and ſhall be ſeen no more in this World.*

And aſſure your ſelves that every ſentence therein ſhall give you notice of your end, and likewiſe *ring ſuch a Peal* in your ears of your *Dying Day* that you ſhall readily ſubſcribe to that *great Truth* fully treated of in the *Pilgrims Guide, viz.* That here we have no continuing City, *&c.*

MEDITATION II.

IN this *Paſſing-Bell* you may ſee the wicked man, though his *Intrat* may be Comical, his *Exit* is alway Tragical. *Belſhazzar*'s firſt Scene is revelling out his time in ſin and pleaſure, feaſting and carouſing with his Concubines in the Veſſels of the Lord; but view him in the Cataſtrophe, and you ſhall find the hand-writing, and him trembling, *Darius* rending away his Kingdom, and Death ſnatching away his Life. If you look upon the entrance of a wicked man, his Gates are Riches, his Seats Honours, his Paths Pleaſures; he goes Delicately, fares Deliciouſly every day, he hath more than heart

can wiſh: but wait his going out and ſee a ſad concluſion, in a moment one Diſeaſe or other throws him on a ſick bed, and from thence he goes down quick to Hell. The man is caſt out from God as an everlaſting curſe: deſtruction cloſes her mouth upon him, and now the Eye that hath ſeen him ſhall ſee him no more: his body is wrapt in the duſt, his ſoul is buried in the flames, and his name is covered with darkneſs.

But poſſibly as ſoon as ever ſickneſs ſeizeth on him, and he verily believing he ſhall dye, he may immediately ſend for the Miniſter, (tho he never car'd to come near him before) and other Chriſtian Friends to pray for him and with him, and likewiſe may deſire Bills to be put up in the Church in behalf of his poor ſoul.

But alas probably before the Sabbath is come, his Paſſing-Bell *may be rung out,* his Grave *dug, and* his Funeral Sermon *preacht, and he ſtated in a condition unalterable for ever; all which mournful paſſages and Scenes you may here ſee repreſented to your Eye in this third Emblem.*

Verſes relating to the third Emblem in this Book.

I.

The Miniſter viſiting the dying man, Death comes.

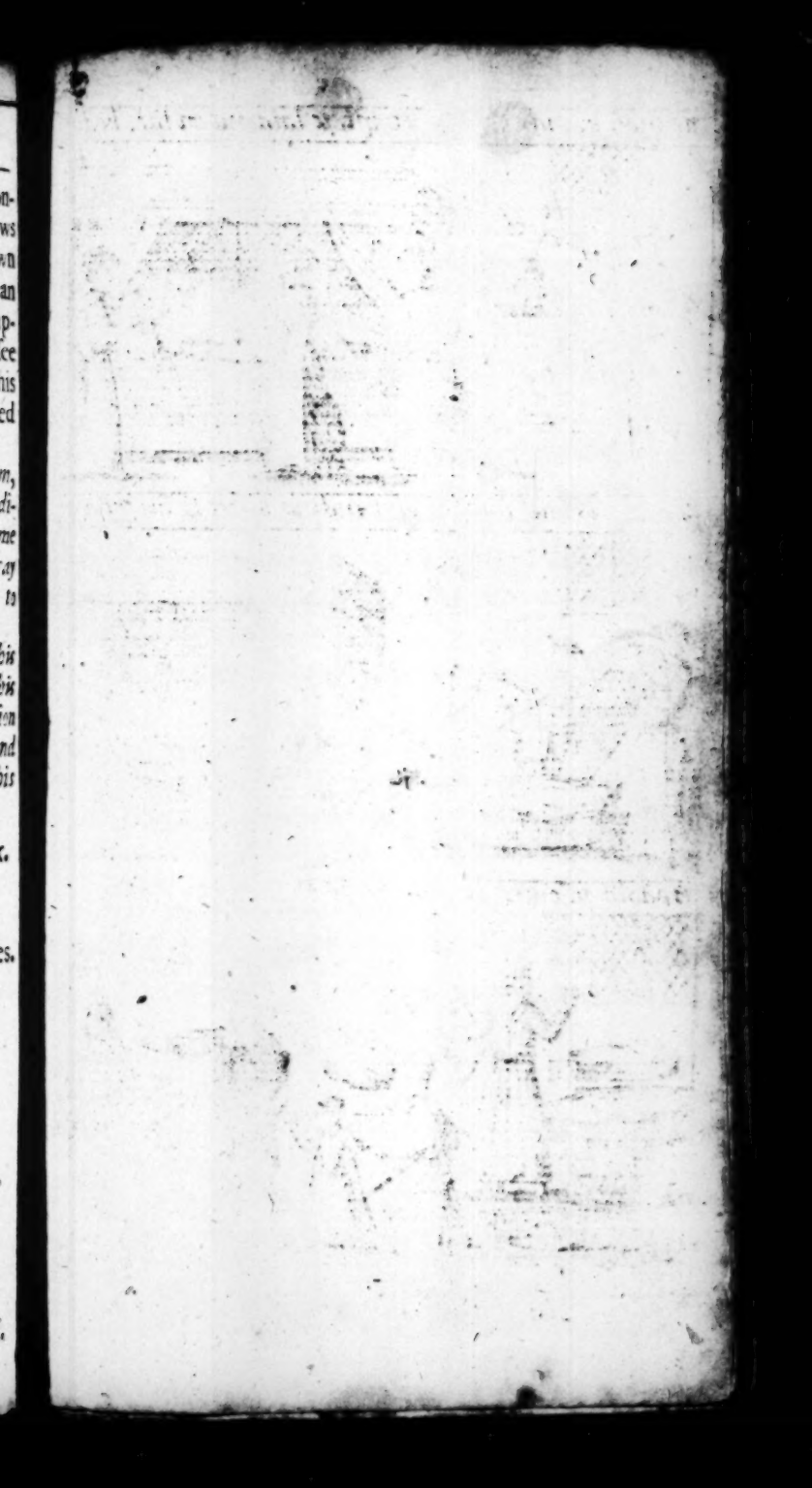
The Miniſters call'd in, when Deaths at Dore,
Unhappy he that never call'd before.
Keep certain watch! uncertain is thy fate,
He dyes too ſoon, who does repent too late.

II.

The *Paſſing-Bell* hath rung, the *Graves* a digging.

Now the ſad Paſſing-Bells *dull doleful clang,*
Through hollow air with ſullen ſwinging rang,
Signal to Worms *and Neighbours, who prepare*
His Claret, theſe his Carcaſe *thoſe to ſhare.*

III.



The man being dead is strip[t] & laid out on the bed.

Thence is he hald in a winding sheet to his [grave]

Behold y[e] own mortality in the Death of others!

III.

A Funeral Sermon is Preacht for the Dead man.
A Pious Soul that ever liv'd by Bread,
In sure and certain hope he's gone to Bed.
Let carefid Overseers do what they can,
Mony still makes the Saint as well as man.

But now behold the perfect man, it may be thou maist see a few Tragical Scenes, the World hating, mocking, persecuting him; but the end of that man is peace. Though he may come forth weeping, yet he goes off at Death rejoycing; though he came forth combating, yet he goes out triumphing, so that the Saints and Angels clap their hands for joy. When I therefore judge of a happy man, I'll wait his end, I care not for his entrance.

MEDITATION III.

From the Bells of the Church adjoyning, I am daily remembred of my burial, in the Funerals of others.

WE have an ingenious Author, who writ a *Discourse of Bells*, when he was Prisoner in *Turkie*. How would he have inlarged himself, if he had been my fellow-prisoner in this *sick-bed*, so near to that *Steeple*, which never ceases, no more than the *harmony of the Spheres*, but is more heard. When the *Turks* took *Constantinople*, they melted the *Bells* into *Ordnance*; I have heard both *Bells* and *Ordnance*, but never been so much affected with those, as with these *Bells*. I have lain near a *Steeple*, by which there are said to be more than *thirty Bells*; and ne're another, where there is one so big, as

that the *Clapper* is ſaid to weigh more than ſix hundred pound, yet never ſo affected as here. Here the *Bells* can ſcarce ſolemnize the Funeral of any perſon, but that I knew him, or knew that he was my Neighbour: we dwelt in Houſes near to one ather before, but now he is gone into that Houſe, into which I muſt follow him. There is a way of correcting the Children of great Perſons, that other Children are corrected in their behalf, and in their names, and this works upon them, who indeed had more deſerved it. And when theſe *Bells* tell me, that now one, and now another is buried, muſt not I acknowledge, that they have the Correction due to me, and paid the Debt that I owe? There is a ſtory of a *Bell* in a *Monaſtery*, which, when any of the houſe was ſick to death, rung always *voluntarily*, and they knew the inevitableneſs of the danger by that. It rung once, when no man was ſick, but the next day one of the Houſe fell from the *Steeple* and died, and the *Bell* held the reputation of Prophet ſtill. If theſe *Bells* that warn to a *Funeral* now, were appropriated to none, may not I, by the hour of the *Funeral* ſupply? How many men that ſtand at an *Execution*, if they would ask, for what dies that man, ſhould hear their own faults condemned, and ſee themſelves executed, by *Atturney?* We ſcarce hear of any *preferred*, but we think our ſelves, that we might very well have been that man, that is carried to his *Grave* now? Could I fit my ſelf to ſtand or ſit in any mans place, and not to lie in any mans grave? I may lack much of the good parts of the neareſt, but I lack nothing of the mortality of the weakeſt; they may have acquired better abilities than I, but I was born to as many infirmities as they. To be an Incumbent by lying down in a Grave, to be a Doctor by teaching Mortification by Example, by dying, though I may have Se-

nion-

niors, others may be elder than I, yet I have proceeded apace in a good *Univerſity*, and gone a great way in a little time, by the furtherance of a vehement *Fever*, and whomſoever theſe *Bells* bring to the ground to day, if he and I had been compared yeſterday, perchance I ſhould have been thought likelier to have come to this preferment then, than he. God hath kept the power of Death in his own hands, leſt any man ſhould bribe death. If man knew the gain of death, the eaſe of death, he would provoke Death to aſſiſt him, by any hand which he might uſe. But as men ſee many of their own Profeſſions preferred, it miniſters a hope that may be light upon them; ſo when theſe hourly *Bells* tell me of ſo many *Funerals* of men, like me, it preſents, if not a deſire that it may, yet a comfort whenſoever mine ſhall come.

But he for whoſe Funeral theſe *Bells* ring now, was at home, at his journeys end, yeſterday; why ring they now? A man, that is a world, is all the things in the world; He is an Armie, and when an Army marches, the Van may lodge to night, where the Rear comes not till to morrow. A man extends to his act, and to his example; to that which he does, and that which he teaches, ſo do thoſe things that concern him, ſo do theſe *Bells*; that which rung yeſterday was to convey him out of the world, in his Vant, in his ſoul, that which rung to day, was to bring him in his Rear, in his body, to the Church; and this continuing of ringing after his entring, is to bring him to me in the Application. Where I lie I could hear the Pſalm, and did joyn with the Congregation in it; but I could not hear the Sermon, and theſe later *Bells* are a repetition Sermon to me. But O my God, my God, do I that have this *Fever*, need other remembrances of my mortality? Is not mine own hollow voice, voice enough to pronounce

that

that to me? Need I look upon a Deaths Head in a Ring, that have one in my Face, or go for Death to my Neighbours houſe, that have him in my boſom?

The PRAYER.

O *Eternal and moſt gracious God, who having conſecrated our living bodies to thine own Spirit, and made us temples of the Holy Ghoſt, doſt alſo require a reſpect to be given to theſe Temples, even when the Prieſt is gone out of them; to theſe bodies, when the ſoul is departed from them; I bleſs and glorifie thy name, that as thou takeſt care in our life, of every hair of our head, ſo doſt thou alſo of every grain of aſhes after our death. Neither doſt thou only do good to us all, in life and death, but alſo wouldſt have us do good to one another, as in holy life, ſo in thoſe things which accompany our death. In that contemplation I make account, that I hear this dead brother of ours, who is now carried out to his burial, to ſpeak to me, and to preach my* Funeral Sermon, *in the voice of theſe* Bells. *In him, O God, thou haſt accompliſhed to me, even the requeſt of* Dives *to* Abraham; *Thou haſt ſent one from the dead to ſpeak unto me. He ſpeaks to me aloud from that* Steeple; *he whiſpers to me at theſe Curtains, and he ſpeaks thy words;* Bleſſed are the dead, which dye in the Lord, from henceforth, *Rev.* 14. 13. *Let this Prayer, therefore, O my God, be as my laſt gaſp, my expiring, my dying in thee; that if this be the hour of my Tranſmigration, I may dye the death of a Sinner, drowned in my Sins, in the blood of thy Son; and if I live longer, yet I may now dye the death of the Righteous, die to Sin; which death is a Reſurrection to a new life: Thou killeſt, and thou giveſt*

veſt life: *which ſoever comes, it comes from thee, which way ſoever it comes, let me come to thee.*

MEDITATION. IV.

Now, this Bell tolling ſoftly for another, ſayes to me, thou muſt dye.

PErchance he for whom this *Bell* tolls, may be ſo ill, as that he knows not it tolls for him. And perchance I may think my ſelf ſo much better than I am, as that they who are about me, and ſee my ſtate, may have cauſed it to toll for me, and I know not that. The *Church is Catholick Univerſal*, ſo are all her actions; all that ſhe does, belongs to all.

When ſhe baptizes a child, that action concerns me; for that child is thereby connected to that Head, which is my Head too, and ingraffed into that Body, whereof I am a member. And when ſhe buries a man, that action concerns me.

And here again ſee the next or fourth Emblem of our Mortality. As ſoon as the *Paſſing-Bell*, &c. hath done ringing, *as was mentioned four or five pages before, why then the man being quite dead, he is ſtript and laid out all along on the Bed, and from thence in about three days time, his Face being pale and wan, his Cheeks fallen, and his Eyes being ſunk into his Head) he is haled in his* Winding-ſheet *to his* Coffin, *where the* weeping Mother, *ſorrowful Children, and ſighing Friends ſhed over him many, many a bitter Tear, whilſt probably all this while the greedy Nurſes are fighting and ſcuffling for his very Shirt and Cloaths, and the greedy and covetous Sons too Boxing and duelling of it valiantly for the Mony and Goods that he hath left behind,* Thus, thus miſerable and wretched is frail man!

Who

Who walketh like a ſhade, and doth
In vain himſelf annoy;
In getting goods, and cannot tell
Who ſhall the ſame enjoy.

But further, Mans Life is compared, 1. To a Pilgrimage, in which is uncertainty, *Gen.* 47. 9. 2. A Flower, in which is mutability, *Iſai.* 40. 7. 3. A Smoak, in which is vanity, *Pſal.* 102. 3. 4. An houſe of Clay, in which is miſery, *Job* 4. 19. 5. A Weavers Shettle, in which is volubility, *Job* 7. 6. 6. A Shepherds Tent, in which is variety, *Iſai.* 38. 12. 7. A Poſt by Land, which makes flying haſte. 8. A Ship on the Sea, in which is celerity. 9. A Marriner, who ſitting, ſtanding, ſleeping, or waking, ever ſaileth on. 10. A Shadow, which is nothing to the Body, *Job* 8. 9. 11. A Hands-breadth, and a Vapour. 12. To a Thought, whereof we have thouſands in one day. 13. To a Dream, whereof we have many in one night, *Job* 20. 8. 14. To Vanity, which is nothing in it ſelf, *Pſal.* 39. 5. 15. And to nothing, which hath no being in the world, *Pſal.* 39. 5.

But I will inlarge no longer upon theſe Heads, for all theſe three mournful and teaching paſſages you may ſee here more fully repreſented to your Eye in this fourth *Emblem.*

Verſes relating to the fourth *Emblem* in this Book.

I.

The man being dead is ſtript and laid out on the Bed.

Keep the Kings peace! as ſoon's the man is dead,
They for his Mony quarrel round his Bed:

Fight Nurse, *fight* Lads, *we'll make a ring about,*
E'ne let 'em have fair play, and Cuff it out.

II.

Thence is he hal'd in a Winding-sheet to his Coffin.

When her dear Spouses last departures nigh,
See where the Wife has made a shift to cry:
He's now box'd up; (the Parliament *be thanked)*
Whose Act has made my Rime in winding Blanket.

III.

Behold your own Mortality in the Death of o-thers, *&c.*

Old Greybeard, *and young* Minx, *as proud as fair,*
Lift up the little Brat, *and all look there:*
His Play *the* Face, *the* Gold, *is all the bliss,*
Yet all in a few years, *must turn* to this.

And now Reader is it not, think you, a great folly, that men are so unwilling to think of death?

Oh! questionless it is: for we see the Marriner, withjoy, thinks of the Haven. The Labourer is glad to see the Evening. The Traveller is merry when his journey is ended. The Souldier is not sorry, when his fight is over: and shall we be grieved when the days of sin are ended by Death.

And now in a word, all mankind is of one Author, and is one volume; when one man dies, one chapter is not torn out of the Book, but translated into a better Language; and every chapter must be so translated; God imploys several Translators; some pieces are translated by Age, some by Sickness, some by Justice, but Gods hand is in every translation; and his hand shall bind up all our scattered leaves again, for that Library where every Book shall lye open to one another: As therefore the *Bell* that rings to a Sermon, calls not upon the Preacher

Preacher only, but upon the Congregation to come; ſo this *Bell* calls us all: but how much more me, who am brought ſo near the door by this ſudden ſickneſs.

But the truth on it is the *Bell* doth toll for him, that thinks it doth; and though it intermit again, yet from that minute, that that occaſion wrought upon him, he is united to God. Who caſts not up his Eye to the Sun when it riſes? But who takes off his Eye from a Comet, when that breaks out? who bends not his Ear to any *Bell*, which upon any occaſion rings? But who can remove it from that *Bell*, which is paſſing a piece of himſelf out of this world? No man is an *Iſland*, intire of it ſelf; every man is a piece of the Continent, a part of the Main; if a Clod be waſhed away by the Sea, *Europe* is the leſs, as well as if a Promontary were, as well as if a Mannor of thy Friends or of thine own were; Any mans death diminiſhes me, becauſe I am involved in Mankind, and therefore never ſend to know for whom the *Bell* tolls; *it tolls for thee.* Neither can we call this a begging of miſery, or a borrowing of miſery, as though we were not miſerable enough of our ſelves, but muſt fetch in more from the next houſe, in taking upon us the miſery of our Neighbours. Truly it were an excuſeable covetouſneſs, if we did; for affliction is a treaſure, and ſcarce any man hath enough of it. No man hath Affliction enough, that is not matured, and ripened by it, and made fit for God by that Affliction. If a man carry treaſure in *Bullion*, or in a *Wedge of Gold*, and have none coyned into *currant Monys*, his treaſure will not defray him as he travels. Tribulation is treaſure in the nature of it, but it is not currant money in the uſe of it, except we get nearer and nearer our home, Heaven, by it. Another may be ſick too, and ſick to *Death*, and this Affliction

on may lye in his bowels, as Gold in a Mine, and be of no uſe to him; but this *Bell* that tells me of his Affliction, digs out, and applyes that Gold to me: If by this conſideration of anothers danger, I take mine own into contemplation, and ſo ſecure my ſelf, by making my recourſe to my God, who is our onely ſecurity.

The PRAYER.

O *Eternal and moſt gracious God, I have a new occaſion of thanks, and a new occaſion of Prayer to thee from the ringing of this* Bell. *Thou toldſt me in the other voice, that I was mortal, and approaching to death; in this I may hear thee ſay, that I am dead, in an irremediable, in an irrecoverable ſtate for bodily health. If that be thy language in this voyce, how infinitely am I bound to thy heavenly Majeſty, for ſpeaking ſo plainly unto me? for even that voice, that I muſt dye now, is not the voice of a Judge, that ſpeaks by way of condemnation, but of a Phyſician, that preſents health in that: Thou preſenteſt me* Death *as the cure of my diſeaſe, not as the exaltation of it; if I miſtake thy voice herein, if* I *overrun thy pace, and prevent thy hand, and imagine death more inſtant upon me than thou haſt bid him be, yet the voice belongs to me;* I *am dead,* I *was born dead, and from the firſt laying of theſe mud walls in my conception, they have moldred away, and the whole courſe of life is but an active death. Whether this voice inſtruct me, that* I *am dead man now, or remember me, that* I *have been a dead man all this while,* I *humbly thank thee for ſpeaking in this voice to my ſoul.*

EX-

EXPOSTULATION.

MY God, my God, is this one of thy ways, of drawing light out of darkneſs, to make him for whom this *Bell* tolls, now in this dimneſs of his ſight, to become a Superintendent, an Overſeer, a Biſhop, to as many as hear his voice, in this *Bell*, and to give us a confirmation in this action? Is this one of thy ways to raiſe ſtrength out of Weakneſs, to make him who cannot riſe from his bed, nor ſtir in his bed, come home to me, and in this ſound give me the ſtrength of healthy and vigorous Inſtructions? O my God, my God, what thunder is not a well-tuned Cymbal, what hoarſeneſs, what harſhneſs is not a clear Organ, if thou be pleaſed to ſet thy voice to it? and what Organ is not well played on, if thy hand be upon it? Thy voice, thy hand is in this ſound, and in this one ſound, I hear this whole conſort. I hear thy *Jacob* call unto his Sons, and ſay, *Gather your ſelves together, that I may tell you what ſhall befall you in the laſt days*, Gen 49. 1. he ſayes, *That which I am now, you muſt be then.* I hear thy *Moſes* telling me, and all within the compaſs of this ſound, *This is the bleſſing wherewith I bleſs you before my death*, Deut. 33. 1. This, that before your death you would conſider your own in mine. I hear thy Prophet ſaying to *Ezechias*, *Set thy houſe in order, for thou ſhalt die, and not live*; 2 *Reg.* 20. 1. He makes us of his Family, and calls this a ſetting of his houſe in order, to compoſe us to the *meditation of death.* I hear thy Apoſtles ſaying, *I think it meet to put you in remembrance, knowing that ſhortly I muſt go out of this Tabernacle*, 2 *Pet.* 2. 13. This is the publiſhing of his will, and this *Bell* is our Legacy, the ſupplying of his preſent condition to our uſe.

The

The PRAYER.

O Eternal and most gracious GOD, who hast been pleased to speak to us, not only in the voyce of Nature, who speaks in our hearts, and of thy word which speaks to our ears, but in the speech of speechless creatures, in Balaams Asse, in the speech of unbeleving men, in the confession of Pilate, in the speech of the Devil himself, in the recognition and attestation of thy Son; I humbly accept thy voice, in the sound of this sad and funeral Bell. *And first, I bless thy glorious name, that in this sound and voice, I can hear thy instructions in another mans, to consider mine own condition; and to know that this* Bell *which tolls for another, before it come to ring out, may take in me too. As death is the wages of Sin, it is due to me; as death is the end of sickness, it belongs to me: And though so disobedient a servant as I, may be afraid to die, yet to so merciful a Master as thou, I cannot be afraid to come; and therefore into thy hands, O my God, I commend my spirit, a surrender which I know thou wilt accept whether I live or die.*

MEDITATION V.

The Bell rings out, and tells me in him, that I am dead.

THe *Bell* rings out, the Pulse thereof is changed; the tolling was a faint, and intermitting Pulse, upon one side; this stronger, and argues more and better life. His soul is gone out; and as a man who had a lease of 1000 years after the expiration of a short one, or an Inheritance after the life

life of a man, in a Conſumption, he is now entred into the poſſeſſion of his better eſtate. His Soul is gone; whither? Who ſaw it come in, or who ſaw it go out? No body, yet every body is ſure, he had one, and hath none. If I will ask, not a few men, but almoſt whole bodies, whole Churches, how the Souls of men at their departing from the body go out, I ſhall be told, they cannot tell.

Saint *Auguſtine* ſtudied the nature of the Soul, as much as any thing, but the ſalvation of the Soul; and he ſent an expreſs Meſſenger to Saint *Hierome*, to conſult of ſome things concerning the Soul: but he ſatisfies himſelf with this: *Let the departure of my ſoul to ſalvation, be evident to my faith, and I care the leſs, how dark the entrance of my ſoul into my body, be to my reaſon.* It is the well going out, more than the coming in, that concerns us. This ſoul, this *bell* tells me, is gone out, whither? Who ſhall tell me that? I know not who it is, much leſs what he was; the condition of the man, and the courſe of his life, which would tell me whither he is gone, I know not. I was not there in his ſickneſs, nor at *his death*; I ſaw not his way, nor his end, nor can ask them, who did, thereby to conclude or argue whither he is gone. But yet I have one nearer me then all theſe, mine own *Charity*; I ask that, and that tells me, *he is gone to everlaſting reſt*, and joy and glory: I owe him a good opinion, it is but thankful Charity in me, becauſe I received benefit and inſtruction from him when his *Bell* tolled: and I do verily believe that his ſoul is gone to everlaſting reſt, and joy and glory. But for the Body, how poor a wretched thing is that? we cannot expreſs it ſo faſt, as it grows worſe and worſe. That Body, which ſcarce three minutes ſince was ſuch a houſe, as that that ſoul, which made but one ſtep from thence to heaven, was ſcarce throughly con-

content to leave that for heaven: that body hath loſt the name of a dwelling houſe, becauſe none dwells in it, and is making haſte to loſe the name of a Body, and diſſolve to putrifaction. Who would not be affected to ſee a clear and ſweet River in the morning, grow a Kennel of muddy Land water by noon, and condemned to the ſaltneſs of the Sea by night? and how lame a Picture, how faint a Repreſentation is that, of the precipitation of mans body to diſſolution? now all the parts built up, and knit by a lovely ſoul, now but a ſtatue of Clay, and now theſe limbs melted off, as if that Clay were but Snow; and now the whole houſe is but a handful of Sand, ſo much Duſt, and but a peck of Rubbidge, ſo much Bone. If he, who as this *Bell* tells me, is gone now, were ſome excellent Artificer, who comes to him for a Cloak, or for a garment now? or for Counſel if he were a Lawyer? if a Magiſtrate, for Juſtice? Man, before he hath his immortal ſoul, hath a ſoul of Senſe, and a ſoul of Vegitation before that: This immortal ſoul did not forbid other ſouls to be in us before, but when this ſoul departs, it carries all with it; no more Vegitation, no more Senſe: ſuch a Mother in law is the Earth, in reſpect of our Natural Mother; in her womb we grew, and when ſhe was delivered of us, we were planted in ſome place, in ſome calling in the World; in the Womb of the Earth, we diminiſh, and when ſhe is delivered of us, our Grave opened for another, we are not tranſplanted but tranſported, our duſt in the mean time being blown away with prophane duſt, with every wind. And here by the next or fifth Emblem of our mortality, where they are preparing in *The houſe of Weeping*, to carry the Corps of the dead perſon to the grave, you may ſee how that

Our

Our Entrance *and our* Exit *ſeem to meet,*
Our ſwadling *Bands almoſt our* Winding *Sheet.*
Poor man from Mother Earth *does juſt ariſe,*
Then looks abroad, returns again, and dyes.
Some forty years *perhaps with much ado*
He has prolong'd his tedious life unto,
Then under Griefs and Cares he ſinks away,
His Carkaſs moulding into native Clay.
See where his Friends ſurround the ſacred Urn
Where all his fond Relations fondly *mourn;*
And when the ſolemn Bell *does ſadly call,*
The drooping Pomp attends his Funeral,
How he from Fortunes ſtore *can only have*
A Narrow Coffin, *and a* ſcanty Grave.
——— *And here dear Mortal!*
Seeſt thou not plain the Emblem *of thy State?*
Th' exact Idea of thy haſting *Fate?*
The Figure's *drawn to th' life, yea ev'ry part*
Is grac'd and deckt with more than Zeuxian *Art*
The firſt Scene ſhowes when man's laid out for dead
When th' ſprightly Soul from th' Body's gone and fled
His mournful friends no longer can endure
The lifeleſs Corps, therefore they do immure
And ſhut it cloſe up in a Sable Hearſe,
As totally unfit for all Commerce;
O're which they ſhowre ſuch ſtore of tears that they
Mourning, exhauſt their Moiſture and decay.
With ſorrow-wounded hearts they ſob and cry
Themſelves to death, they take their turns to dye.
Becauſe one's death from th'other draws ſuch grief
As kills the Soul in ſpight of all relief:
Next is he brought on ſhoulders *of his Friends*
Along the ſtreets, where diſmally attends
A Crowd of Mourners, *to the Church, where they*
Are twice foretold, and warn'd they are but Clay;
Firſt, *by the words of th'* Preacher, *and then next*
The Corps *(tho tacitly) repeats the* Text.

But lo the End's more diſmal than the reſt,
Which brings the final Concalmatum eſt *:*
Earth *now is laid to* Earth, *and* duſt to *duſt,*
Earth *ope's its mouth, the* Coffin ſtop it muſt.
This is the Lot of all, none can it flee :
Earth's *not quite full, there's room yet left for thee.*

A Wiſh upon hearing a *Paſſing-bell* ring.

Hearing a *Paſſing-bell*, I wiſhed and prayed too, that *the ſick man* might have, through *Chriſt*, a ſafe voyage to his *long home*; afterwards I underſtood that the party was *dead* ſome hours before: and it ſeems in ſome places of *London*, the tolling of the Bell, is but a *preface of courſe* to ring it out.

Bells are better ſilent than thus telling lyes, what is this but giving a falſe Alarum *to mens* Devotions, *to make them to be ready armed with their Prayers; for the aſſiſtance of ſuch, who have already* fought the good fight, *yea, and gotten the Conqueſt*, not to ſay *that mens Charity herein may be ſuſpected of ſuperſtition, in praying for the dead.*

However my heart thus poured out, *was not ſpilt on the ground. My Prayers too late to do him good, came ſoon enough to ſpeak my good will, what I freely tendered, God freely took, according to the integrity of my Intentions. The party, I hope, is in* Abraham's, *and my Prayers, I am ſure, are returned into my own boſom.*

A Wiſh where a *Funeral* is a Rarity, as in Country Villages.

Living in a Country Village, where a *Burial* was a rarity, I never thought of *Death*, it was ſo ſeldom preſented unto me. Coming to *London*, where there is plenty of *Funerals*, (ſo that Coffins and Corps

Corps in the Grave juſtle for elbow room) I ſlighted and neglected *Death*, becauſe grown an object ſo conſtant and common: How foul is my Stomach, to turn all Food into bad humors, *Funerals* neither few nor frequent, work effectually on me *London is a Library of Mortality*: Volumes of all ſorts and ſizes, Rich and Poor, Infants, Children, Youth, Men, Old men daily dye. I ſee there is more required to make a good Scholar, than only the having of many Books. Lord I therefore wiſh that thou wilt be my Schoolmaſter, *and teach me to number my days, that I may apply my heart unto wiſdom.*

NOw in the next place I ſhall give you a Dialogue, fancied between a Country *Parſon* and a *Stranger*, upon the Road to *London.*

Miniſter. *Well overtaken friend, whither travel you ſo faſt?*

Stranger. Sir, I am going for *London*, and ſhall be glad of your good Company, if you will travel along with me.

Miniſter. *Sir with all my heart: and if you pleaſe by the way, we will have ſome heavenly conferences which will render our way pleaſant, and abate the tedi-ouſneſs of the way.*

Stranger. With all my heart.

Miniſter. *Well then, becauſe you have here no abiding city, what are you to do that you may get the whole art of Living and Dying well?*

Stranger. I am ever to meditate upon five things.

1. Of mine own death; which is moſt certain that it will come, and uncertain when it will come.

2. Of the death of Chriſt; which was bitter to him, but ſweet to, and for, his.

3. Of

3. Of the deceitfulness of this world, which is subtil to allure, and subject to change.

4. Of the joys of heaven, which are comfortable to think on, and glorious to possess.

5. Of the torments of hell, which are endless in themselves, and comfortless to sinners.

Stranger. *What think you of such as are in miserie, and desire to die, to be freed from miserie?*

Minister. I think their desires are not simply unlawful, especially if they submit them to the will of God. I am vexed with a long and lingering disease, I would be freed by death, if God would free me: I am detained in prison, I would be delivered by death, if God would deliver me: I am exiled from my native countrey, I would go to heaven, if God would send for me. Do I sin in this? God forbid. *Elias* did it, when he desired God to take away his life, 1 *Kin.* 19. 4. And *Job* did it, when he would have been contented to depart this life: and many of Gods children have done the like.

Stranger. *But all this while you have not told me what death is?*

Minister. It is nothing else but the privation of this natural life, or the departure of the soul from the body: or as it were the deposition of an heavy burden of troubles in this life, by which we are eased; especially if we carry not with us such a burden of sins as may weigh us down to the pit of perdition.

Secundus the Philosopher being asked this question by *Hadrian* the Emperour, said: Death is an eternal sleep, the dissolution of our bodies, the fear of rich men, the desire of poor men, an inevitable event, an uncertain *Pilgrimage*, a robber of mankind, the mother of sleep, the passage of life, the departure of the living, and a dissolution of all. In a word, *Death* is the work of life, the rest

nature, the ſleep of fleſh and ſence; the takin
down theſe few ſticks, thy earthly tabernacle wa
built with; the putting off and laying up thy Ga
ment of fleſh and blood for a night, till the gre
and joyful day of the Reſurrection come: the farewe
and good night of two old friends, parted for a ſe
ſon: our journey and quick paſſage into the oth
world: our ſouls Goal-delivery from the priſon o
the body, our Birth-delivery into the *unſeen* and be
ter world: and ſo the way, the gate of Life.

Stranger. *Muſt I in my youth of neceſſity begin to li
well? will not God accept of my ſervice when I a
old?*

Miniſter. Will you wound your ſelf, that yo
may go to the Chirurgion? and will you ſin in yo
youth, that you may ſue for pardon in your o
age: will you lay all the burden upon a laine her
when you have many ſtronger in your teem: sh
the devil have your flowers, and God your weed
the devil your wine, and God the lees? the de
the fatteſt and faireſt of your flock, and God
halt, a lame, and a lean ſacrifice? God forbid.

Stranger. *Yet if I have but time to ſay*, Lord ha
mercy upon me, *though I had lived never ſo bad
God will have mercy upon me, will he not?*

Miniſter. It is true indeed: that holy thief d
it upon the croſs, and God had mercy upon hi
Mary Magdalen did it after her leud life, and G
had mercy upon her. But (firſt) are you not w
thy to want favour at your death, who have re
ſiſted all your life?

Secondly, do you think that your repentance
unfained, which is but only for a few da es
hours?

Thirdly, do you not ſee that ſuch repentanc
often hypocritical, when men that recover fr
ſickneſs, fall again to ſin, after ſuch a kind of
penitance?

Fourth

Fourthly, do not many fall into desperation at their death, because they have not served God in their life?

Fifthly, is it not a folly to do that all day, which you must be enforced to undo at night?

Sixthly, do you not see that God in his justice doth take sense, and reason from many at their death, who have refused his mercy, all the dayes of their life?

Stranger. *Sir, but further, I would not die in a strange country, for fear of an ignominious Burial, what comforts can you give me here?*

Minister. Fear not, oh fear not that; for *Abraham* did, and died quietly: *Joseph* did, and he died honourably: many Saints did, and they died gloriously. Are you slain in battel? you have a tomb amongst the dead bodies of your enemies. Do you dye in travell? you are here a stranger, your country is in heaven. Death comes unto you masked, in these and such like shapes, take off the mask, and it is the same death wherewith women and children dye. Every place is alike distant from heaven.

Stranger. *But when I have seen all the world, would you have me willing to leave all the world?*

Minister. Why, you ever have seen the same rising and setting of the Sun: the same increasing and decreasing of nature: the like sins that have been in former times: and if you have seen all the world, consider but the vanity and mutability of this world, and either you will say that this world is a world of wickedness, or that now in this old age it is passing away, as a thred bare garment over worn.

Stranger. *Is it easie now, think you, to leave wife and children, father and mother, and all my friends?*

Miniſter. Where you go you ſhall find more, an ſuch as you never ſaw: and they whom you lea behind, ſhall ſhortly follow after you.

Stranger. *But what ſhall become of my wife, chi dren, friends, and kinſfolks, who depend upon me?*

Miniſter. All theſe belong more to God, then t you: he loves them beſt, and will provide beſt fo them; and ſuch ſo left, have often riſen to hig and great places.

Stranger. *Yet if I died not alone, I might ha more comfort.*

Miniſter. Alone: why? how many thouſands the world die in the ſame moment of time, whic you dye in, and yet (which God may grant to yo but a few of them go to heaven?

Stranger. *But Sir, once again; would you have me to fear death, which cauſeth me to loſe life, look like ghoſt, and which taketh away from me all the joys this viſible world?*

Miniſter. By loſing a temporal life, you find th life which is eternal: you ſhall not be afraid wh you look ghaſtly, and that ghaſtly body of you ſhall one day be clothed with glory, and be ma like to the glorious body of your moſt glorious Sav our: and as for the pettie, add peacock joves her you ſhall have joys eternal, and unſpeakable her after.

Stranger. *Seeing then I muſt needs die, what ma I do to dye well?*

Miniſter. 1. Labour that your ſins dye in yo before you dye in the world.

2. Be ever ready and prepared, either for deat or judgment.

Stranger. *Well, but now Sir, ſuppoſe I ſhould be c upon a ſick bed; what rules can you give me to obſer at that time?*

Miniſter

Minister. You are first to set your soul in order, nd see how you stand in the favour of God.

Stranger. *And what are the reasons of this rule?*

Minister. 1. Because the sickness of the body doth roceed from the Sin of the soul. *Lament.* 3. 39.

2. The cure of the soul procures often the health f the body. *Mat.* 9. 2.

3. If your sickness be a sickness to death, you all dye more quietly: otherwise death is most arful in sickness.

4. By this you shall take your sickness the more atiently.

5. You shall so give example to such as come to isit you, to do the like.

6. All your friends shall by this be perswaded, hat you are the child of God.

Stranger. *Do you think in this case it is fit, whilst am in good memory, and it may be in some hope of re- very, to send for any godly Minister to comfort me?*

Minister. O it cannot, but be very fit: for he is, . The Lords messenger, to declare unto man his econciliation by Christ.

2. He is able to beat you down by the curses of he Law, and to raise you up by the promises of the Gospel.

3. He hath experience to speak a word in due sea- on unto you.

4. He especially, as Gods Physician hath store of alves to cure your sick soul.

5. You may boldly uncover your sores to him, who will not discover him to your future shame.

6. He can see further into the nature of your heart, han oftentimes you your self can.

7. He will boldly ripp up your Ulcers, that after e may the better cure them.

8. If he comfort, or correct you for sin, you may e perswaded, that both come from God.

9. You ſhall, by this, much eaſe your own heart, by craving comfort from a godly Preacher.

10 You ſhall cauſe others in the like viſitation, to do as you have done; and you your ſelf be fitter to dye.

Stranger. *When I have taken this courſe for my ſoul, what muſt I do in the next place for my body?*

Miniſter. You are then to uſe the help of a godly Phyſician, and that for theſe reaſons:

1. Your body is the ſouls houſe; if it be decaying, you muſt ſeek to repair it by all the good means you can.

2. God hath given expert Phyſicians skill, to reſtore many diſeaſes of the body.

3. God hath appointed many ſoveraign remedies, to recover man in his ſick eſtate.

4. You ſhall better ſatisfie your ſelf if you dye, in that you neglected not lawful means.

5. For want of this duty, many do periſh, who might recover.

Stranger. *Well: ſay then, that I ſend for my Preacher: (and why ſhould I not ſend for him, as well as for my Phyſician) what muſt I do when he is come unto me?*

Miniſter. You are bound, 1. To acklowledge and confeſs all ſuch ſins, as do any way ſo diſquiet you, that you cannot be perſwaded of the pardon of them.

2. You are to reveal thoſe ſeveral temptations, by which Satan aſſaileth you in your ſickneſs.

3. You are to deſire comfort from him, againſt the burden of your ſins, and thoſe temptations of the devil.

4. You muſt believe, that whatſoever he ſaith to you, out of Gods word, is the voice of God.

5. You muſt hide nothing from him, by which you like a hypocrite, deſire to be thought to be in a better eſtate than you are. 6. You

6. You must desire him to pray for you, that God may either recover your health, or receive your soul.

7. You must not be sorry if he say unto you, that your sickness may be a sickness to death, and that therefore you had need to provide for another world.

8. If you be ignorant in piety and godliness, you must never leave him till you have gotten a saving and sure knowledge of God in Christ.

Stranger. *And what must he do then to me?*

Minister. He must, 1. Examine your knowledge, faith, repentance, and reconciliation to your neighbour.

2. Comfort you against the fear of death.

3. Pray for your continuance in faith.

4. Advise you to dispose well of your goods, and as you are able to remember the poor.

Stranger. *Sir But what shall I do if in my sickness my friends will not come at me?*

Minister. O, but God will never forsake you: and (especially in Cities) you shall have so many, as can do you any good: the fewer you have to gaze upon you, the fitter you are to look up to God.

Stranger. *But alas, I shall want my solemn funeral?*

Minister. What is that to the salvation of your soul, and resurrection of your body? comfort your self in Christian, not costly burial.

Stranger. *But now when I am sick of any disease, as I must reconcile my self to God, so ought I not to reconcile my self to my Neighbour?*

Minister. If you have wronged him in his body by striking, soul by seducing, person by imprisoning, goods by stealing, name by slandering, or any other way have done him hurt, you must seek to be reconciled unto him, *Matth.* 5. 25.

Stranger. *What if I be so diseased, that he dares not come to me, or be so far absent, that he cannot come to me; what am I now to do?*

Miniſter. In this caſe,

1. God accepteth the will for the deed.

2. You muſt teſtifie your deſire to friends preſent.

Stranger. *As for my goods, is it fit to make my will in ſickneſs?*

Miniſter. Nay, rather you ſhould ever have it ready in your health; if you have not, it is needful in ſickneſs to make it for theſe reaſons, (though many think they muſt dye, if their will be made.)

1. In regard of your own credit, that others may think you a wiſe man.

2. Of your own Conſcience, that having ſet all in good order, you may more freely depart in peace.

3. Of your loving Wife, for whom you ought to provide.

4 Of your Children, that each of them may have a convement portion of your goods.

5. Of your Servants, that they may not depart empty away.

6. Of your Friends, that ſome legacies may be allotted to them.

7. Of the Church, that you may, as you are able, remember it.

8. Of the Common-wealth, that you may do good to ſuch Societies as you have lived in.

9. Of the poor, that by giving to them, you may ſend that portion of wealth before you to Heaven.

10. Of your poſſeſſions and goods themſelves, that they may know their owners after you are gone.

Stranger. *How ought I to make my Will?*

Miniſter. It muſt be made according to the Law,

1. Of Nature, by which you are born.

2. Of that Nation in which you live.

3. Of God, by whom you have lived, and to whom you die. And this you muſt do in few, plain, and ſignificant words.

Stran-

Stranger. *Say that I have gotten my goods badly: what must I do?*

Minister. You must make restitution to the true owners, if you know them; if not, the poor are the best inheritors of such goods.

Stranger. *Who are the fittest to be Executors of my Will?*

Minister. That person whom thou hast tried to be faithful to God, sincere in his conversation, wise in his own business, and who is like to be loving to thine, and trusty to accomplish the whole intent of thy Testament.

Stranger. *As I am about my Will, many friends will perhaps come and visit me: how shall I know who are my best friends?*

Minister. Surely they who give you good advice for your souls health, who have a fellow feeling of your sickness, and who wish rather your life to do good, than your death to have your goods: especially your best friend is a *Good Conscience*: for that will never leave you, nor forsake you.

Stranger. *But when my Friends come to visit me, am I to perform no dutie to them?*

Minister. You are to will them, 1. To serve God heartily.

2. To obey Governors faithfully.
3. To continue in the truth zealously.
4. To be loving one to another.
5. To be kind to your surviving alliance.
6. To meditate of death by your example.
7. Not to be over sorrowful at your dissolution.

Stranger. *Sir, Death when it stares me in the face it seems terrible to me, what comforts can you give me against the dread of it?*

Minister. 1. That Christ is to us the resurrection and the life: and whosoever believeth in him though he were dead, yet shall he live, *John* 11. 25.

2. That our death being converted into a ſweet ſleep, is the complement of the mortification of our fleſh; ſo that he which is dead, is freed from Sin, *Rom.* 6. 7.

3. That we are aſſured of the ſouls immortality, that it ſhall go by the tranſportation of Angels, to the aſſembly and ſociety of the firſt born, which are written in Heaven, *Luke* 16. 22. *Heb.* 21. 23. and that our bodies do reſt in the earth: ſo that one doth, not unfitly, call the Grave, an *Haven* for the body to arrive at.

4. That we believe the reſurrection of the body, and everlaſting life after death: for, for this is the faith of Chriſtians only.

5. That (if *Chyſoſtom* ſay true) death is but a bare name.

Stranger. *To draw to an end, and to come to my end, when the pangs of death come upon me, and the worms of the earth wait for me, if God give me then mine underſtanding, what, I pray, you, may be my fitteſt meditation?*

Miniſter. Say now inwardly to your ſick ſoul; Now my Pilgramage is ended, my harveſt is inned, my journey is finiſhed: my race is run, my glaſs is ſpent, my candle is in the ſocket: many of the godly are gone before, and I am now to follow them: now think that you are come out of Priſon, gotten out of *Babylon*, and are going to *Jeruſalem*. Now think think that the Angels ſtand at your Beds head, to carry your ſoul into *Abrahams* boſom; where you ſhall enjoy the ſociety of Angels, the company of the Saints, and the knowledge of them whom you never knew here: where you ſhall live eternally, reign triumphantly, and obey God perfectly. Meditate now, that you muſt not be loth to leave this world, becauſe you *go to that which is to come*; to leave your earthly preferments, becauſe God will

ſet

set a Crown of pure Gold upon your head; and to leave your friends and acquaintance here, because you shall see them in glory hereafter. These and such like must be your meditations.

Stranger. *Now it may be (and I pray God it may be) that I may have speech unto the last gasp, what words are fit for me to utter then?*

Minister. If God give you that blessing, say now with *David*;

Lord into thy hands I commend my Spirit: for thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of Truth.

With *Simeon*, Lord now lettest thou thy Servant depart in peace, according to thy word: for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.

I have fought a good fight: I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: from henceforth is laid up for me a Crown of Righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but to all them that love that appearing of his.

Say, How sweet is my Saviour unto me! sweeter than the hony, and the hony comb.

Say, Blessed are the dead, that dye in the Lord: for they rest from their Labours, and their works follow them.

Say with *Stephen*, Lord into thine hands I commend my soul.

Say with the Saints, Come Lord Jesus, come quickly.

Say, Lord, be good unto my Kinsfolks in the flesh, and my Friends in the spirit, that they may live in thy fear, and dye in thy favour.

Say with Oecolampadius, *to all that come to thee*, I will tell you news, I shall shortly be with the Lord.

Say with Melanethon, if it be the will of God, I am willing to dye, and I beseech him that he will grant me a joyful departure.

Say

Say with Peter Martyr, Farewel, my kind Brethren and dear Friends, I am now paſſing to Glory.

Say, Bleſſed is God in all his ways, and holy in all his works: Naked I came out of my Mothers womb, and naked ſhall I return again. The Lord hath given, and the Lord hath taken away; bleſſed be the name of the Lord. I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he ſhall ſtand at the laſt day on the earth. And though after my skin worms deſtroy this body, yet I ſhall ſee God in my fleſh. Whom I my ſelf ſhall ſee, and mine eyes ſhall behold, and none other for me, though my reins are conſumed within me.

Say, in a word, Lord I thank thee, that I am a Chriſtian, that I lived in a Chriſtian Church, that I dye amongſt a Chriſtian people, that I go to a Chriſtian Society. Lord Jeſus, ſon of *David*, have mercy upon me, and receive my ſoul. Even ſo come Lord Jeſus, come quickly. *Amen.*

Stranger. *If I have time, theſe are fit, both meditations, and ſpeeches: but I may dye upon a ſudden: what inſtructions can you give me againſt a ſudden death?*

Miniſter. You may indeed dye ſuddenly, either by fire in your Houſe, or water in your Ship, or earth falling into ſome Pit, or a caſualty in your way, or impoſtumation, and an apoplexie in your body, or by travel in childbirth, if you be a woman, or the ſword in war, if you be a man. Therefore think,

1. That death may come upon you unawares: wherefore as you would do for a ſuſpected enemy, wait ſo for it, that it may never ſurprize you.

2. Know that many worthy men have dyed ſuddenly: *Julius Cæſar*, diſputing the night before of the good of ſudden death, was the next day by *Brutus* and *Caſſius* ſlain ſuddenly in the Senate.

Johannes Matheſius having preached a Sermon of the raiſing again of the Widdow of *Nains* Son (and therein handling the knowledge, that one Friend ſhould have another in Heaven) within three hours after ſlept peaceably in the Lord.

Luther ſitting at Supper, and diſcourſing of the ſame argument, about midnight after departed this life.

One Mr. *Read*; an Alderman of *Norwich*, having read in the morning the Chapter of *Henocks* taking up, in the Counſel Chamber died ſuddenly at the table amongſt his brethren.

Stranger. *Now ſince my ſoul muſt depart from my body, ought I to take any great thought for my burial?*

Miniſter. As the grave at your death is ready for you, *Job* 17. 1. ſo you alſo muſt have care of it: and your ſurviving friends muſt have ſuch reſpect to your dead body, that may be interred in a religious ſort: for,

1. You are no *Scythian*, that your dead body ſhould be eaten at ſome feaſt; nor *Sabean*, that it ſhould be caſt on a dunghil; nor *Hyrcanian*, that it ſhould be devoured by Dogs; nor *Lothophagian*, that it ſhould be caſt into the Sea; nor *Indian*, that it ſhould be burned with fire; but a Chriſtian, that it may be buried in the earth.

2. Your dead body is a member of Chriſt:

3. It was, as well as the ſoul, the temple of the Holy Ghoſt.

4. It was the Ordinance of God, that earth ſhould return to his earth, as the ſoul doth to him, that gave it. *Gen.* 3. *Eccleſ.* 7.

5. That Chriſt, who redeemed your ſoul, hath alſo paid a ranſom for your body.

6. It hath been an inſtrument uſed by God, to perform many ſervices unto him.

7. It muſt riſe again out of the grave, and in the day of judgment be made like unto the glorious body of Chriſt, *Phil.* 5. 21.

8. Religious and godly Friends have had this care to bury their dead: ſo *Abraham* had to bury *Sarah*, *Joſeph* to bury *Jacob*, *Iſrael* to bury *Samuel*, *Nicodemus* to bury *Chriſt*, and the Diſciples to bury *John* the Baptiſt, and *Steven* the firſt Martyr that ſuffered after *Chriſt*.

9. It is one of Gods judgements to want burial, *Jer.* 22. 19.

10. *The Saints complain for the want of it, ſaying*, *Pſal.* 79. 3. The dead bodies of thy ſervants have they given to be meat unto the fouls of heaven, and the fleſh of the Saints unto the beaſts of the earth. Their blood have they ſhed like water round about *Jeruſalem*, and there was none to bury them.

11. *Joſeph* gave commandment concerning his bones, *Gen.* 50.

12. Many heathen people have been very careful of this duty. The *Egyptians* embalmed, and ſo buried their dead: and the *Hebrews* made a law, that no cremy ſhould lye unburied.

Stranger. *What think you of a place of burial?*

Miniſter. *Abraham* bought a field for the burial of his dead, *Gen.* 24.

Chriſt was buried in a garden, according to the cuſtom of the *Jews*, *John* 20.

The *Turks* at this day bury none in their Cities: and it was one of the Laws of the 12. tables, amongſt the *Romans*, that *none ſhould be buried within the walls*.

Amongſt Chriſtians, *Churches and Church-yards* are appointed for the dead, for theſe reaſons.

1. To keep the City from contagion.

2. That our dead bodies ſhould not be raked up again.

3. To

2. To shew our care for the Saints departed.

Stranger. *Ought there any care to be had to keep Church-yards in good sort?*

Minister. There ought: 1. They are the houses of Christians, and as it were chambers or beds to sleep in.

2. They are places to which we may resort, to be put in mind of our future mortality.

3. It argues little charity to abuse those places where our friends lie buried.

Stranger. *What think you of making monuments for the dead?*

Minister. I remember *Tullie* saith, that the *Romans* had a law, that no man should build a more costly sepulchre, than could be finished in three daves. *Lib. 2. de leg.*

The Egyptians builded gorgeous sepulchres, and mean houses, because the one was to them but as an Inn; the other, as they thought, an eternal habitation. *Celius Rhodig.*

Now that great and good men should have monuments, as it is a thing indifferent, so I think it not not simply unlawful.

1. The Jews used such; as we may see in the Bible: *David* (saith the Scripture) *is dead, and his sepulchre is with us to this day. Acts* 2. 29.

2. It is an argument that we loved such persons, whom we thus honour after their death.

3. We keep a memory of their excellent virtues.

4. We are moved to follow them in honourable actions.

Stranger. *Are the dead think you to be mourned for?*

Minister. Solon gave commandment, that the Common-wealth should mourn for him; but *Ennius* would not be mourned for. But as for us Christians, though we must not, with superstitious nations, hire mourning women, to lament for us, with their

a horel

abone! abone! yet it is lawful to deplore the departure of the dead: for,

1. As the Egyptians mourned for *Jacob* ſeventy dayes, ſo his children lamented him ſeven dayes. *Gen.* 50.

2. *Abraham* mourned for *Sarah*, *Iſrael* for *Joſia* and *Samuel*, the faithful for *Steven*, the women for *Dorcas*, and *David* for his good friend *Jonathan*.

3. It was an argument of Gods wrath againſh *Jeconiah*, that no man ſhould ſay for him, *Alas my brother. Jerem.* 22. 18.

Stranger. *May mourning apparel be uſed at funerals?*

Miniſter. If the heart mourn as well as the habit, I do not think it utterly unlawful; for,

1. By it we keep a memory of our friend.

2. We are drawn to ſome humiliation.

3. We are put in mind of our own mortality.

4. It argues his love that beſtows it upon us.

5. By this means many poor are clothed.

6. It is but a legacy of the dead to the living.

Stranger. *And what think you of funeral Sermons; for many think it a ſin to preach at that time?*

Miniſter. I doubt not but they may be preached: for,

1. We muſt preach in ſeaſon and out of ſeaſon.

2. Many come then to the houſe of God: and why ſhould they depart empty away:

3. It is a fit time to teach, that one day we muſt dye.

4. Many accidents fall out in a mans ſickneſs, which are fit to be publiſhed at ſuch a time.

5. Many worthy vertues have ſhined in ſome mans life, which for the imitation in others, are not to be buried at his death.

6. Many corruptions have reigned in ſome, which then we may be exhorted to avoid.

7. They

7. They are not for the bare commendation of the dead, but for the instruction and consolation of them that are alive.

Stranger. *And do you think, that any would be content to have his infirmities laid out at his funeral?*

Minister. Whether he will or not, if God may get honour, and the Church good, there is no wrong to the dead, to admonish the living that they take heed of such sins.

I will deliver unto you a rare example: I knew "a Gentleman of good sort, who seldom came to "the Church in the time of his health: I was sent "for to him in the time of his sickness, and after "many instructions delivered unto him, he uttered "unto me this speech: "Sir, I am beholding to you "for this pains, and thank God for this comfort. "But if God had now denied this favour unto me, "he should have dealt with me but according to "justice; I have lived a good time in this parish; "I have been invited by my friends, called by the "bell, moved by the good report I heard of you "and others, to come to this Church: but I made "many excuses, as of sickness, and going to other "places, and did not come. And though I have "many sins which I must answer for, yet none "at this time grieveth me more, than that I have "lived under a painful ministery, and yet was ne-"ver partaker of it: so that you and the whole "parish may judge, that I am either of no Reli-"gion, or of a contrary religion to that which is "professed in this kingdom: pray for me that this "my sin may be pardoned: hear me make a confes-"sion of my faith, and that I dye in the faith of "Christ, and am heartily sorry for this mine of-"fence: I pray you therefore make it known when "I am dead and gone.

This

This I did, and thus muſt we do, yet in diſcretion, that we may not be thought biters of the dead: if either for crowns, or gowns we do otherwiſe, it is a ſin.

Stranger. *But pray Sir, tell me one thing more, before we part, for I perceive we are now within ſight of* London, *and that is this, muſt Kings, Emperours, and great men all dye, as well as men of meaner rank: will not either their Honours, or Riches ſhield them from the ſtroke of death?*

Miniſter. Even Princes, Kings and Emperours too are not ſpared, (when the hour-glaſs of their Life is run) by impartial Death; for he cuts down all with a valiant hand, and can as eaſily ſet the *Paſſing-bell* a ringing, for the Nobleman, Prince or Emperour upon the Throne, as for the meaneſt vaſſal that ſlaves for his bread: As for example, *With what eaſe did Death ring the knells of Great* Alexander, *Victorious* Saladine, *and the famous Emperour Adrian, entituled* Charles the Great: *as appears by this ſixth Emblem, where you may behold,*

I.

How Philip *King of* Macedon.
Was daily rouz'd and call'd upon,
By a ſtout Page whoſe Bon-jour *ran,*
Remember, S I R, you are a man. *

* Great *Alexander's* Page rung his Maſters *Paſſing-bell* every morning.

And then again, (when *Diogenes* takes Great *Alexander* to viſit the Tombs, to ſee if they could find out his Father *Philips* Scull.)

——————— *How*
Diogenes *in Cynick guiſe,*
Puts Alexander *to ſurprize,*
I'th miſcellany of the Dead
Which is a King's or Common's Head.

Ob

Oh! how these awful sights please and displease
Little Alexander, *great* Diogenes:
Those mighty Sculls which once the world did scare,
Now lie as low, and still as any there.

II.

——*How*
A † *Shirt is all remains in fine*
To victorious Saladine;
At Death a piece of Linnen is
All that great Monarch could call his:
Poor Prince! *who to his Son the* East *bequeaths,*
When Death had turn'd his Bays to Cypress wreaths.
Poor prince! one Shirt must all his Trophys be,
Deaths a far greater Conquerour than he.

† Victorious *Saladine* causeth his own Shirt, as it were, to ring his *Passing-bell.*

And thirdly,

——*How*
Adrian *slights triumphal glory,*
And ith' Grave * *founds his prime story:*
Before all pomp he doth preferr
His Mausolœan *Sepulcher.*

* Great *Adrian* rings his own *Passing-bell*, and that too, whilst he was in Pomp and grandure.

—— And therefore here you may see,

When Charles *the great from trembling* Europe *goes,*
Hot Africk *sweats a new beneath his blows:*
Till tyr'd with Crowns, he thus from Crowns did fly,
And at his Funeral learned how to dye.

And now here I will a little descant upon these *three great and valiant Conquerours*, who themselves at last had their *Passing-bell* rung in good earnest by *Deaths* impartial Darts.

And

And in the firſt place, *How remarkable is the anſwer* of *Diogenes* to *Alexander* What art thou muſing on, *Cynick*, ſays this *Monarch* to him one day, having found him in a *Charnel-yard*, I amuſe my ſelf here (anſwers he) in ſearch of thy Father *Philip*'s bones among this great number, which thou ſeeſt; but my labour is in vain, *one differs not from another.*

And now therefore, O great *Alexander*, what a horrid ſpectacle is this, what a frightful object? See you not this great number of *Dead mens ſculls*, which heaped one upon another, make a mountain of horrour, and affrightment, whoſe baleful, and contagious umbrage, inſenſibly invites our bodies on to the grave. What a victory is *this* over *theſe*? but what an *inhumanity*? what a *defeat*? but what a *butchery*? May we not ſay, that *fury* and *rage*, have aſſaſſinated, even Natures-ſelf, and that you and I do as it were now remain alive in the world, to celebrate its funerals by our lamentations, and regrets. *Fathers*, *Mothers*, *Children*, *Nobles*, and *Plebeians*, *Kings*, and their *ſubjects* are all pell-mell in this ſtack of rotten wood, which Time like a covert, but burning fire conſumes by little and little, and not able to ſuffer, that *aſhes* ſhould be exalted above *duſt.*

Great Kings, the diſcuſs of this anſwer, may ſerve you now as a freſh inſtruction, to inſinuate to you the knowledge of your ſelves. You walk in triumph to the Tomb, followed with all the train of your ordinary magnificences: but by being arrived at this Port, blown thither with the continual gale of your ſighs, your *pomp* vaniſheth away, your *Royal Majeſty* abandons you, your greatneſs gives you the *laſt Adieu*, and this your mortal fall *equals you now*, to all that were below you before.

But if you doubt of this truth, behold and contemplate the sculls of those Emperours and Nobles that are now in their Tombs. Their *bald scalps* have now no other *Crown*, then the *circle of horrour*, which invirons them; their disincarnated hands hold now no other Scepter but a pile of worms, and all the glories of their Court, now lie in the dust. *Corruptio optimi pessima.*

And now here methinks, what a Prodigy of wonders is here! do I not see, the great Army of *Xerxes*, reduced and metamorphosed into a handful of dust? All that world of men in those days, which with its umbragious body covered a great part of the earth, shades not so much as a foot of it with its presence. Oh! be never weary of thinking of these important truths.

Seneca in the Tragedy of *Hercules* brings in *Alcmena*, with grievous lamentation, bearing in an urn, the ashes of that great *Monster-Tamer*; and to this effect makes her speak: *Behold, how easily I carry him in my hand, who bore the heavens upon his shoulders.* The sense of these words, ought to engage all truly noble spirits to a deep meditation upon the vanity of things below, which seem most durable. All those great Monarchs who sought an immortality in their victories and triumphs, have mist that, and found death at last, the enjoyment of their Crowns and splendours, being buried in the same Tomb with their bodies.

Nay further, Death is so uncomely as to seize even beautiful Ladies with his clammy hands, and so occasion the *Passing-bell* to toll for them too. *The first Epitaph* which was put upon Tombs, was that of the *fair Rachel*, as is partly remarkt from Scripture, and *Borchardus* assure us it was a Pyramide, which *Jacob* erected, sustained upon a dozen pretious stones, with this inscription,

Here

Here lyes fair RACHEL *compoſed of nothing but* BEAUTY *and* LOVE.

Ladies let your ſweetneſs and blandiſhments now change language, and let them tell us no more that you are fair, ſince *Beauty* is buried in the Tomb of the fair *Rachel:* But if you make Bravado of your criſped hairs, whoſe gliſtering charms dazle the eyes, and captivate mens ſouls at once: Her bright locks diſperſed into a thouſand golden wreaths, had the power to enchain mens hearts, and yet her vertue was to deſpiſe this power, before Death rung her *Paſſing-bell.* But for all this, notwithſtanding Nature was never able to exempt from rottenneſs this Miſtris, or Maſter-piece of the works of her hands. Suppoſe that Majeſty it ſelf, has no better Mirrour than from the clear reflections of your ivory fore-heads: *Rachel's* was ſo perfect, that it is in vain to ſeek terms to expreſs its accurateneſs, and yet now it is nothing but aſhes, if ſo much.

Let your Eyes (ſuppoſe) be more clear and beautiful than the Sun, able to make a rape upon mens liberties, and enamourate the ſterneſt hearts; thoſe of *Rachel* were ſo admirable and bewitching, that ſhe her ſelf redoubted their force and power. Looking her ſelf in a Mirrour, her own eyes enflamed her, and of this pleaſing heat, ſhe apprehended the influence, being her ſelf even tempted to deſire it: But for all this, thoſe two ſparkling wonders, quickned with Natures ſweeteſt, and moſt amiable graces, are now nothing but rottenneſs and corruption.

Be your Cheeks half Lillies half Roſes, your lips Carnation-Gilly-flowers, your teeth Orient Pearl, your boſom pureſt Alabaſter, and all theſe lovely

parts enlivened with a ſpirit divine: fair *Rachel* poſſeſt all theſe perfections ſoveraignly, and more than ever you ſaw or wiſht, as elevated above your knowledge. But (O miſhap) ſhe her ſelf, in whom all theſe rare beauties were united and aſſembled, is now nothing at all; or if ſhe be ſomewhat, it can be but a little duſt, earth, or aſhes, which the worms keep poſſeſſion of.

Ladies, will you yet preſume your ſelves fair, after you have thus now aſſiſted in imagination and thought, to the funerals of Beauty it ſelf after you have read, I ſay, the Epitaph, which is written upon her Sepulture. I grant you have a *thouſand ſweets and graces*: yet now at leaſt confeſs ye, that theſe blandiſhments are but of ſo thin aerial worths, that the wind carries them away, as if they were compoſed of nought elſe; for ſcarcely have they birth, but you ſee them decay, and then the miſpriſe, that each one makes of them, renders them more capable to produce pity than love.

But in a word, all men and women that are now buried in every *Church-yard*, throughout the whole world, have every one plaid their part, and it may be, that the hour will ſoon *knell*, that you muſt act yours.

If thou truſt to thy youth, put thy head out of the window, and thou ſhalt preſently ſee carried to the grave ſome not ſo old as thy ſelf. If thou rely upon thy health which thou now enjoyeſt, 'tis but a falſe going dyal. *The calm of a perfect health, hath ſometimes uſhered the Tempeſt of a ſudden Death.* Death will no more ſpare him that *wears a Crown upon his head*, than him that carries a *ſpade* in his hand.

Pallida mors æquo pulſat pede
Pauperum tabernas, Regumque turres, &c.

The

There is no difference, Death *hath made*
Equal the Scepter, *and the* Spade.
No dreader Majesty is now
I'th' Royal Scalp than Rustick brow.
Fair Nereus *has no beauteous grace,*
More than Thersites' *ugly face,*
Now both are dead, odds there is none
Betwixt the fair'st, and fowlest one.
Tell me among'st the huddled pile.
Of dead mens bones, which was ere while
The subtil'st Lawyer's, or the dull
And Ignoramian *empty Skull?*
Was yond' some valourous Samsons *arm?*
Or one that ne'er drew sword for harm,
Or wink and tell me, which is which,
Irus the poor, or Crœsus *rich?*
What are they now who so much stood
On Riches, Honours, and high Blood?
Ther's now no diff'rence, with the dead
Distinctions all are buried.
Only the Soul as Ill *or* Well,
Is difference't or in Heaven, *or* Hell.

And here may therefore very properly be inserted, the *Dialogue* between *Diogenes* and *Alexander*, concerning his Father *Philip*'s Scull, who likewise rung in open field the *Passing-Bell* for thousands of valiant Heroes that lived in his time.

The

The Dialogue is this.

Viewing the ranges of a Librarie
Of dead men's bones pil'd in a Cœmitarie,
Great Alexander *finds* Diogenes,
And thus they dialogue.

Alex. Cynick, *among these*
Ruines of frail Mortality, *what do'st look?*
Diog. *For that wherein I fear to be mistook,*
I see thy Father Philip's *Scull among*
This pell-mell undistinguishable Throng.
Alex. *Let's see, which is it? shew me.*
(Diog.) *Sure 'tis that,*
Whose nose is bridge-fain.
Alex. *Dead men's are all flat.*
Diog. *Why then 'tis that where shrowds perpetual night,*
Cav'd in those hollow eye-holes, void of sight.
Alex. *Still all are so,*
Diog. *Why 'tis yon' skinless brow,*
Chap-fain, lip-sunk; with teeth-disranked row,
Yond' peeled scalp,
Alex. *Thus still are all alike.*
Diog. *So shall both you and I, and let this strike.*
Thy knowledge Alexander, *and thy sence,*
'Twixt King and slave once dead's no difference.

——And now young gallant,

Let not the splendour of high Birth
Be all thy gloss without true worth,
Let neither honour, nor vast wealth
Beauty, *nor* Valour, *nor firm* health
Make thee bear up too high thy head,
All men alike are buried.
Stare not with supercilious brow,

Poor folks are duſt, and ſo art thou.
Triumph not in thy worldy Odds,
They die like men whom we count Gods,
And in the Grave it is all one,
Who enjoy'd all, or who had none.
Death cuts off all ſuperfluous,
And makes the proudeſt one of us,
Nor ſhall there difference then between,
The duſt of Lords, or ſlaves be ſeen.
Together under ground they lye
Without diſtinctive Heraldry;
Unleſs it be that ſome brave Tomb,
Do grace the Great-ones in Earths Womb.
But better 'tis that Heaven's door,
Is oft'neſt open to the poor;
When thoſe, whoſe backs and ſides with ſin,
Are bunch't and ſwoln, cannot get in.
Beware the Bulk of thy Eſtate,
Shock thee from entrance at that gate.
Give Earth to Earth: but give thy mind
To Heaven where its ſeat's aſſign'd,
If, as it came from that bright Sphere;
Thither thou tend, not fix it here.
Live, that thy Soul may white return,
Leaving its Partner in the Urn,
Till a bleſt day ſhall reunite,
And beam them with eternal Light.

But further obſerve (which was very remarkable) Great *Alexander* cauſed his Page every Morning as it were, to awake him with a *Paſſing-Bell*, ſounding theſe words, *Remember, Sir, that you are a man.* This great Monarch made himſelf to be roused every day from ſleep, with the *News of Death*, fearing to be charmed with the *ſweets of Life.* Greatneſs environ him on all parts, to make him forget his humility, but underſtand you not the delicacy

r, which he causes to be sung to the tune of is miseries: the Pomp and Magnificence of his ches dazle his eyes with their luster, that he ight never consider the wretchedness which is roper to him. But you see how he makes him-lf to be awaked with the noyse of this truth, ever cherish its remembrance: *Sir, remember that you e a man*; oh how many mysteries are comprised these words! behold the Alegory of it.

Great Kings remember you are subject to many ore Miseries, then you have subjects in your Em-re. *Great Monarchs remember* that of all the great xtention of your *Territories* there shall not remain ou one only foot, so jealous are the worms of your lory, *Great Princes remember* that your Scepters nd your Crowns, are such feeble marks of Great-ess, that Fortune sports with them, Time mocks them, and the Wind shall sweep away their dust.

Awake thy self then *Reader*, and where ever hou walkest, fancy to thy self, thou heares thine wn *Passing-bell* ringing; and likewise let thy con-cience and thy misery each in it's turn, serve thee. s a *Page* every morning to put thee in mind, *That thou art a Man*, I mean a pourtraict animated ith *Death*, rather than with life, since thou canst o nothing but dye, but in this continual dying, midst the throng of *evils* and *pains* which are enjoy-ed to thy condition; Consider also that thou art reated to possess an Eternity both of Life and Hap-iness, and that all these infinite good things are xposed as an aim of honour and glory to the ad-resses of thy Will; for if thou wilt, *Paradise* hall be thine, though *Hell* gape at thee eagerly: Therefore now up and be doing.

Oh riſe! for a fair Morne brings on the Day,
The Sun is mounted onward on his way,
The Anthymn's high among the feather'd Quires,
A lively breath the agile Aire inſpires.
Draw-ope the Curtains, do not cloſe the Eye
From the freſh beauties of the Azure-S ic.
Mark what a ſmart Bon-jour *his* Page *did bring,*
Each Morn *to* PHILIP, Macedonia's *King,*
Remember *(Royal Sir)* you are a Man,
The hours *are wing'd, the length of* Life's *a* ſpan.
This pow'rfull hint ſtirr'd up the King to riſe,
Whoſe name Heroick deeds *immortalize.*
Groſs-vapour'd, heavy-headed ſleepers *wake,*
In the bright Morne *no more ſoft ſlumbers take:*
For Action *man was made, our* Life's *a* Race,
He that would win *the* Prize, *muſt* run *apace.*
Be not enchanted *with the lulling* Down,
That charms *the* ſenſes *in* Lethargick ſwown;
Leave the encloſure *of Bed-Canopie,*
And give the view *more ſpatious* Liberty:
Forſake the grave-type Couch, *where* Death doth (keep
His nightly Seſſions, *imaged by* Sl ep,
He that's a Dormouſe *for the time is* dead,
And is entomb'd *already in his* Bed.
Who knows how ſoon that ſheet, *whereon he* lyes,
*May ſingle ſerve t'*enwrap *him when he dyes?*
How ſoon theſe lazy feather-bedded bones
May Coverletted *be with* Marble-ſtones?
Where no joynt-ſuppling-warmth *ſhall give* refreſh,
To high-fed veins, *nor eaſe improved* fleſh;
Where thoſe pufft groſſures, *which o're curious coſt*
Hath ſurfet-ſwoln, are *putrified*, and *loſt*,
Who would be Epicurian, *ſince 'tis thus*
We that eat *all things elſe, worms will eat us?*
Or who would be o're haughty, ſince to Earth
He muſt return, *as thence he had his* Birth?

Man

Mean while, though Life's quick-sand doth hourly
A laggard sleeps *out more than half his* Glass. (pass,
Be active *while you may, for* Tim's post-haste,
Spurs *on each forward* Minute *to the* last.
Such thoughts as these best fit the Morning's *prime,*
To rouze *Men's* Spirits *to* redeem *the* Time.
Let such our Matters *be, ere* Death's *sad* Knell.
Summon our wandring Souls *to* Heaven *or* Hell.

—— And kind Reader,

When haughty thoughts *impuff thee, than*
Dictate thy self, Thou art but Man,
A fabrick of commixed Dust,
That's all the prop of humane trust.
How dares a Clod of mouldring Clay
Be Proud, *decaying every day?*
And yet there is a way beside,
Wherein may be a lawful pride.
When sly Temptations *stirr thee, than*
Think with thy self, Thou art a Man,
Rouze up thy Spirits, *do not yield,*
A brave resistance wins the Field:
Shall a Soul of Heavenly *breath,*
Grovell so far, its worth beneath,
Foully to be pollute with slime,
Of any base and shameful crime?
Thou art a Man, *for* Heaven *born,*
Reflect on Earth *disdainful scorn,*
Be not abus'd, since Life is short,
Squander it not away in sport:
Nor hazard heavens eternal *Joyes,*
For a small spurt of worldly Toyes.
Do something *ere thou do bequeath;*
To Worms *thy flesh, to Air thy breath;*
Something, *that may, when thou art dead,*
With honour *of thy name be* read.

Something, *that may, when thou art cold,*
Thaw *frozen ſpirits, when 'tis told,*
Something, *that may, the grave controule,*
And ſhew thou hadſt a noble *Soul.*
Do *ſomething* to advance thy bliſs
Both in the other World, and This.

But now again in the ſecond place, (by whic
you may ſee, that great men muſt ſubmit to grim
Death when it comes) how remarkable was that
great *Saladine*, magnificent Conquerour of *Aſi*
and Monarch of the whole Eaſt, who carried awa
to the grave for the fruit of all his victories, nothin
but only one poor ſhirt, which covered the mould
his body, *and even this ſcarp* of linnen too, fo
tune leaves him, as it were, but to give to th
worms.

Arrogant ſpirits, ambitious hearts be ſilent, an
lend an ear to the publick, cry of this Herald, wh
with a voice animated with horrour, and afrightmen
as well as with compaſſion and truth, proclaime
aloud, in the view of heaven and earth, and in th
preſence of a world and army of people: that a
ter all his Victories, he was but a mortal ma
Here's a valiant General ringing, as it were, his ow
Paſſing-Bell; for here you ſee the richeſt Prince
t'e Eaſt, takes a glory of all his Treaſures, to car
away but only a Shirt to his Sepulchre. What ca
you anſwer to theſe verities, oh ye Great ones of th
earth? For,

Lo, Death *inveſted in a Robe of Ermine,*
Doth often ſit, embelliſhed with Vermine,
Upon a Pile of great men's Sculls, his Throne,
Pell-mell *ſubduing all, and ſparing none.*
A ſcrutinous judgement will the Type reſſent,
You may imagine, 'tis Death's *Parliament.*

Up

Upon the World *its pow'rful Foot doth tread,*
For all the world or is, or ſhall be dead.

This famous *Saladine*, the terrour of men, the valour of the earth, and the wonder of the whole world, eſteems himſelf ſo happy, and ſo advantaged by fortune, in reſpect ſhe leaves him this old ragg to cover his corruption, that he makes this favour, to be publiſhed with ſound of trumpet in the midſt of his whole Army, that none might be in doubt on't: what beyond this can be your pretentions? I grant you may be ſeated like *Xerxes*, upon a Throne all of maſſie gold, canopied with a gliſtening firmament of pretious ſtones; and that on what ſide ſoever you turn your menacing *looks*, you may ſee nothing but objects humbled before your Royal Majeſties. Yet you never ſeat your ſelves upon theſe Thrones of magnificence, but as it were to take leave of the aſſembly, continuing ſtill to give your laſt God-bwyes, like a man who is upon point to depart continually, ſince he dies every moment. Inſomuch, that all this pomp which accompanies you, and which gives *ſhadow* to the luſter wherewith you are environed, vaniſhes away with you, when grim *Death* rings your *Paſſing-bell.*

Be it again, that all the Gold of the *Indies* can be valued but to a part of your eſtate, and that all the world together, poſſeſs leſs treaſure than you alone; what advantage think you to bear away, more than the moſt miſerable of the world, that in this you ſhould be ſo proud! Enjoys not he the ſame Sun which lights you? hath not he the ſame uſage of the Elements, whereof you make uſe?

—— Then if you pleaſe,

Swell on unbounded Spirits, whoſe vaſt hope,
Scorns the ſtreight limits of all moderate ſcope.
Be Creſcent ſtill, fix not 'ith' Poſitive,
Graſpe ſtill at more, reach the Superlative;
And beyond that too, *and beyond the Moon;*
Yet all's but vain, and you ſhall find too ſoon,
Theſe great acquiſts are bubbles for a ſpurt,
And Death *will leave you nothing but your* Shirt.
Be Richeſt, Greateſt, Pow'rfulleſt, *and ſplit,*
Fames Trumpet with the blaſt on't, there is it,
That's all, a Coffin, *and a* Sheet, *and then,*
You're dead, and buried like to Common men,
This Saladine *foreſaw, and wiſely ſtoops*
Unto his Fate, *'midſt his triumphant troops,*
A world of wealth, and Aſiatick *ſpoyles,*
Guerdon *his glorious military toyles,*
Enſigns, and Banners ſhade his armies Eyes
With flying colours of fled enemies:
Yet humbly he doth his chief Standard reare,
Onely his Shirt *diſplay'd upon a Spear.*
Mean while his valorous Colonels were clad
In rich Coat-armours, which they forced had
From ſubdu'd foes, and 't ſeem'd a glorious thing,
Each man to be apparell'd like a King.
The very common Souldiers out-ſide ſpoke,
Commander *now, and did reſpect provoke.*
Their former ornaments were caſt aſide,
Which 'fore the Victory were all their pride,
To check their Pomp, with clangring trumpet ſound.
A Herald *loud proclaims in Tone profound:*
See what the Emperour *doth preſent your Eye,*
'Tis all; *that you muſt look for when you dye.*
This Shirt *is all even* Saladine *ſhall have*
Of all his Trophys *with him to the grave.*

Then

Then be not over-heightned with the splendour
Of your rich braveries, which you so much tender.
Nor let your honours puff you, lest you find
The breath of Fame jade ye with broken wind.
The solemn passage of this Monarch *story*
With greatest lustre doth advance his glory.

Therefore here kind Reader, consider, that

Were both the Indies *treasures thine,*
And thou Lord of every Mine;
Or hadst thou all the golden Ore,
On Tagus *or* Pactolus *Shore,*
And were thy Cabinet the Shrine,
Where thousand Pearls, and Diamonds shine,
All must be left, and thou alow'd
A little linnen for thy Shrowd.
Or if 'twere so thy Testament,
Perhaps a goodly Monument.
What better is a golden Chase,
Or Marble, *than a* Charnel *place?*
Charon *hence no advantage makes,*
A half penny a soul he takes,
Thy heirs will leave thee but a Shirt,
Enough to hide thy rotten Dirt.
Then be not greedy of much pelf,
He that gets all may lose himself.
And Riches are of this Dilemne,
Or they leave us, or we must them.
Death brings to misers double wo,
They lose their Cash, and their souls too.
Change then thy scope to heavenly gains,
That wealth eternally remains.

But to proceed in the third and last place: Oh how glorious is the Triumph over Death, as doth appear by the next example of the Emperour *Adri-*

an, who entred into his Empire by the port of h*Tomb*, thus to raign during his life, like a m that dies every moment; he celebrates himse his own Funerals, and is led in Triumph to his S*pulcher* to learn to die generously. What a glor is this to over-awe *That*, which commands the who world? what Courage is this, to assail and combat *That*, which none could ever yet resist? and wh a power is it to tame *That* which never yet yield ed? *Echo* her self hath not rebounds enow to r sound aloud the wonders of this *Victory* of gr*Adrian* over himself.

——But *

A Funeral Herse *with wreaths of Cypres crested,*
A Skeleton *with Robes imperial vested,*
Dead march, sad looks, no glorious circumstance
Of chief Atchievements, and victorious Chance,
* *Are these fit Trophy's for a* Conquerour?
These are the Triumphs of the Emperour!
Adrian, *who chose this* Sable *Heraldry*
Before the popular guilded Pageantry,
'Stead of Triumphal Arches he doth rear
The Marble Columns of his Sepulcher.
No publick honours wave his strict intent,
To shrine his Triumph in his Monument.
The Conscript Fathers *and* Quirites *all*
Intend his welcome to the Capitol.
The vast expence one day's work would have cost.
He wiser far (since t'other had been lost)
To build a Mausolæum *doth bestow,*
Which now at Rome *is call'd Saint* Angelo.
Where to this day, from Ælius Adrians *Name,*
The Ælian *Bridge doth still revive his fame,*
Now was the peoples expectation high.
For wonted pomp and glist'ring Chevalry:

B

But lo their Emp'rour *doth invite 'em all,*
Not to a Shew, but to his Funeral.
They look for Gew-Gaw fancies; his wise scorn
Contemns those Vanities leaves their hope forlorn.
For since all's smother'd in the Funeral Pile,
He will not dally with 'em for a while.
This was Self-Victory, *and deserveth more*
Than all the Conquests he had won before.
What can Death *do to such a man, or Fate,*
Whose Resolutions them anticipate?
For since the Grave *must be the latter end,*
Let our preventing thoughts first thither tend.
Bravely resolv'd it is, knowing the worst
What must be done at last, *as good at* first.

Let us therefore now, kind Reader, every day
ke *Funeral processions, or at least visit in meditati-*
every hour our Tomb, as the place where our bodies
st make so long abode. Celebrate we our selves our
n Funerals, and invite to our exequies Ambition,
arice, Pride, Choler, Luxury, Gluttony, *and all*
other Passions, wherewith we may be attainted, to
end to be Conquerours, even by our own proper de-
t: For when a Man yields to the Meditation of
ath, then reason commands sense; all obey to this
prehension of frailty, and feebleness. Pleasures
little and little abandon us, the sweets of life
m sowr, and we can find no other quiet, but in
e hope of *that glorious life to come.*

Proud Spirits, be ye Spectators of this *Funeral*
mp, which this great Monarch *Adrian* celebrates
day: He invites the Heaven and the Earth to
Exequies, since in their view he accompanies
pourtrayed *Skeleton* unto the *Tomb*: His bo ly
educts thither its *shadow*, the originall the paint-
figure in attendance, till a *Metamorphosis* be
de both of one and t'other. O glorious action!

where

and the kingdom of *Auguſtus Ceſar* but beggery.

Stranger. *Shall my body only, or my ſoul only, or both body and ſoul together enjoy this felicity?*

Miniſter. Both body and ſoul: your ſoul ſhall be ſanctified throughout, and your body made like unto the glorious body of Chriſt Jeſus. *Phil.* 3. 20.

Stranger. *Shall this very body of mine riſe again to life after death?*

Miniſter. It ſhall aſſuredly: for,

1. The Lord keepeth all the bones of his Saints, that not one of them ſhall be broken: *Pſal.* 34. 21. and there ſhall not an hair of our head periſh. *Luke* 21. 18.

2. Every one ſhall receive, in his body, that which he hath done, be it good or evil. 2 *Cor.* 5. 10.

3. *This corruptible ſhall put on incorruption*, ſaith the Apoſtle, 1 *Cor.* 15. *This* ſaith he, pointing as with the finger at the ſame ſubſtance; and could not ſpeak more expreſly, unleſs he ſhould have taken his own skin, with his own hands, as *Tertullian* well obſerved.

4. *I am ſure*, ſaith *Job*, *that my Redeemer liveth, and though after my skin worms deſtroy this body, yet ſhall I ſee God in my fleſh*, whom I my ſelf ſhall ſee, and mine eyes ſhall behold, and none other for me, though my reins are now conſumed within me. *Job* 19. 25.

Stranger. *O that you could teach me this by ſome ſuch compariſons, as might confirm my faith concerning this doctrine: for there are many Sadducees in the world at this day that deny the reſurrection of the body.*

Miniſter. Indeed I remember, that *Gregorie* in his Morals hath a like ſaying of ſome in his time. "There are, ſaith he, a number of people, who "conſidering, that the ſoul is diſſolved from the bo-"dy, that the body is turned into rottenneſs, that "rottenneſs returneth to duſt, and that this duſt is

"reſolved

"resolved into the first elements) cannot see how that "by reason there should be any resurrection; and, "beholding dry and dead bones, mistrust that they "shall not again be clothed with their flesh, and so "revive. Such men, though they cannot by faith "believe as they ought, the bodies resurrection, yet "let them be perswaded by this natural reason, what "I pray, then doth the whole world, but imitate our "resurrection daily in her elements? For, we see "daily, that trees in winter want both leaves and "fruit: and behold, suddenly in the spring time, "out of a dry tree, as it were by a new resurrection, "leaves bud out, fruits ripen, and the whole tree is "apparelled with her revived beauty. Let them be-"hold the dead kernel set into the earth, how a tree "sprouteth out of it: and let them devise if they "can where that great tree was in so small a seed? "Where was the body? where the bark? where the "branches? where that plenty of fruit? Do they not "perceive that all these were in the kernel or seed, "before it was cast into the ground? Why then "should they wonder, how a little dust, resolved "into elements, should, when God will, become a "living body again? seeing that so small a seed, "coming first out of a tree, should, by the power "of God become an huge tree again. For, as the "tree is in the kernel, so are our bodies *in the* "*glorified body of Christ.*

And why now should it seem strange unto any that God is able to raise their body again at the last day? a Taylor can rip a Garment, and set it together again, though it be in a thousand pieces: a Clock-maker can take asunder every wheel of a watch; and joyn it together again: and shall not God be able to do the like for your body? Why, my dear *fellow-traveller*, did God create you of nothing, and can he not restore you from something? doth he

where the living takes a pride to appear dead, a dying already by his own choice, as well as necessity. O glorious actions! where the Triumphe takes a glory in the appearance of his overthrow O glorious action! where all the honour depend upon the contempt of the worlds honour. O glorious action! where Garlands of Cypress dispute the preheminence with Laurel and Palm. O glorious action! where the Conquerour undergoin the Laws of Nature, elevates himself above it, making his puissance to be admired, in his voluntar weakness.

When I consider, that all the world togethe is but as it were a *Cæmitary* or *Church-yard*, where in every hour of the day, some wretchedness, o other, brings to the grave those whom such the miserable condition hath destroyed, I have n more passionate desire of life, since evils an troubles are proprietaries of it rather than w *Who can keep account of the number of persons, th expire this very moment, that I am now speaking to yo* or the different deaths, which terminate the cour of their Careere? All is universally dreadful, an yet we quake not, either in horrour, or astonishment.

A Walk into *Church-yards*, and *Charnels*, thoug it be sad and melancholly, by reason of the dole ful objects there obvious, hath yet neverthele something in it agreeable to content good soul in the cuntemplation of those very objects, whic they there find. How often have I taken plea sure to consider a great number of *Deadmens soul* arranged one in pile upon another with this con ceit of the vanity, and arrogance, wherewith othe while they have been filled? Some have had n other care but of their hair, employing the grea est part of their time, either to frizle or to em

pouder

ponder them; and represent unto your selves by the way, what recompence now betides them for all their pains. Others all full of ambition, had no other aims but at Coronal wreaths, consider a little in this their misery, the injustice of their pretentions.

I have remark'd in sequel how a little worm did gnaw the arm of some late *Sampson*, reducing thus all his force to an object of compassion, and wretchedness, since that arm heretofore so strong, and dreadful, had not now force enough left to resist a worm. *Reader muze often on these truths.*

Stranger. *But now, pray Sir, tell me (you having discours'd a great while concerning Death and dying, and the mortality of all ranks and degrees) what will become of my soul as soon as ever I am dead?*

Minister. You shall be carried to the *bosome* of *Abraham*, the celestial *paradise*, the house of your Father, the new, holy, and durable *Jerusalem*: you shall then enter into your Masters joy, you shall have an inheritance immortal, undefiled, which withereth not, reserved in the heavens: you shall rest from your labours, have peace from your enemies, and behold the glory of God in Christ Jesus: in which place shall be such, and so many joyes, as all the *Arithmetitians* in the world are not able to number them: all the *Geometritians* are not able to weigh them: all the *Grammarians*, *Rhetoritians* and *Logitians* are not able to express them in fit terms. There shall be joy above us for the *vision of God*, about us for the *vision of the Angels*, beneath us for the *vision of the Heavens*, and within us for the *vision of Happiness*. There *Solomons* wisdom shall be reputed but folly: *Absoloms* beauty but deformity: *Azaels* swiftness but slowness: *Sampsons* strength but weakness: *Methusalems* long age but infancy:

and

and the kingdom of *Auguſtus Ceſar* but beggery.

Stranger. *Shall my body only, or my ſoul only, or both body and ſoul together enjoy this felicity?*

Miniſter. Both body and ſoul: your ſoul ſhall be ſanctified throughout, and your body made like unto the glorious body of Chriſt Jeſus. *Phil.* 3. 20.

Stranger. *Shall this very body of mine riſe again to life after death?*

Miniſter. It ſhall aſſuredly: for,

1. The Lord keepeth all the bones of his Saints, that not one of them ſhall be broken: *Pſal.* 34. 21. and there ſhall not an hair of our head periſh. *Luke* 21. 18.

2. Every one ſhall receive, in his body, that which he hath done, be it good or evil. 2 *Cor.* 5. 10.

3. *This corruptible ſhall put on incorruption,* ſaith the Apoſtle, 1 *Cor.* 15. *This* ſaith he, pointing as with the finger at the ſame ſubſtance; and could not ſpeak more expreſly, unleſs he ſhould have taken his own skin, with his own hands, as *Tertullian* well obſerved.

4. *I am ſure,* ſaith *Job*, *that my Redeemer liveth, and though after my skin worms deſtroy this body, yet ſhall I ſee God in my fleſh,* whom I my ſelf ſhall ſee, and mine eyes ſhall behold, and none other for me, though my reins are now conſumed within me. *Job* 19. 25.

Stranger. *O that you could teach me this by ſome ſuch compariſons, as might confirm my faith concerning this doctrine: for there are many Sadducees in the world at this day that deny the reſurrection of the body.*

Miniſter. Indeed I remember, that *Gregorie* in his Morals hath a like ſaying of ſome in his time. "There are, ſaith he, a number of people, who "conſidering, that the ſoul is diſſolved from the bo- "dy, that the body is turned into rottenneſs, that "rottenneſs returneth to duſt, and that this duſt is

"reſolved

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he not hold all the Elements in his hand? is not he more skilful than that *Alchymiſt*, who can extract the quinteſſence of any ſubſtance? is not he the *Lord God of all fleſh?* is there any thing hard to him? *Jer.* 32. Can the *Phenix* riſe out of her own aſhes, and ſhall not you ariſe out of your own duſt? Can the Trees revive again in the Spring, and cannot you revive again at the laſt day? You ſee that many birds and flies are dead all winter, and revive in ſummer: you know that the corn, which at ſeed time is caſt into the ground, groweth up in harveſt. *Shall God* (ſaith *Auguſtine*) *quicken the rotten and dead grains of ſeed, whereby thou liveſt in this world, and ſhall he not much more raiſe thee up, that thou mayeſt live for ever?* Know then, that as every night hath his day; every ſun-ſetting, his ſun-riſing; every ſleeping, his awaking; every labour, his reſt; and every winter, his ſpring time: ſo every Death ſhall have his Life. Say then, even when you are to dye, *Poſt tenebras ſpero lucem: After darkneſs I hope for light, Job* 17. 12. *For, if the Spirit of him that raiſed up Jeſus Chriſt from the dead dwell in you, he that raiſed up Chriſt from the dead, ſhall alſo quicken your mortal bodys, by his Spirit that dwelleth in you.*

Stranger. *Well then I believe that I ſhall ſee the goodneſs of the Lord in the land of the Living: but when I ſee him, what ſhall be the qualities where with my body ſhall be adorned?*

Miniſter. It ſhall be, 1. *Immortal*: for this *mortal ſhall put on immortality.* 1 Cor. 15.

2. *Incorruptible*: for, *this corruptible ſhall put on incorruption.* 1 Cor. 15.

3. *Spiritual*: *it is ſown a natural body, it ſhall riſe a ſpiritual body.* 1 Cor. 15.

4. *Strong*: *it is ſowen in weakneſs, it ſhall riſe in ſtrength.* 1 Cor. 15.

3. *Perfect*

5. *Perfect:* for, as *Adam* was in his first creation, and Christ after his resurrection, so shall you be at the resurrection of the just.

6. *Beautiful:* it shall shine like the starrs, be bright as the Sun, and clear as Chrystal. *Dan.* 12. *Matt.* 22. *The glory of the heavenly bodies is one, and the glory of the earthly bodies is another.*

Minister. Well Sir, now we must part; for we are at our journeys end.

Stranger. *Sir then adieu: and I thank you most heartily for your good company, and wholsome instructions; and I hope I shall bear them in mind to my* Dying day.

Death-

Death-bed LEGACIES.

Sick man. WHere is my Wife and my Children, a
my Servants?

Nurse. They are all here present.

Sick man. *Come hither then my dear Wife.*

My Dear,

The sick mans Exhortation to his Wife.

YOu see in what case I lye her
sick, weak, and the prison
of God, looking every hour for m
departure out of this world. An
this visitation of God is unto me welcome, and
thank the Lord with all my heart for it. I doub
not, but that when I am once gone out of thi
wretched life, I shall be in a far better case tha
ever I was in this world. Therefore I pray the
good wife be not heavy, neither take any though
for me, but rather pray that the good will o
God may be done in me. And be as well conten
ed, that I should now at the Calling of God go fro
thee, as ever thou wast to have me in thy compa
ny. I have run my Race: I have passed thos
years which the Lord appointed that I should liv
in this world. And now is the time of my depar
ture come. And I give over this my life willingly
and with a free heart: therefore take no thought fo
me. And doubt thou not, *sweet Wife*, but if tho
goest forth to live in the fear of God, and to pleas
him, God in the time of thy Widowhood will be a
husband unto thee: he will be thy patron and de
fender, he will be thy mighty shield and buckler
he will provide and foresee that thou and thine
shall want no good thing; for he hath promised in
his holy Word, that he will take charge of the
widows and defend their cause. Therefore I doub
not but the Lord our God will abundantly provid
both

both for thee and thine. Notwithstanding wife, forsomuch as from the first time of our Marriage unto this present day, thou hast alwayes been unto me a very loving, true, faithful, honest, diligent, and serviceable wife, I have made thee mine executrix, and given unto thee, *in my Will*, such a portion as shall abundantly satisfie thee, both unto the bringing up of my Children, and also unto the maintenance of Hospitality. God hath lent me enough: and therefore I leave unto thee and thine enough. *To forbid thee marriage* after my departure according to the property of some husbands, I will not. For the holy Scripture saith, the wife is bound unto the marriage, as long as her husband liveth. If her husband die, she is at liberty to marry with whom she will, only in the Lord. If thou therefore after my departure (O Wife) hast a mind to marry again, marry in the name of the Lord our God. For I know as the wise man saith, that no Woman can live chaste, except God giveth the gift. Onely have this care, that he with whom thou dost determine to couple thy self in the blessed state of honourable wedlock, be such a man as feareth God, loves his Word, is well reported of by his neighbours, deals righteously with all men, embraceth virtue, despiseth vice, &c. Follow not the manner of certain old *doating Widows*, which for bodily lust, in their old crooked age, couple themselves to yonkers, which might well have been their children, and unto whom they might also have given suck. But unto what end such marriages come, for the most part, daily experience teacheth. The one marrieth for bodily pleasure, the other for covetousness.

How the widow should choose her husband.

Such marriages are not blessed of God. Choose therefore such an husband, as will love thee and not thy goods

goods only, as is equal to thee in condition, state an age, as also will tender my Children, and be a fath to them, and see them brought up in the fear of Go

The sick mans exhortation to his children.

NOw my Children come ye h ther to me. GOD bless yo and send you many, yea and tho joyful, and quiet dayes upon t earth. Ye see in what case I am, sore sick, ar very weak, abiding the good pleasure of G O The end of this my life is come, and I am gl of it, and most heartily thank the Lord my Go for it. Let it not dismay you (my most dear Chi dren) that I shall now be taken away from you, s albeit that I, being your natural Father, shall n more serve you, nor provide for you as hitherto have done: yet doubt ye not, but if you go forth as ye have begun, to fear God and serve him, h will not leave you comfortless, but in my stead h will be a Father unto you, receive you into his tui tion, and provide better for you than ever I wa able to do. Therefore if you will have God a mercifu and loving Father unto you, fear him, love him, ho nour him, serve him, pray unto him, call on hi blessed Name, be thankful unto him for his bene fits, and in all things seek to please his holy Ma jesty. Give your minds to the reading of the ho ly Scriptures: and whatsoever you read therei practise it in your lives and conversations. Be no only favourers, but also followers of the word not only lovers, but also livers of the Gospel: no only professours, but also practisers of Gods holy Law: so shall God bless you, and all good men love you. Avoid Idleness, and too much childish pastimes. Let no time of your life pass away with out fruit. Eschew all evil company, and have no thing to do with them that be ungodly.

But

BUt now hear thou my son the words of thy Father, and imprint them well in thy memory. Of all the sons that God hath given me since I was married to this thy mother, thou alone art left alive. And I thank God for thee: for in thee lieth the hope of my posterity. Look therefore that thou servest God all the days of thy life, that thou maist be the father of many children, through the blessing of God. If thou dost resemble me as in countenance and liniaments of body, so likewise in manners and conditions of life and conversation, it shall not repent me to have begotten such a son: neither shall it trouble thee to have had such a father. Take heed therefore that thou dost not degenerate and grow out of kind. In the time of thy youth take heed that thou defilest not thy self with whoredom, but bring an honest and chast body unto the estate of honourable Wedlock. And when the ripeness of thy age doth require thee to marry, take heed whom thou chooseſt to be thy yoke-fellow. Follow not the corrupt manners of the wicked worldlings, which in chooſing their wives have their principal respects unto the worthiness of the stock, unto the wealthiness of the friends, unto riches, beauty, and such other worldly vanities. Consider thou rather the godliness, than the worthiness of the maids parents, the honest and vertuous bringing up of her, her chaste and sober behaviour, her Christian and godly manners; her modesty, gravity, sobriety, and womanlyness; her faith, obedience humility, silence, quietness, honesty, housewifelyness, and such other fruits of God's Spirit. Therefore when thou art once joyned with her in the holy order of Matrimony, seek after no strange

The sick mans exhortation unto his son.

flesh

fleſh: beware of whoredom. Entangle thy ſo with no othar mans love, but be glad with the wif of thy youth, let her breaſts alway ſatisfie thee and be thou ever contented nay raviſhed, with he love. And if God ſend thee children, thank hi for them: and let thy ſtudy be to bring and trai them up in the fear, nurture, and doctrine of th Lord; that they may learn to know God even fro their cradles.

The ſick mans exhortation unto his daughters.

WHat ſhall I ſay unto yo my little daughters? pray God bleſs you, and mak you joyful mothers of many chi dren. Serve God, obey your Mo ther, be diligent to pleaſe her, give ear to he wholſome admonitions, and follow them, do no thing without her counſel and adviſement. Whe your age ſhall require to be married, follow th counſel of your mother, and other your faithfu friends which wiſh you to do well, in chooſin your husbands. Take heed ye be not corrupte with the gifts of *naughty packs*, nor deceived wi the flattering tongues of wicked and unthrifty pe ſons: for many in theſe our days ſeek not the wo man, but the womans ſubſtance. Couple you ſelves with ſuch as fear God, love his Word, an be of honeſt report. And when ye be once ma ried, reverence your husbands, know them to b your heads and governours appointed of God obey them, and ſubmit your ſelves unto them. Su fer not your love to depart from your husband neither know any man beſides them, but keep th bed undefiled, that your matrimony may be ho nourable and pure in the ſight of God, and of h holy congregation. Look well unto your hou hold, and be an example unto your maids of goo line

neſs and honeſty. Be no gadders abroad, nor haunters of Taverns, but keep your houſes continually, except ſome lawful and earneſt buſineſs provoke you to go forth. Be not babblers nor vain talkers, but for the moſt part uſe ſilence: for ſilence is an ornament and precious jewel unto a godly woman. Apparel your ſelves in comely array, with ſhamefac'dneſs and diſcreet behaviour: not with broidered hair, either gold or pearls, or coſtly garments, but as it becometh women that profeſs godlineſs, through good works. If you obſerve theſe leſſons which I *your ſick father* have now given unto you, doubt you not but you ſhall right well proſper, and live a joyful and quiet life on earth. Yea, God ſhall be your father and defender. Well, ſtand aſide a little while, Gods bleſſing be with you. *Come hither ye my ſervants.*

The ſick mans exhortation to his ſervants.

DEar ſervants, ſee in me what ſhall be the end of all fleſh, even a departure from this world *for we are but ſtrangers and pilgrims on the earth, as our fathers were before us. We have no continuing City here, but we ſeek one to come.* The ordinance of God is, that all men muſt once die. There liveth no man that ſhall not die. A man in his time is but graſs, and flouriſheth as a flour of the field. Our life is even as a vapour that appeareth but a little time, and then vaniſheth away. On this condition came we into the world, that we ſhould leave it again. We have been ſure of death, ever ſince we were conceived in our Mothers womb. Theſe things do you now ſee practiſed in me. The time of my departure out of this world is now at hand. I thought it good therefore to ſend alſo for you, and to take my leave of you till we meet again in the kingdom of God.

I thank

I thank you for the good service ye have done me I have not forgotten your serviceable hearts and good wills towards me. If the good pleasure of God had been, that I should have longer continued with you, I would have considered your service better. But I have given to every one of you such portion of money, as shall declare some part of my thankful and well willing heart towards you. This now remaineth to be craved at your hands: as ye have hitherto faithfully, truly, and honestly served me in my life time; even so after my departure so long as ye tarry here, shew the like faithfulness, truth and honesty toward your mistriss. The duty of a good servant is, to serve his master and mistris willingly and with a free courage, even for conscience sake: not with the eye, but with the heart to obey them, to honour them, gently to answer them, not to pick or steal away their goods, but to be faithful to them in all things. See therefore that ye on this manner behave your selves towards your mistris. Avoid all stubborness, churlishness, cursed speaking, telling of tales, lying, pilfering, waste, idleness, negligence and sluggishness. Eschew all evil and riotous company. Flie drunkenness, and wheredom. Abstain from vain oaths and foolish pastimes. So behave your selves in all your life and conversation, that the name of God and his doctrine be not evil spoken of. But now faithful servants, and dear relations, stand aside (for the pangs of Death are upon me) but I shall pray to my last gasp, that the Blessing of God be with you to the end of your lives.

A

A Prayer to be said by a dying man, in the case of a sudden surprize by Death, as by a mortal Wound, or any other evil Accident, &c.

O *Most gratious God, Lord of heaven and earth, Judge of the living and of the dead, behold thy servants running to thee for Pity and Mercy in behalf of this thy servant, whom thou hast smitten with thy hasty rod and smarting blow; if it be thy will, preserve his Life, that there may be place for his repentance and restitution:* O spare him a little, that he may recover his strength before he go hence and be no more seen. *But if thou hast otherwise decreed, let the miracles of thy Compassion, and wonderful Mercy, supply to him the want of the usual measures of Time, and the periods of Repentance, and the trimming of his Lamp: and let the greatness of the Calamity be accepted by thee, as an instrument to procure pardon for those defects and degrees of unreadiness, which may have caused this accident upon thy servant. Lord, stir up in him a great and effectual contrition, that the greatness of his sorrow, and hatred against sin, and the zeal of his love to thee, may in a short time do the work of many days. And thou who regardest the heart, and the measures of the mind, more than the delay and measures of time, let it be thy pleasure to rescue the soul of this thy servant from all the evil he hath deserved, and all the evils that he fears, that in the glorifications of eternity, and in the Songs which to eternal ages thy Saints and holy Angels shall sing to the honour of thy mighty Name, and invaluable Mercies, it may be reckoned among thy glories, that thou hadst redeemed this Soul from the dangers of an eternall death, and made him partaker of the Feast of God, which is eternal Life; through Jesus Christ.*

An act of holy reſignation to be ſaid by a ſick pe
in all the evil accidents of his Sickneſs.

O *Eternal God, thou haſt made and ſuſtained m*
thou haſt bleſſed me in all the days of my li
and haſt taken care of me in all variety of accident
and nothing happens to me in vain, nothing without t
Providence; and I know thou ſmiteſt thy ſervants
mercy, and with deſigns of the greateſt pity in t
world: Lord, I humbly lye down under thy rod,
with me as thou pleaſeſt; do thou chuſe for me not o
the whole ſtate and condition of being, but every ti
and accident of it. Keep me ſafe by thy Grace, a
uſe what inſtrument thou pleaſeſt of bringing me
thee. Lord, I am not ſolicitous of the paſſage, ſo
may get to thee, only, O Lord, remember my infir
ties, and let thy ſervant rejoyce in thee alwayes, a
feel and confeſs and glory in thy goodneſs. O be thou
delightful in this my medicinal ſickneſs, as ever thou we
in any of the dangers of my proſperity, Oh! let me not p
raſhly refuſe thy pardon at the rare of ſevere diſcipli

The Malefactors Paſſing-Bell.

POor hearts, by the ſound of your *Paſſing-bell*, y
moſt aſſuredly know your time is ſhort, a
therefore my diſcourſe to you ſhall not be lon
not many days betwixt you and *Death*, and the
fore not many words, leſt I keep you from t
thoughts of *Death*. I dare not be ſo unchriſtian,
to think you prepare not your ſelves for the laſt
tal ſtroak; and therefore take one only pra
from me (if you have not a better from others)
your ſelves.

O God! most powerful, yet most pitiful, by thy power preserve them that are appointed to dye, and redeem them from the sentence of death, which is past upon them, if it may stand with thy Goodness.

But if thy Providence hath appointed this time for their period, and this way of hanging for their dissolution, yet by thy pity save their souls from eternal death, and grant them all those graces which are necessary for their salvation.

Remember not their ignorances, Forget the sins of their youth, and forgive the sins of their age; Give them a sight of all their sins, Give them a sense of all their sins, and true repentance to bewail them; Give them a sight of all thy Promises, and true Faith to apply them.

Suffer not their Ghostly enemies to assault them to any present desperation, (in their last moments) for their former presumptions against thy Justice.

Send thy holy Angels to take their souls, as they did the soul of Lazarus, and carry them into Abraham's bosom; and let thy everlasting Gates be opened to receive them, for his sake, who by overcoming the sharpness of Death hath opened the Kingdom of Heaven to all believers.

Make and keep their senses intire, their understandings right, their penitence unfeigned, their hope well grounded, their Faith firm, and their charity perfect.

Give them, O give them a quiet and joyful departure, by carrying their eyes back unto Jesus, who died for them, and forward to those Joyes, which are purchased for them, by the life and death of Jesus Christ. Amen.

An Act of holy Resolution of Amendment of life, in case of recovery from a fit of Sickness.

O *Most just and most merciful Lord God, who hast sent evil Diseases, sorrow and fear, trouble and uneasiness, briers and thorns into the World, and planted them into our Houses; and round about our dwellings keep sin from our Souls, or drive it thence, I humbly beg of thee that this my Sickness may serve the ends of thy Spirit, and be a Messenger of Spiritual life and an instrument of reducing me to more Sober and Religious Counsels. I say, O Lord, that I am Unready and Unprepared in my accounts, having thrown great portions of my time away in Vanity, which have set me hugely back in the accounts of Eternity; and I had need live my life over again, and live it Better. But thy Counsels are in the great deep and thy footsteps in the Water; and I Know not what thou willt determine of me: if I die, I throw my self into the Arms of the Holy* Jesus, *whom I love above all things; and if I perish, I know I have deserved it but thou wilt not reject him that loves thee, but if I recover I will live by thy grace to do the Work of God and passionately pursue my interest in Heaven, and serve thee in the labour of Love, with the fervency of a Holy Zeal, and the diligence of a firm and holy obedience. Lord, I will dwell in thy Temple, and in thy Service Religion shall be my imployment, and Alms shall be my Recreation, and patience shall be my rest, and to do* thy will *shall be* my meat and drink, *and to live* shall be Christ, *and then* to die at last will be gain. *Spare me a little that I may recover my Health, before I go hence and be no more seen; but thy will be done on Earth as it is in* Heaven, *Amen.*

A Preparation concerning the contingencies and treatings of our departed friends after their Death, in order to their burial, &c.

WHen we have received the last breath of our Friend, and closed his eyes, and composed his body for the Grave, then solemn and appointed mournings, are good expressions of our dearness to the departed soul, and of his worth, and our value of him.

The Church in her Funerals of the dead, used to sing Psalms, and to give thanks for the Redemption and Delivery of the Soul, from the evils and dangers of mortality.

But it is good that the body be kept veiled and secret, and not exposed to curious eyes; neither should the dishonours wrought upon the face, by the changes of death, be stared upon by impertinent persons. When *Cyrus* was dying, he called his sons and friends to take their leave of him, to touch his hand, to see him the last time, and gave in charge, that when he had put his veil over his face, no man should uncover it. And *Epiphanius* his body was rescued from inquisitive eyes by a miracle. Let it be interr'd after the manner of the Countrey, and Laws of the place, and the Dignity of the person; For so *Jacob* was buried with great solemnity, and *Joseph's* bones were carried into *Canaan*, after they had been embalmed, and kept 400. years, and *devout men carried St. Stephen to his burial, making great lamentation over him.* And *Elian* tells us that those who were the most excellent persons, were buried in publick, and men of ordinary Courage and Fortune had their graves only strew'd with branches of green Olives, and mourning flowers, together with a few sprigs of Rosemary and

Rue

But nothing of this concerns the dead in real and effective purpoſes; nor is it with care to be provided for by themſelves, but it is the duty of the living; for to them, it is all one whether they be carried forth in a Chariot or a wooden Bier, whether they rot in the air, or in the earth, whether they be devoured by fiſhes or by worms, by birds or by ſepulchral dogs, by water or by fire, or by delay.

Concerning doing honour to the dead, the conſideration is not long; antiently the friends of the dead uſed to make their funeral Orations, and the Cuſtom deſcended, and in the Channel of time it mingled it ſelf in the veins of the earth, through which it paſſed. *And now a days, men that die* are commended *at a price*, and the meaſure of their Legacy, is the *degree* of their vertue. But *theſe things ought not ſo to be*, the reward of the greateſt vertue ought not to be proſtitute to the doles of common perſons, but preſerved like flouriſhing Laurel and Coronets, to remark and encourage the nobleſt things.

But that which is moſt conſiderable is, that we perform the will of the dead, the Laws oblige us, and will ſee to it; but did they not, certainly it is the nobleſt thing in the world, to do an act of kindneſs to him whom we ſhall never ſee again, but yet hath deſerved it of us, and to whom we would do it if he were preſent: and unleſs we do ſo, our charity is mercenary, and our *friendſhips* are direct merchandize, and our gifts are brokage; but what we do to the dead, or to the living for their ſakes, is *gratitude, and vertue for vertues ſake, and the nobleſt portion of humanity, kindneſs and love.*

The reasons why we shut the Eyes and Mouth of the Dead.

IN the first place, when our dear Friends and Relations are dead, we close their *Eyes* and *Mouth*, which a learned Author says, is a Custom that was used by the Primitive Christians, to represent that the death of the faithful is, according to the Oracles of Scripture, nothing else but a Repose; since after having been asleep for a while, they shall be *awaked to Eternity*. Moreover by *shutting their Eyes and Mouth*, we do intimate, That the dead are no more to take delight in the Objects of this visible World, their Employment now being, stedfastly to behold all the ravishing Beauties of the other world, and continually to praise God, who is the glorious and bountiful dispenser of them.

The Reasons why dead Bodies are often Kissed, Washed, Perfumed, and Cloathed: together with the Customs of several nations in the burial of their Dead.

MAny persons, 1. Kiss, and kindly salute their dead Friends and Relations, to shew the natural tenderness and love they had for the deceased; but this custom is now quite abolished with us in many places, though this practice ought not to be altogether discommended. 2. As for the usage that is in some Countries, of washing the dead, *St. Chrysostom* tells us, that it was derived at first from the person of our Lord and Saviour, whose precious body was washed as soon as they took it down from the Cross. And we read in the ninth Chapter of the acts of the Apostles, that a woman of

Joppa

Joppa called *Tabitha*, whom St. *Peter* reſtored to life, had been waſh'd before ſhe was laid out for the grave. *The Indians burn their dead.*

3. The Cuſtom of Perfuming and Embalming the Corps, hath in our dayes been (eſpecialy in *England*) much obſerved. And indeed the very reaſon, why the *Primitive Chriſtians* were ſo careful to *perfume the dead*, was, becauſe they regarded them as ſo many Members of the Myſtical Body of the Redeemer of the world. *Tertullian* in his Apology, upbraiding the Heathens with the vaſt expenſes of ſweet Scents and Perfumes, conſumed in the Temples, tells them that thoſe *Odours* would be better employed, in perfuming and embalming the Bodies of Chriſtians, and their dear friends departed. At the *Canary Iſlands they bury their Dead with a bottle of wine ſtanding by them.*

4. As concerning the manner of Apparelling the Dead, all Chriſtians uſe not the ſame practice; for ſome do only cover them with a large *Winding-ſheet*, as they do in *France*: and others dreſs them in the very ſame Cloaths they were wont to wear, as in *Italy*, and ſeveral other places. And others dreſs them and lay them in their Coffin, in a white Shirt, a clean Cap (*with their Toes tyed with a black Ribband*) and ſometimes (as a late Act of Parliament enjoyns) in Flannel, this is the Cuſtom in *England*. And likewiſe here it is the Cuſtom to ſet the body, when dreſt in order to the Grave, either in the Entry, or the principal and moſt publick room of the houſe, and that for this reaſon, that by this ſight thoſe that paſs by it at the Funeral, may be taken off from terreſtrial things, and fix their thoughts on thoſe that are heavenly, by being thereby put in mind of their *latter end*, and that it will not be long before they muſt lye in the like poſture too, in order to be carried on

their

their friends shoulders to their Graves, as this their Friend or Relation is now to be carried. *The Chimnies always before they bury their dead* (if he was a married man) *bring him to his wife, that so she might first kiss him, and bid him farewel.*

The manner of Burying the Dead in England, *with the reasons of the Pomp and Ceremony wherewith the English carry their Dead to the Grave.*

NOw having thus far taken care of the dead body, the next thing is to consider the reasons and manner of the Pomp and Ceremony, wherewith the *English* carry their Dead to the Grave, the manner is thus:

The whole Company of invited Guests (being the Relations, Mourners for, and Friends of the deceased) march in a *sorrowful procession*, first to the Church, and then to the Grave, attended with more or less Pomp and Ceremony, according to the the *Quality* of the party deceased: at the head of this *solemn attendance*, the *Minister* that is to *bury the Corps*, walketh before the Corps (and if the party deceased was a person of Quality or Fashion) then goes a vast number of *young Blew-Coats* (*Boys and Girls*) singing Psalms and Hymns most melodiously, all the way to the *Church*; next to these ranks now recited, goes a *huge croud* of Mourners and other people, that accompany the *Corps*, whereof usually some are *weeping* and *lamenting*, whilst others are *swooning*, and sometime almost fainting away by reason of grief for the party deceased. (*Though such excessive lamenting usually lasts not long, as appears plainly by the story of a woman, who did passionately follow her husband to the grave, and would by all means be buried alive with him yet* (*being of a base and wanton temper*) *as soon as ever the black mayle of her Husbands Funeral was over, the next day*

she

she married a brisk Youngster, with whom she lived jocundly all her days.)

But to proceed, if 'tis not a person of Quality that is diseased, this great ceremony in *England* is rarely observed.

Last of all, when they are arrived at the *Church*, after the usual Ceremonies are over, and Funeral Sermon preached, the Corps is interr'd in the *Chancel* (if it was the body of a Rich and honourable man) or *Church-yard*, if it was the body of a mean and ordinary person.

But now I talk of the Church-yard: *Oh! how did triumphant Death fill the Church-yards in* London, *by the dreadful Pestilence that was in the year* 1665. *At which time he rung the* Passing-bell *for thousands in a week, sparing neither Man, Woman nor Child; but with his Syth and his Darts mowes and cuts down all. Oh the cryes that he caused then daily in every street*; Bring out your dead, Bring out your dead. *sounding in every place. And oh how busie likewise was the Devil now with every departing Christian, to disturb his hopes, and unsettle his faith; but blessed be Almighty God, there were many Christians in this very time of the Plague; that encountred him bravely by the help of Faith, Hope and Charity, and that upon their very death-bed too, though the Devil had alwayes at hand (as his seconds) the alluring World, and deceitful Flesh.* But here in this *seventh Emblem* of Mortality, you may see these things more fully represented to your eyes; for here you may behold,

I.

How Death cuts down all, both great and small.

——— And here,

Raw head and bloody bones now thinks it fit
To murder all, without or fear or wit.
See how the hangman layes about like wild,
Nor will he spare Man, Woman, or sucking Child.

I I.

II.

Here you may see in what manner men with their Bells and Carts with them full of dead bodies cryed, *Bring out your Dead, Bring out your Dead*; when Death did as it were, ring the City's Passing-bell, in the year, 1665.

Bring out your dead, *the horrid screech flyes round,*
Nor can a worse till the last Trumpet sound.
Bring out your dead, *ye wretches that survive,*
If any yet within remain alive.

And thirdly,

How the true Christian is forced to combate with Satan and his two seconds, World and Flesh, to his very last gasp, even till he bids the World a final adieu.

And here you may see,

The World *and* Satan *in the front appear,*
Placing the charming Sorceress in the rear;
Though had the Flesh *charg'd first unarm'd undrest,*
The silly Devil might have spar'd the rest.

The Weekly and nightly Passing-Bell.

THE Graves and Tombs of our Ancestors we pass by once in the week, do, as it were, so often ring our Passing-Bell, for who can see them there lying, all covered with green Turfs and withering Grass, and forget his own dying?

Before we come into the Church, *the Church-yard* presents this prospect to our eyes; as if unfit to hear Gods Word until, *Oh! man thou remembrest thy end.*

We take a view of the Graves of our dear Parents and Friends, once in seven days, as if from one to seventy, a seventh of our time were to be set apart to put us in mind of our mortality.

Carry eyes in thy head, and ere thou getteſt into

to the *Church*, thou haſt preſented to thy preſenc
a Funeral Sermon.

Happy are thoſe Chriſtians whom the ſight o
Graves, and Tomb-ſtones in the Church an
Church-yard, ring a peal in their ears of their E
eamus.

The Bell ringing calls thee into Gods Church t
hear and to learn, the Grave being digged, warn
thee to make fit for ſickneſs and to dye: thou the
who ſo oft haſt paſſed by thy dead friends Grave, re
member with them thou muſt be reduced to duſt.

But then again, when I go to ſleep at night, wha
is my Bed but, as it were, a *Paſſing-Bell*, to remem
ber me every four and twenty hours of my morta
lity, and that the Grave muſt ſpeedily be my Bed;
Clod my pillow, and the moulds and worms my co
vering: when I put but off my Shirt, it puts me i
mind of my Winding-ſheet, and laſt ſhroud tha
muſt cover me when I rot under ground.

And thus my Bed every night proclaims Death i
on his march towards me, and means ſpeedily t
quarter with me.

*The exact Method that ought to be obſerved in Funera
Proceſſions, for moſt ranks and degrees of men.*

First Children of the Hoſpital. Two Conductors
Poor Men. Gentlemens Servants in Cloaks
Gentlemen in Cloaks. Gentlemen in Gowns. Alder
men in black. The Preacher. A Penon of his own
Arms. Helm and Creſt. The Coat of Arms. Chief
Mourners. Two Aſſiſtants. Aldermen not in Black
Maſter of the Company if, *&c.* Maſter of the Hoſ
pital. Then all Gentlemen not in black. Neighbours
and others.

And now I have done ringing the Sick mans
Paſſing-Bell.

Next

xander and Diogenes among the Tombs.

all that monarchs can carry to y. graues.

Emperour Celebrating his own Funerall &c

Next follows Fifty several Pleasant Treatises, rarely, if ever handled before.

That Author fittest is to write,
That mixeth Profit with Delight.

TREATISE I.

An Awakening Dialogue between the Soul *and* Body *of a* Damned Man; *each laying the fault upon the other.*

Fancied in a Morning Dream.

The SPEAKERS.

1. The Author.
2. A Soul Departed.
3. A Dead Carkass.
4. The Devils.

The Author.

IT was about the Summer Solstice, when the Measurer of Time, *that glorious Luminary of Heaven, allowed but little above three hours Night to cover this part of the Hemisphere; That after my first Sleep, a second stole gently upon me; which happened about the Dawning of the Day, when those grosser sort of soporiferous Fumes, that are wont to ascend from*

the Stomach, to lock up the outward Senſes for the natural Repoſe, being diſſipated and ſpent, the pureſt part of ſubtle rarified Vapours *riſe up to the* Region *of the Brain, which uſe to repreſent more plain and even Objects to the Imagination, and make the Story and circumſtances of Dreams more coherent and clear; though the moſt lucid Fancies that appear unto us in ſleep, are but as Stars in a cloudy Night, or the Branches of Trees in a thick ſtanding Pool. I ſay, it was about the break of day, that I had an unuſual* Dream, *or* Viſion. And in a word, thus it was.

IN ſilence of a Summers Night,
A ſleeping, yet a waking Sprite;
A lifeleſs Body to my ſight,
Methought appeareth thus addight.

2. In that my Sleep I did deſcry
A Soul departed but lately,
From that foul Body which lay by,
Wailing with Sighs, and loud did cry.

3. Faſt by the Body thus ſhe moans,
And queſtions it with Sighs and Groans.
O wretched Fleſh, thus low, who makes thee lye,
Whom yeſterday the World had ſeen ſo high!

4. Was 't not but yeſterday the World was thine
And all the Countrey ſtood at thy Devotion?
Thy Train that followed when thy Sun did ſhine,
Is ſlunk away (O doleful Alteration.)

5. Thoſe Turrets gay of coſtly Maſonry,
And larger Palaces are not now thy room;
But in a Coffin of ſmall quantity,
Thou ly'ſt interred in a little Tomb.

6. Thy Palaces, what help they thee, or Buildings
Thy Grave's ſcarce large enough to hold thy Feet
Henceforth thou canſt hurt none with thy falſe Judg
For thy Miſdeeds in Hell we both muſt meet. (ing

7. I, I poor Soul, O[illegible] a noble Creature,
Formed and made in likeneſs of my God;

Adorn

Adorn'd with Graces of moſt comely Feature,
Am now ſo chang'd, as fouler than a Toad.
8. O wretched Fleſh, with me that art forlorn,
If thou could'ſt know how ſharp's our Puniſhment;
How juſtly might'ſt thou wiſh not to be born,
Or from the Womb to Tomb to have been hent.
9. This, I confeſs, no wonder, for in Life
To one good deed thou never would'ſt agree;
But to each greateſt Sin did'ſt run with ſtrife,
For which for ever we muſt damned be.
10. I am, and aye muſt be in bitter pain;
No Tongue of living Man hath power to tell
One of the ſmalleſt Torments I ſuſtain,
Where (which is worſt) I muſt for ever dwell.
11. Where be thoſe Lordſhips thou haſt lay'd together,
Thy lofty Palaces, thy Caſtles ſtrong?
Thy heaps of Gold, which were thy chiefeſt Treaſure,
Thy Rings and Jewels which about thee hung?
12. Where thy rich Beds, thy ſumptuous Tapeſtry,
Thy change of Raiment, many colour'd Veſture?
Thy dainty Spices, (Baits of Luxury)
Plate, Tables, Carpers and rich Furniture?
13. Where now thy wild-Fowl, and thy Veniſon,
Thy dainty Fiſhes, and thy choſen Wine?
In thy now Kitchen meat is dreſſed none;
Such Plagues for Sinners God doth ſtill aſſign.
14. How lik'ſt thou now, poor Fool, thy latter lodging,
The Roof whereof lies even with thy Noſe?
Thy Eyes are ſhut, thy Tougue cannot be jogging,
Nothing of Profit reſts at thy diſpoſe.
15. Whate'r thou haſt moſt wretchedly been ſcraping,
By Uſury, Deceit, Rage and Oppreſſion,
In all thy life, with Toil and greedy Gaping,
Is hid by Death in Earth and Putrefaction.
16. Thou art not now begirt with Troops of Friends,
The Flower of all thy Beauty lies in duſt:
The Bands of every Love do here take end;
Yea, thine own Wife now thinks all Tears unjuſt.

17. In thy left Kindred henceforth truſt no more
For, for thy Vineyards, Fields of Graſs, and Corn
And (which thy Plagues increaſe, thy treaſur'd Store
Few days (know Fool) thy after Heirs will mourn.
18. I do not think thy Wife or Children left
Would loſe one Penny, or one parch of Lands
For us, which are from her and them bereft,
Though it might quit us from theſe horrid Bands.
19. Now, wretched Fleſh, thou ſeeſt how nought
Is the Worlds Glory, falſe, deceitful, fell, (reputed
With Anguiſh fraught, with Sin and Vice polluted,
And cloathed in the noyſome bane of Hell.
20. Thy Garments, wretched Fool, are far from rich
Thy upper Garment hardly worth a Scute;
A little Woollen ſhrouds thee in thy Ditch,
No Rents nor Gifts men bring, nor make their Suit.
21. Think not, though yet no Torments thou en-
Thou never ſhalt, but ſleep for ever free; dure
For all Gods Scriptures, which are true and ſure,
Witneſs, at laſt, thou ſhalt be plagu'd with me.
22. Thee, which the Poor did'ſt rob, and not defend
Worms gnaw in Earth, and Rottenneſs thy Bone:
But longer ſtay I muſt not, here I end;
To this, I trow, anſwer thou knoweſt none.

The Body anſwereth.

THus ſaid the Soul: At laſt the *Ghaſtly Coarſe*
Strains up it ſelf, as being new reviv'd:
And with deep Groans, as if it had been hoarſe,
Ask'd who ſuch witleſs Reaſons had contriv'd?
24. Art thou, quoth it, my Soul which thus doſt
All that thou ſay'ſt is neither true nor ſtable: (fain
For I will prove with Arguments moſt plain,
If ſome be true, in many thou doſt fable.
25. I (as thou ſay'ſt) have led thee oft aſtray,
And from well-doing have enforc'd thy Love:

But if the Flesh can lead the Soul away,
The fault's more thine than mine, which thus I prove.
26. The World and Power of Hell did both con-
And did the Flesh to them associate; (spire,
Which if the constant Soul cause not retire,
Both must needs enter at Sin's wretched Gate.
27. But, as thou say'st, our God did thee create
Good, noble, understanding he thee made;
And like himself he fashioned thy state,
And made me Servant to whate're thou said.
28. Therefore, if thou my Mistris ought to be,
And reason had, by which thy Office was
Is both to govern; why did'st suffer me
Without restraint in wicked race to pass?
29. Is't just to charge the Body as the Sprite?
Which being rightful Mistress, yet will serve
To tame the flesh, the Spirit ought of right
With Abstinence, and Stripes, if she'l not swerve.
30. The Bodies works be from the Soul deriv'd;
By means thereof in life it flourisheth:
That Flesh which by the Soul is not assisted,
By easie Baits the World soon vanquisheth.
31. The Body of it self none ill hath known,
All that it knows proceedeth from thy Head;
I do what thou bid'st, the fault's thine own,
Or without thee the Body resteth dead.
32. Why should poor Hand-maid (Flesh) be
(charg'd with blame
working only as thy Instrument?
The Soul commandeth all, hers be the shame
Of all my Frailties, since I want Judgment.
33. Therefore, I trow, thy Guilt exceedeth mine
In following my Lust so frail and soul:
Ah, Oh! the Worms do tear me in my Shrine;
Therefore say no more: Farewell, poor Soul.

The Soul replyes.

NAy, said the Soul, I'le stay by thee a while,
And, if I can, thine Arguments confute:
Why rail'st thou on me in this bitter Style,
Striving to me the whole Guilt to impute?

25. Most wretched Flesh, which in thy time of life
Wast foolish, idle, vain; why do'st thou wreak
Thy wrath in railing words, to make new strife?
Though for the Substance 'tis true that thou do(st speak

36. For truth it is, and stands with reason plain
I should have bridled thee, and rul'd thy Will:
But thou through love of Pleasure foul and vain,
And sensual Appetite, me resisted'st still.

37. When I would thee, O Body, have controul'd
And have subdu'd with Watching, Fast and Pain;
Strait the World's Vanity did thee with-hold,
And to his vain delights drew thee again.

38. So thou of me did'st get the upper hand.
And of my mildness made so bad Construction,
That thralling me in worldly pleasures band,
Eternally hast drown'd me in Destruction.

39. I know my Guilt, and this my Trespass was
That being chief, I did not thee restrain:
But thou deceiv'd'st me with so fair a Glass,
That thy Offence the greater ought remain.

40. The vain Worlds Practices, Baits and Delights
If thou had'st left with stedfast Constancy;
And so withstood Satans inchanting Sleights,
Heaven had been ours, with Saints and Deity.

41. But flattering Fancies of the World did please
And made thee hope a lasting life to have:
Thou never thought'st to die, till Death did seize,
And hal'd thee from thy Court to dirty Grave.

42. The World and subtle Men have both one Guise
Where most it smiles, and most bestoweth Honour

Ther(e)

There sooneſt it deceives, sooneſt Death cryes,
And changeth Wealth to Worms, to Stench and (Horror.

43. He which in life did fawn, and was thy Friend,
Will not now caſt a look upon thy Grave.
Then gan the Body weep, weighing this end,
And lowly in his Style ſuch Anſwer gave.

The Body anſwereth.

I In my life which had ſo great Command,
In Jewels, Riches, Lands did ſo abound;
Built Palaces, and judged many a Land;
Think'ſt thou I thought of Tomb in this baſe Ground?

45. Oh, now I ſee, and find it to my grief,
That neither Gold, nor Wealth, nor larger Rent,
Honour, Strength, Knowledge, nor ſovereign Herbs
Can cure Death's bitter Sting, nor it prevent. (relief,

46. Before our God we guilty both do ſtand,
And both in fault, but not both equally;
The greateſt Burthen lyeth on thy hand,
And this to prove full many Reaſons lye.

47. No wit ſo mean, but this for truth it knows,
Juſtice it ſelf, and Reaſon both agree:
That where moſt Gifts of Vertue God beſtows,
There moſt is due, and ought repayed be.

48. Life, Memory and powerful Underſtanding,
God gave to thee, and with it ſenſe of might,
Wherewith thou ſhould'ſt have curb'd at thy *com-*
Concupiſcence, and followed that was right. (*manding*

49. Then ſince thy Dower of Vertue ſtretch'd ſo
And foolishly thou gav'ſt thy ſelf to me, (far,
And my enticements never would'ſt debar,
That thy fault greater is all men may ſee.

50. Further, I add, with anguiſh of my Heart,
Which mine own caſe doth plainly demonſtrate;
The Fleſh can nothing do, if Soul depart,
Neither moves nor ſtirs, early or late.

51. It neither sees, nor speaks, then this is prov'd
The Soul gives life, no power in Flesh doth rest.
If then the Soul rightly her God had lov'd,
The Flesh had never her great pow'r suppress.
52. If God's Love, living, thou had'st holden dear
And poor Mens Causes rightly had'st defin'd,
And unto wicked Counsels giv'n no ear,
Nor me, nor thee, World's Vanity had twin'd.
53. I that liv'd gay, and gorgeous in Attire,
Lo, what of all now unto me remains?
Worms, Rottenness, and narrow lodge of Mire;
These after all Delights are left my gains.
54. And Oh, I know, that at the latter hour
I shall arise, and as I did offend,
With thee shall find a second Death most sour;
An everlasting Death, Death without end.

The Soul confesseth.

WIth hollow fearful Voice then howls the Soul
Oh had I not amongst the Creatures been
Why with God's Creatures did God me enroll,
Whom he foreknew should perish thus for Sin?
56. Happy are you, brute Beasts, happy your state
You wholly die at once, and only rot;
Once dead, all Torments cease, such is your fate:
Oh! were such end for Sinners, such their lot!

The Body asks the Soul a Question.

THen quoth the Body to his pensive Ghost,
If thou hast been among the Fiends in Hell,
Tell me, I pray, what saw'st thou in that Coast?
Is no help left, from thence with Christ to dwell?
58 For Kings and great Men what is their provision
Which living, lorded it in high degree?
For them is any hope left of Redemption,
For Money, Lands, Bequests, or other Fee?

The Soul gives Answer.

THe Question, senseless Body, wanteth reason;
For when to Hell the wicked damned be,
Redemption then is hopeless, out of season;
Bootless are Alms-deeds, Prayers and Charity.
60. If all the Piety of all men should pray,
All the World in price were offered;
All good men should fast both night and day;
For this not one should be delivered.
61. The roaring Devil, cruel, and full of rage,
For infinite of Worlds, or any gain,
Would not forgo one Soul shut in his Cage,
Nor ease his Torments, nor make less his pain.
62. And to thy Question, what is there prepar'd
For Lords and great ones, God's Law is express;
The more that here one is advanc'd or fear'd,
More fearful is his fall, if he transgress.
63. A rich man therefore, dying in his sin,
No man shall sharper Torments feel than he;
How much more pleasures that he lived in,
So much more grievous shall his Torment be.

The Author in Vision.

AFter the Soul had say'd these mournful words,
Behold, two Fiends more black than Pitch or (Night,
Whose shapes with Pen to write, no wit affords,
Nor any hand of Painter pourtray right.
65. Sharp steely pricks they did in each hand bear,
Sulphur and Fire flaming they breath'd out;
Tusked their Teeth, like crooked Mattocks were,
And from their Nostrils Snakes crawl'd round about.
66. Their Ears with running Sores hung flapping low,
Foul filthy Horns on their black Brows they wore,

Full of thick Poyſon, which from them did flow;
Their Nails were like the Tuſhes of a Boar.

67. Theſe Fiends in Chains faſt bound this wretched Soul,
And with them hal'd her howling into Hell;
To whom on flocks ran other Devils more,
And gnaſhing with their teeth to Dancing fell.

68. They welcom'd her with Greetings full of woe,
Some wreſted her with Cords, ſenſleſs of dread;
Some ſnatch'd and tore with Hooks drawn to and fro,
Some for her welcome pour'd on ſcalding Lead.

Devils.

SUch Horrour we do on our Servants load:
Then, as half wearied, the Devils cry'd;
Now art thou worſe than is the crawling Toad,
Yet thouſand-fold worſe Torments thee abide.

The Soul cryes out.

AFter all this the groaning Soul deep ſigh'd,
And with what voice it could ſow murmured;
But when within the Gates of Hell ſhe enter'd,
She howled out *Jeſus* the Son of *David*.

The Devils anſwer.

THen all the Devils together loud did cry,
Too late, too late thou calleſt on thy God;
Here is no room for *Miſerere mei*;
No hope of eaſement from this bitter Rod.

72. Never henceforth ſhalt thou the light behold,
Thou muſt be alter'd to another hue:
Thou art a Souldier of our Camp enroll'd;
Such is the Comfort that in Hell is due.

Upon this methought the Damned Soul vaniſhed I knew not how. And now 'twas high time for me to awake; which I did.

The

The Author concludeth.

Then I awaked full of fear,
And much amaz'd, my ſelf did rear:
To God I ſay'd with folded hands,
O ſhield me from ſuch grievous Bands.

74. I left the World, and it forſook;
Of Goods and Lands no care I took:
I did renounce each worldly thing,
And gave my ſelf to Chriſt my King.

75. The World is drown'd in Sin and Vice;
All Order chang'd, not one man wiſe;
Both Juſtice and Religion loſt,
And all the World in turmoil toſt.

76. The World to ruine runs amain,
Falſe Gods are now ſet up again:
Unto the Rich their hands men hold;
He is the God that hath the Gold.

77. The Vertues of Divinity,
Are choak'd; Faith, Hope and Charity:
The Brood of Covetiſe and Craft,
Bear all the ſway, and ſit aloft.

78. Be thou noble, wiſe and fair,
Courteous, lowly, debonair,
And poor; thou may'ſt do what thou can;
'Tis only Money makes the Man.

79. If I be clad in rich Array,
And well attended every day;
Both wiſe and good I ſhall be thought;
My Kindred alſo ſhall be ſought:
I am, ſay men, the caſe is clear,
Your Couſin, Sir, a Kinſman near.

80. But if the World do change and frown,
Our Kindred is no longer known;
Nor I remembred any more
By them that honour'd me before.

81. O Vanity! vile love of muck;

Foull

Foul Poyſon, wherefore haſt thou ſtruck
Thy ſelf ſo deep, to raiſe ſo high
Things vaniſhing ſo ſuddenly.

82. For if the World could three things give,
Luſty Youth, and long to live,
Children ſtrong, and fair of feature;
Riches then were a good Treaſure.

83. But know, poor Fool, theſe end with Death;
From firſt till now all loſe their breath:
Living to day, to morrow gone;
All fleih muſt dye, Death ſpareth none.

But now at length the Oriental Gate
Of gray fac'd Heaven 'gan to open fair,
And Phœbus, *like a Bridegroom to his Mate,*
Came dancing forth, ſhaking his dewy Hair,
And hurls his glitt'ring Beams through gloomy Air.
So Reſt *to* Motion, Night *to* Day *doth yield*;
Silence *to* Noiſe, *the* Stars *do quit the Field:*
My Cinque Ports all fly ope, the Phantaſie
Gives way to outward Objects, Ear and Eye
Reſume their Office, ſo doth Hand and Lip;
I hear the Car-man's Wheel, the Coachman's Whip.
Th' Apprentice (with my ſenſe) his Shop unlocks,
The Milk-maid ſieks her Pail, Porters their Frocks,
All cryes, and ſounds return, except one thing,
I hear no Bell for Pray'rs to toll or ring.
Being throughly wak'd, and ſtaring on the light,
Which ſilver'd all my Face and Sight,
I clos'd my Eyes again to recollect
What I had dream't, and make my thoughts reflect
Upon themſelves, which here I do expoſe
To every knowing Soul; and may all thoſe
(Whoſe Brains Apollo *with his gentle Ray*
Hath moulded of a more refined Clay)
That read this Dream, thereby ſuch Profit reap,
As I did Pleaſure; then they have it cheap.

THE A-

TREATISE II.

The Picture of the Devil.

HE is that Damned Ghoſt, the firſt Sinner, the firſt Seducer; One knowing much, yet never obedient, but by conſtraint. He is but a Slave, as baſe as he is beggarly; as malicious as curſedly miſchievous; blaſphemouſly careleſs of God, tyrannouſly cruel to Men, a continual Tempter, God's Gaoler, a dreadful Tormentor: Ever is he out with God, and a hater of the Good: What God commands he condemns; he will allow what God diſlikes. A bright Angel he was in Heaven, but now the black Fiend in Hell: To no Man a Friend, to the Church a moſt malicious Foe: He is driven out of the Penitent, he harbours in the Diſobedient: The Lewd are his Lodging, the Profane his Habitation. He is the unclean Spirit: The place moſt full of Abomination is his common Harbour: All his Motions are to ſatisfie Luſt: He would have us live after our liking, to work Wickedneſs, to rage in Rebellion againſt God. He knows himſelf to be damned; all he cares for is to make others like himſelf. This curſed Spirit is that *Lyon* roaring, ſtrong, fearful; that *Old Serpent*, ſubtil, guilefull; that *Red Dragon*, bloody, terrible: He reigneth where he gets any rule, and whom he gaineth, thoſe willingly he will not let go. Antichriſt is his eldeſt Son, the damned Crue his curſed Children. He is the Inventer of all Villany, the Author of Hereſie, the Setter up of Idolatry, the Plotter of Conſpiracy. He raiſeth Rebellion, and works Treaſon. He turns Religion into Superſtition, Love into Lechery, Friends

into

into Foes, Conſent into Contention, Peace into bloody Perſecution: He comes where the Godly be, and good Exerciſes; not for love to them, but maliciouſly, as an Inſtrument to hinder them. He will ſend *Cain* to ſacrifice with *Abel*, but afterwards to murther him; he will thruſt *Judas* among the Apoſtles, but to betray Chriſt. He is equally envious as malicious: If Chriſt plants a Church, he will erect a Chappel. If he have Apoſtles, this will raiſe up falſe Teachers: If Chriſt ſowe Wheat, he will ſcatter Tares. He deceived *Eve*, which brought a Curſe to the Earth: He provoked *David* to fall to numbering, that the People might be plagued. He is that grand Liar, that ſhameleſs Slanderer; he is as impudent as irrepentant. He tempted Chriſt himſelf importunately; he vexeth his Members, and that daily: He is full of fair words: He makes many Promiſes, but doth never perform what is good. He is a Machiavilian; when he pretendeth moſt to do well, then he intendeth moſt miſchief, and to do ill. He keeps men in Ignorance, and perſwades them of Faith, he puts them in hope of Salvation; and yet diſſwades from the Grace of Sanctification. He would have the wickedly diſpoſed to preſume of Mercy, and the Godly Penitent to deſpair in apprehenſion of Juſtice. He induceth his to believe, that good meaning, without the Word, is warrant enough in Gods Worſhip, and blind Devotion to be a great growth in Religion. He commends Wickedneſs with Titles of Goodneſs. He puts a fair Vizour over the ugly face of Sin: Exceſſive Pride muſt be cleanly Decency, no Pomp; filthy Luſt, but a trick of Youth, no Carnality; bad Company with Pot-mates, good fellowſhip, no Vanity; Covetouſneſs in the Niggard, thrifty Huſbandry, no ſordid Quality; Prodigal Expences, Frankheartedneſs, no Unthriftineſs; Intemperateneſs in

Meet-

Meetings, neighbourly Merriments, no Gluttony, nor Drunkenneſs; Riot, Recreation; idle Muſing, Contemplation. Thus he blindeth him that cares not to ſee Sin, that ſo a Man may be ſecure in haſtning to Hell. He that is moſt in Tranſgreſſion, is his beſt Son, yet is the greateſt Sinner his baſeſt Slave: Whoſo doth moſt for him, ſhall in the end be moſt tormented by him. God commands his Children for their own Salvation; but Satan his Servants to bring them to Confuſion. All his are either carnal Atheiſts, groſs Idolaters, hypocritical Time-ſervers, fooliſhly Superſtitious, damnably Miſchievous, proud Hereticks, or idle headed Schiſmaticks. He will allow ſome of his to be of the viſible Church, yet only a *Cain*, an *Achitophel*, a *Saul*, a *Judas*, without inviſible Grace: He will give them leave to profeſs, but not to practiſe: He lets them know Verity, but not acknowledge it with Sincerity; their Service is only faſhion: Hypocrites are his Saints, Cuſtome his Canon, Sophiſtry his Reaſon: His Kingdom is Darkneſs, Schiſmaticks his zealous Servants, Hereticks his chief Champions; his Company the accurſed, the Profane his principal Attendants, next to the Fiends, the helliſh Inhabitants; the Reward to his, Wrath from God, Secluſion from the Good: The place for their abode is the infernal Pit, there to be tortured in torment, and plagued with eternal Pains without end.

PRECEPTS.

O Wretched Sinner, ſeek peace to thy poor Soul, ſeal not up thy Damnation by doing ſervice to this Devil: Stop thy Ears, hear him not; if thou do'ſt, believe him not. Wherein he moſt ſeemeth a Saint, therein hold him a moſt accurſed Creature. Thô his Promiſes pretend Peace and Salvation, yet ever in his Reaſoning deny his

Con-

Concluſion. Make no peradventure of the Word; if thou doeſt, he will forthwith contradict the truth. If thou be a doubting Eve, *to ſay,* leſt I die, *he will be a* Serpent, *and dare confidently ſay,* Thou ſhalt not die. *Be not a ſlave to him, that made ſuit to lodge in Swine. Be not ruled by him, if thou beeſt truly penitent, who reigneth only over the diſobedient. Be no ſubject to ſo baſe an abject: nor a friend to ſo great a foe. Leave his Luſts, elſe look for no life: Forſake the world, elſe thou gaineſt nothing by the word; If thou wilt needs be led by him, look for no Heaven: if thou ſecurely ſin, prepare for Hell. Remember the end, the due reward of wickedneſs, both in the* Devil *and the damned. From which miſery the God of compaſſion deliver thee (Reader) of his tender mercy.* Amen

TREATISE III.

Being an affectionate Diſcourſe concerning a Death-bed-Repentance.

COncerning a late or *Death-bed-Repentance*, it muſt firſt be acknowledged, that one of thoſe two things is ordinarily underſtood by it, either the *perfecting our accounts with God* at that time, *reinforcing all our former good reſolutions, and ſhutting up* that buſineſs of our Souls, which in time of health had been ſincerely *begun*, but not *perfected*; or elſe the *beginning* of that work of *Repentance* at that time.

And now *Gentle Readers*, the Deſign of this Treatiſe is to intreat you, to beware of that infinite hazard that attends a *Death-bed-Repentance*; Oh venture not

not Eternity upon your last Breath! Make *Religion* your early, your continual Business, your Duty, your Obligation; which will administer a delightful Reflection on your following years, prove the truest Frugality and Improvement of Time, the greatest ease, and quiet, comfort and safety both of Life and Death. Those that now load themselves with *guilt* under the delusion of *Pleasure*, *that* gives them secret disquiet while they are laying it on, treasure up shame and sorrow for the time to come, horror and despair for a dying Hour. All men seek *the Lord* some time or other; only wise men *betimes*, while he may be found. *Old Age* is the Lot but of a very few, grievous and burthensome enough of it self; but disconsolate and oppress indeed, when Men come to possess the Diseases, and Infirmities of it, together with the Iniquities of their youth; bitter, if not fruitless Repentance for their mispending it. Yet *Death* observes not the course of the Law of Nature, but the Determination of God. *Boast not thy self of to morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth.* Possibly *this day* may bring forth thy *Death*, how then shall *to morrow* bring forth thy *Repentance*, or make thee another Tender of this dayes rejected Salvation. Every day puts a Period to many lives, as well secured as ours, and who have had the same Reason of Hope with our selves. No man ever miscarried because his life was *short*, but *bad*: 'twas no loss to *Gideon*, that he returned from Victory before the Sun was up. There's no danger of being wise and good too soon; but all the wisdom to be learnt in *another World*, comes too late to remedy any final miscarriage in *this*. We may be instantly surprized by *Death*, or a *Disease* that incapacitates us to call for Mercy in general; much more to make our selves meet for the Inheritance of the Saints in life.

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The face of *Death* will have a sad Appearance to those that have loytered, unthriftily trifled away their Time, that never knew the worth of it until their last hour, and they have their work to do. *Eternity at Hand*, gives value to all Holiness and Sense of God in spite of the world, and lessens all things else into less than nothing, and Vanity; imprints a ghastliness and horror upon wickedness and sensuality. The *Thirty pieces* are nothing worth, and the *Innocent Blood* above all value, when Men suffer in the Agonies of Conscience, and fears of the approaching Judge. *An House-ful of Silver and Gold* will not buy a Man to resist God, when the Terrible Majesty appears to him: nothing is so precious then, that a man will not fling to the Bats and Moles. When the Breath is going out of the Nostrils, how precious is sincere Holiness to those that have slighted it as a thing of nought. As if the great Truths of Gods Word were never true till a day or two before we die. But *these things* are alwayes so rich and valuable. *True Wisdom* is alwayes so precious, that it disdains to borrow Esteem from a Minute of Extremity. And therefore, it mostly falls out, that those who would have none of its Counsel, and despised all its Reproofs, when they come to seek it now, cannot find it, but it laughs at their Calamity, and their Misery confutes their Confidence.

A good Death is the natural consequence of *a Holy life*; else, there's no such thing in *Nature*, nor *Grace* neither, except by a *Miracle* of *Grace*. The most profligate and obdurate, cannot but think that they must repent, and acknowledge the Prudence and safety of the Religious, whom they contemned. They own their own folly and mistake, when it's too late to remedy: They desire to *die* the *Death* of the *Righteous*, and promise to live *their life* too, if they recover from Sickness. And if a *Holy life* be then look-

looked upon neceſſary to be lived, it cannot be ſufficient meerly to reſolve it. *Religion* never gave any man a Diſpenſation to Sin, that's one thing. We have entered into a Covenant with God to forſake the Devil and all his works. The Conditions of our Salvation, are our giving up our ſelves, Bodies and Souls, not a dying, but a living Sacrifice unto God. To deny ungodlineſs and worldly Luſts, and to live Soberly, Righteouſly, and Godly, in this preſent world. The wicked muſt not only forſake his ways, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; return from all his wickedneſs that he hath committed, unto the Lord; but keep all his Statutes, and do that which is right, acquire and exerciſe the Habits of every Grace, as well as mortifie and overcome all corrupt Affections, and vitious Inclinations. Chriſt gave himſelf for us, that he might redeem us from all Iniquity, and purifie unto himſelf a peculiar People, zealous of good works. He bare our Sins in his own Body upon the Tree, that we being dead to Sin, ſhould live unto Righteouſneſs. And is it Reaſonable that *this* ſhould be wholly fruſtrate by thoſe ſuppoſed to be Redeemed by Him we diſhonour, and endeavour to make void the purpoſe and deſign of his Sufferings, and Redemption, if we think them to be a ſhelter for our ungodly Living. *The Goſpel* (the higheſt diſplay of Mercy) is not a Salvation of men, in, but from Sin; and by *Repentance* means a Reformed courſe of life; and only by very ſilent Intimations (the Tract of which is hardly diſcerned) leaves it poſſible that he ſhould pluck ſome as brands out of the fire, by giving them Repentance at laſt: whereas, this is now become the only Repentance in uſe, the univerſal Refuge. But, the goodly price of a Death-bed-Repentance, at which God is prized by moſt, even then when Religion is at the loweſt, is rejected with Indignation, and the Everlaſting

ſtate

ſtate purchaſed by it, may be ſadly called an *Aceldama*, a Field of Blood.

It's in vain to ask whether God cannot ſave a Man after a vicious life, ſince his own *will* ſeems to reſtrain his *Power*; that he *will not* ſave men without a recovery to Holineſs. He is *Holy*, *Juſt*, and *True*, as well a *Merciful*. The ſame word that Informs us *He is merciful* and *gracious*, likewiſe tells us, *He will by no means clear the guilty*. That *if we live after the flesh, we ſhall die*. That he cannot *lye*, nor *deny Himſelf*. *I have no pleaſure in the death of him that dieth, ſaith the Lord*; *wherefore turn your ſelves, and live*; Implying, except we *turn to him*, his *Mercy* will do us no good. What Reaſon have we to expect *it*, which we have uſed to evil purpoſes, and his diſhonour? that he ſhould work Miracles for us, while we deſpiſe the means? Cauſe the Sun to ſtand ſtill for us, becauſe we have trifled away our day? Turn Stones into Bread, for us who have been ſlothful, and are ready to periſh? That he ſhould ſtand ready for us with *that grace* at laſt, which we have ſo long refuſed, and rejected. God is as peremptory for the *Time*, and *Seaſon*, as for the *Duty* it ſelf. There's a Time when he will not be found, nor accept our Offering. The Day of Grace, laſteth not ſo long as the Day of his Patience: The fruitleſs Fig-tree ſtood ſtill in the Vineyard, uncut down, but withered away under that fatal Curſe, *Never Fruit grow on thee more*. Though he will pardon the Infirmities of the ſincere, yet there's a certain Period ſet for the return of Sinners, beyond which, all their Induſtry is ineffectual. *Jeruſalem* neglected the day of her Viſitation, and the things of her Peace were irrevocably hid from her Eyes; *Eſau* found no place of Repentance (in his Father) though he ſought it carefully with Tears: The *Fooliſh Virgins* ſaw, and were troubled, that they wanted *Oil*, and endeavoured after

ter it, but too late, the *door was shut, and no knocking powerful enough for their admission.*

The design of *the Parable of the Vineyard*, (so grosly abus'd) where those that went into it at the *last hour*, were rewarded equally with those that bore the burden and heat of the day; was to teach the *Jews*, that, though God had chose them first to be his People, yet at the Eleventh hour (*i. e.* in Gospel Times, or end of the world) He would call in, accept of, and reward the *Gentiles* as largely as they, notwithstanding their repining and murmuring at this his Grace and Mercy; the Reward being to all of Grace, and not of Debt. At least it's no Advantage or Encouragement to those that are call'd upon and ingaged, yet refuse, and delay coming in, till old Age; Adjourn their serving God, to their going out of the world; for those that went in at the *Eleventh hour*, were not call'd before, but found standing Idle, because no man had hired them.

And as for *the Thief upon the Cross*, (that hath stole away so many Souls for the Devil;) it's *a bare Example*, not confirm'd by any Promise: It's a *single Example*, without a parallel in the whole Word of God: It's an *extraordinary Example*, ranked among the Miracles Christ wrought when he left the world: It's *an Example impertinently alledg'd* to warrant *delay in us*, who have the sound of the Gospel continually in our Ears, yet wretchedly cheat our selves of the *Remedy* of our miserable Condition, by adjourning the use of *it* to a late and uncertain futurity, which seldom or never succeeds well. Vain Men, to conclude an Universal Law, from *one single Instance*; a *personal Grace* and *Priviledge*, extended to *that one Person*, that stood close to that Sacrifice, that was offering it self up to God; when he Conqueror was Triumphing over Principalities and Powers, and making a shew of them openly upon the Cross; and dis-

diſplaying the Power of the dying Mediator, to for-
give Sins in his loweſt Humiliation. The *Scriptures*
that are an Hiſtory of more than Five Thouſand
years, have but *this one Inſtance* of *one* accepted upon
a *Death-Bed-Repentance*; and in that, ſuch an extra-
ordinary Conjunction of Circumſtances, as will ne-
ver fall out again. No man profeſſing Chriſtianity
hath any Reaſon to expect to fare as this Thief did,
till Chriſt come into the world, and ſuffer again, and
that between two Thieves, and he be alive at that
time and place where he ſuffers, and be one of the
Thieves, and the good one too; exerciſing ſo ma-
ny Acts of a true Repentance and lively Faith in
Chriſt, when (probably) firſt Preached to him;
when he ſaw him in ſo deſpicable a ſtate, under all
the Infamy and Miſery of a ſhameful and painful
Death, and nothing to make ſuch a greatneſs as he
aſcribed to him, probable; which will never be.
But further, concerning the Thief upon the Croſs,
it is obſervable.

Firſt, That it appears not of him, (nor have we
any reaſon to charge it on him) that he ever *procra-
ſtinated*, or purpoſely poſted off his *Converſion* to this
ſo late a date; and ſo he will not be matter of Com-
fort to them that do.

Secondly, That as far as we have any knowledge,
he ſeems not ever to have heard of Chriſt, at leaſt,
to have been called or *inſtructed by him*, till he met
him upon the *Croſs*; and conſequently he can be no
Preſident to any that hath lived an *Age*, or great
part of it, under the preaching of the *Goſpel*.

Thirdly, That for the Thief to be *converted* then,
and *believe in Chriſt* in that ſtate of greateſt Humility,
upon the *Croſs*, (which ſo *ſcandalized the Jews*, when
by all other Motives they were inclined to believe on
him) was a moſt notable, illuſtrious *eminent Act of
Faith*, and ought in any reaſon to be preferred be-
fore

ere that which is ordinarily found among men.

Fourthly, That it was accompanyed with as many effects of *sincere Conversion* as that condition was capable of, *Confession* of Christ, and devout *Prayer* to him for his *Mercy*, or *remembrance* when he came to his Kingdom.

Fifthly, That it was not extorted by the *fear of Death*, but proceeded from a sight and *acknowledgment* of the *Innocency* and *Power* of Christ, even upon the Cross; and this was an Argument to himself and others, (and was, it seems, so acknowledged by Christ) of the sincerity of his *Faith*, and *Conversion to God*, and that being supposed sincere, will undoubtedly be accepted be it never so late.

Sixthly, This was done by the *Thief* in the midst of all *Temptations* to the contrary; the *Cross* one great *Temptation*, and such as almost all the Disciples were shaken with; and besides, the other *Thief* was his *Tempter* to the contrary, *railing on Christ*, &c. *Luk.* 23.39. *And also the chief Priests, and Scribes, and Elders mocked him, and they that passed by reviled him, wagging their heads*, Mat. 27. And so that *new-convert-Thief* was a *singular* person, almost the only *Confessor* in the company. These particulars being observed, will give us reason to acknowledge the difference great betwixt the example of the *Thief*, and any that make use of that example to *deferre their Repentance* till the last, and will consequently *advertise* us, that though it *succeeded* very *well* to him, it may *succeed* very *ill* to us.

They dreadfully mistake themselves, that crowd up *Repentance* into so narrow a Room, as a *Sick-Bed*, when Men have scarce Time to reckon up all the particular Duties that make it up. That imagine the Tree that hath been alwayes Barren, should bring forth good Fruit now it is a cutting down: That a man should live a life of Holiness, when he is just a dying:

That

That a weak infirm Perſon, of diſabled, diſturbe
Faculties, ſhould build that in *three dayes*, whic
others, notwithſtanding all their Abilities and Di
ligence, find hard enough to do in *forty Years*: Tha
thoſe who have had the knowledge of God, an
been call'd upon all their lives to give up themſelve
to him, ſhould be accepted when they pour out t
him, in ſtead of the generous Spirits of Life, th
Lees and Dreggs of it. When the Blood coo's i
the Veins, and the Spirits are ready to ſtand ſti
the *Seaſon* of the *Pleaſures of Sin* are over, and
man is no longer to live *where they are*; to caſt him
ſelf upon Religion, when there's nothing elſe to vi
with it, when all things elſe fail: That he muſt tak
us in at night, though he hath in vain ſtretch'd ou
to us his hand all the day long; as if this ſta
were prepared only for a Stage for men to a
their Vices and Exorbitances upon, and then Go
ſhould remove them to Heaven, that have but ju
begun to acknowledge him by ſome weak Devotio
extorted even out of neceſſity, and given the bul
of their time to Sin; that have ſacrificed the *Male* o
their Flock to Luſt, and even with impious deſign
kept the corrupt thing for him. That the eaſ
Yoak, the light Burthen, which coſt the Son of Go
his Life to obtain Heaven upon, an intolerable Loa
and to be had on eaſier Terms. That God ſhoul
have only the faint and feeble Services of a Death
bed, for his Mercies vouchſafed us all our dayes: Tha
he ſhould accept of ſuch a Commutation for the O
bedience due to him, as a Death-bed-Repentance
a few Sighs, and Groans, Tears, Promiſes, ſcatter
ings of Devotion, in exchange for all our Dutie
ſufficient to expiate a whole life of Impiety, wit
a breath to retract all the diſhonour we have don
him in it; as if he had made us to take the De
lights he moſt abhors, and after all to give us ſuch
ſtu

stupendious Reward. From the Word of God Men have no Promise to warrant such a Confidence; If they have, let them shew it; if they have not, they must thank (or rather Condemn) themselves, for bringing themselves into a Condition without the Covenant, without a promise, hopeless, and miserable. And oh how miserable must he needs be, that lies upon the brink of Eternity, incountering the throws and horrors of an Imminent Dissolution, the doubts what will become of him in another World, the fears of Hell, the uproars of a guilty Conscience; whom God hath left to the Boyling Sea of his own Terrors, and thrown him out no Anchor of Hope. But to close all in a word:

CAnst thou recover thy consumed *Flesh*
From the well-feasted *Worms*, or put on fresh?
Canst thou redeem thy *Ashes* from the Dead?
Or quit thy Carkass from her *Sheet* of *Lead*,
Can st thou awaken thy earth closed Eyes?
Unlock thy marble Monument and rise?
All this thou may'st perform with as great ease,
As to repent thee, *Mortal*, when thou please:
It is thy *Grave*, not *Bed*, that thou art in
Th'art not *asleep*, but thou art *dead* in *sin*.

TREATISE IV.

Being an Ingenious Farewell to all the *Sweets of Life*, and Charming Grandeurs of State.

FArewell, ye gilded Follies, pleasing Troubles,
Farewell, ye honour'd Rags, ye Chrystal Bubbles;
Fame's but an hollow Eccho, Gold, pure Clay,
Honour the Darling but of one short Day;

Beauties chief Idol, but a Damask Skin;
State, but a Golden Prison to live in,
And torture free-born Minds, Embroydred Train,
But goodly Pageants; proudly swelling Veins,
And Blood allay'd to Greatness, is but loan,
Inherited, not purchas'd, nor our own.
Fame, Riches, Honour, Beauty, State, Traine, Birth,
Are but the fading Blessings of the Earth.
I would be Rich, but see Man too unkind,
Digs in the Bowels of the richest Mine.
I would be Great, but yet the Sun doth still
Level his Beams against the rising Hill.
I would be Fair, but see the Champion proud,
The World's fair Eye oft setting in a Cloud.
I would be Wise, but that the Fox I see
Suspected guilty, when the Ass is free.
I would be poor, but see the humble Grass
Trampled upon by each unworthy Ass.
Rich, hated; Wise, suspected; scorn'd if Poor;
Great, fear'd; Fair, tempted; High, still envy'd more.
Would the World then adopt me for her Heir;
Would Beauties Queen entitle me the fair;
Fame speak me Honour's Minion, and could I
With Indian-*Angels, and a speaking Eye,*
Command bare Heads, bow'd Knees, strike Justice dumb
As well as blind, and lame, and give a Tongue
To Stones by Epitaphs, be call'd great Master
In the loose lines of every Poetaster:
Could I be more than any man that lives;
Great, Wise, Rich, Fair, all in Superlatives;
Yet I these favours would more free resign,
Than ever Fortune would have had them mine.
I count one minute of my holy leisure
Beyond the Mirth of all this earthly Pleasure.
Welcome, pure thoughts, welcome ye careless Groves;
These are my Guests, this is the Court age loves.
The winged People of the Skies shall sing
Me Anthems by my Sellers gentle Spring.

Divinity

Divinity shall be my Looking-Glass,
Wherein I will adore sweet Virtues face.
Here dwells no heartless Loves, no pale-fac'd Fears,
No short Joys purchas'd with eternal Tears.
Here will I sit, and sigh my hot Youth's Folly,
And learn t' affect an holy Melancholly:
And if Contentment be a Stranger, then
We'le look for it, but in Heaven again.

TREATISE V.

Morning Fancies.

DArkness no sooner gives way to the Approach of the Sun, but the whole Theatre of Nature seems to smile; the Clouds put on their several-colour'd Habits, the musical Inhabitants of the Groves warble forth the Air in varied and delightful tones of Harmony; the Flowers draw forth their Several Flames and Beauties, offering sweet Incense from their fragrant Bosomes; all Mists and Fogs break up and vanish; and that which before dissembled so bright a lustre, hath lost it in the light of the Sun. And now my Senses loosned from the soft Chains of sleep, enjoy the Prospect of the Glory of the Heavens, the pleasant view of the Woods, Fields, Rivers: But as there be Groves and Caves where the Sun hath not access; so my Body is that Cave, where without the Beam of Reason, to discern the Causes and Effects of those Works I externally behold, it is still in Darkness; nay, I shall still continue so, if with the reflext Beam of Reason I look not into my self, and see what habits and Affections my Soul bears, and what belongs to me in respect of Duties and several Relations without: Nay, I am still in darkness, if I behold not with the eye of Faith the Sun of Righteousness, arising (as it were) out of the

immenſe Ocean of his Goodneſs and Mercy, darting into my Soul the glorious Rayes of his Truth and Goodneſs; then doth my little World rejoyce, *and my Fleſh rejoyces in the living Lord*; then are all my Affections, the Birds in my little Grove, tuned with his Praiſe; then doth each thought wear a ſeveral *Livery* of its Makers Praiſe, put on from the Contemplation of his ſeveral Works; then are all the falſe Splendours of Vanity obſcured, the Miſts and Foggs of Paſſion break up and vaniſh; then do the Flowers of Vertue ſalute him with that luſtre and odour he himſelf beſtowed on them; ſome yielding their Sweets at a diſtance, as the tender Vertues of Mercy, Compaſſion, Liberality; others impart not their fragrancy till bruiſed and cruſhed, as the Vertues of Patience and Conſtancy: And now Lord, my impriſon'd Soul beholds thy Beams through the Chinks (as it were) of thy Creatures; but a full Viſion of thy Preſence is reſerved for the State of Glory.

Let my mind ſo feed on thy Works, that they be digeſted into thy Praiſe; and let me look out ſo conſtantly through theſe Cranies, at the Rayes of thy Goodneſs, Wiſdom and Power, that at laſt my Spark may be ſwallowed up in the Immenſity of thy Light.

TREATISE VI.

Sweet Entertainments for the Cloſe or Evening of every Day.

HEavens ſable Curtains being drawn, Darkneſs makes all things alike: The feather'd Muſicians of the Wood repoſe their aerial Spirits amidſt the leavy Groves; a ſilent Horror ſeems to

to possess all places, while those Silver-footed Nymphs, that by so many windings arrive at the watry Arms of *Neptune*, send forth their pleasent murmurs louder, not drowned with greater noise: If the Sun hath set in a Cloud, it hath presaged Storms to the ensuing day.

I find a resemblance in my lesser World, of Nights Livery, when I wink the World into darkness, by which all Beauties lose their distinctions; all lye lovingly together in the bosom of Sleep, and agree in their obedience to these soft Injunctions, and delightful Commands of Nature. Here the Miser is pleasantly rob'd of his Store, and the miserable man of his sense of being poor. The ambitious man leaves to court greatness, and is content with the ordinary favours of *Morpheus*: The Lover lyes aside the *sweet tortures* of his Amours, and solaces himself only in the *dusky Embraces* of Sleep: The Soldier, in making his passage to the Gates of *vocal Fame*, ceases to invite *Death*, and is here content with its *Image*.

Now do our Senses, which are the Birds that make the musick in mans little Grove, throwd themselves under the downy Wings of Sleep. Thus doth Death equalize all things only for a longer time; in its Habitations a quiet horror seems to dwell, where all lye lovingly in the bosom of their Mother Earth, silently crept under the soft Coverings of Athes; where our divided parts revel in their loosened Motions, which had before been crowded together in our sickly Composures. I lye merrily down in my Bed, though I expect to rise again, to resume the burthen of all my fears, hopes, and griefs, the constant *Attendants of my life*; and yet look sadly and mournfully upon the *Grave*, my Corruption belonging to the maintaining of the Order of the *Universe*; where at my next *rising*, much gayer clad than before, I shall awake to *Immortality* and *endless Joy*. With

the eye of Reason I can look through the Glory of the world, and behold Vanity, and Oblivion; with the eye of Faith I can look through Oblivion and Corruption it self, and behold Glory and Eternity. Now I find, how many things do not (that are esteemed in popular judgements to) make one happy; how little they contribute towards it, to me alone, till I be mixt with those people, and take pleasure in those Opinions.

We entertain with true and real passions the Scenical compositions of the Stage; there being in man's life Plays, not acted, but lived; solemn fictions, not feigned, but believed. Men now acknowledge their own Natures, whom Precept had taught to regulate themselves all day, and familiarly own the impressions Nature hath characters on them.

Now doth the ever-running streams of Gods favours, which run over our hard and stony hearts, speak louder to us, not drowned with the noyse of worldly thoughts. If the Sun hath gone down in the clouds of our envy and malice, it presages future storms of passions to our life.

And now, Lord, I will seek him in my Bed, whom my Soul loves: Let me find thee, in the rest thou giv'st my Soul from Sin and Vanity, in the sleep thou giv'st my affections, they being all quietly reposed in thee, and thus I rest on thee, more than on where I lye.

TREA-

TREATISE VII.

The most Ingenious Art of Printing *SPIRITUALIZ'D.*

GReat Eleſt *Maſter-Printer* come
Into thy *Compoſing-Room:*
Wipe away our foul Offences:
Make, O make our *Souls* and *Senſes*
The *Upper* and the *Lower Caſes*;
And Thy large *Alphabet* of *Graces*
The *Letter*; which being ever fit,
O haſte Thou to *diſtribute* it:
For there is (I make Account)
No *Imperfection* in the *Fount.*
If any *Letters Face* be *foul*,
O *waſh* it, e're it touch the Soul;
Contrition be the *Brush*, the *Ink*
Tears from a penitential Eye.
Thy *Graces* ſo *diſtributed*,
Think not thy work half finiſhed;
On ſtill, O Lord, no time deſerr,
Be truly a *COMPOSITER:*
Take thy *Compoſing-ſtick* in hand,
Thy *Holy Word*, the ſureſt band:
O ſure the *Work* can never miſs,
That's truly *Juſtifi'd* in this.
The end of *Graces Diſtribution*,
Is not a meer *diſſolution*;
But that from each part being *cited*,
They may be again *United.*
Let *Righteouſneſs* and *Peace* then meet,
Mercy and *Truth* each other greet;
Of theſe *Letters* make a *Word*,
Let theſe *Words* a *Line* afford;

Then of *Lines* a *Page Compose*,
Which being brought unto a close,
Be Thou the *Direction*, Lord,
Let *Love* be the *fast-binding Cord*.
Set, O Lord, O *set apace*,
That we may *grow from Grace to Grace*,
Till t'wards the *Close* we nearer draw,
The two strong *Tables of thy Law*;
Or which the two firm *Cross's* be,
The Love of Man, next after Thee.
The *Head-sticks* are *Thy Majesty*,
The *Foot-sticks*, *Christ's Humility*,
The Supplication of the Saints,
The *Side-sticks*, when our Faith e're faints:
Let the *Quoins* be *thy* sure *Election*,
Which admits of no Rejection,
With which *our Souls* being *joyn'd about*,
Not the least *Grace* can *drop out*.
Thy *Mercies* and *Allurements* all,
Thy *Shooting-stick* and *Mallet* call.
But when all this done we see,
Who shall the *Corrector* be?
O Lord, what thou *Set'st* can't be ill,
It needs then no Correctors skill.
Now tho these *Graces* all be *Set*,
Our *Hearts* are but *White-Paper* yet;
And by *Adam's* first transgression,
Fit only for the *Worst Impression*.
The *Holy Spirit* the *Press-man* make,
From whom we may *Perfection* take;
And let him, Lord, no time deferr,
To *Print* on us thy *Character*.
Let the *Ink* be *Black* as Jet;
What tho? it is comely yet,
As Curtains of King *Solomon*,
Or *Kedar's* Tents to look upon.
Be *Victory* the *Press's Head*,
Which o're *Oppression* may *tread*:

Let

Let *Divine Contemplation* be
The *Skrews*, to raiſe us up to Thee:
The Preſſes *two Cheeks* (unſubdu'd)
Strong *Conſtancy* and *Fortitude:*
Our ſlaviſh *Fleſh* let be the *Till*,
Whereon lay what traſh you will:
The *Nut* and *Spindle*, *Gentleneſs*,
To move the work with eaſineſs:
The *Platten*, is *Affliction*,
Which makes good Work, being hard ſet on:
The *Bar*, the Spirits *Inſtrument*,
To *Sanctifie* our *Puniſhment:*
The *Blanket* a reſemblance hath
Of *Mercy in the midſt of Wrath:*
The *Friſket*, *thy preventing Grace*,
Keeps us from many a ſullied Face:
Chriſt Jeſus is the *Level Stone*,
That our *Hearts* muſt be *Wrought upon:*
The *Coffin* wherein it doth lie,
Is *Reſt to all Eternity:*
The *Cramp-Irons* that it moves on ſtill,
Are *the good Motions of the Will:*
The *Rounce*, the *Spirits inſpiration*,
Working an Holy *Agitation:*
The *Girts*, the *Gift of Continence*,
The *Tether* of th' unbridled Senſe:
The *Winter* whereon all doth lie,
Is *Patience in Adverſitie:*
The *Foot-ſtep*, *Humbleneſs of Mind*,
That in it ſelf no worth can find.
If there be ſuch a chance as this,
That any *Letter batter'd* is;
Being come unto thy view,
Take it out, put in a new.
Or if Satan that foul Fiend,
Mars, with a pretence to *mend*,
And being at thy Goodneſs vext,
Make *Blaſphemy* of thy pure *Text*;

Find

Find it out, O Lord, and then
Print our Hearts new o're again.
O Lord, unto this work make haste,
Tis a work that long will last,
And when this *White Paper's* done,
Work a *Reiteration.*

But to summe up all.

THe *World's* a *Printing-house*, our *words*, our *thoughts*,
Our *deeds* are *Characters* of sev'ral sizes:
Each *Soul* is a *Compositor*, of whose faults
The *Levites* are *Correctors:* Heaven *revises*;
Death is the *common Press*, from whence being driven,
W'are gathered *Sheet* by *Sheet*, and bound for *Heaven.*

TREATISE VIII.

Curiosity severely Checkt.

OFten have I thought with my self, what Disease I would be best contented to die of; none please me: The Stone, the Chollick, terrible as expected, intolerable when felt: The Palsie is death before Death; the Consumption a flattering Disease, cozening men into Hope of long life at the last gasp: Some sicknes besot, others enrage men, some are too swift, and others too slow.

If I could as easily decline Diseases as I could dislike them, I should be immortal: But away with these thoughts; the *Mark* must not choose what *Arrow* shall be shot against it. What God sends, I must receive: May I not be so curious to know what Weapon shall wound me, as careful to provide the Plaister

Plaister of Patience against it? only thus much in general; commonly that Sickness seizeth on men, which they least suspect; he that expects to be drown'd with a *Dropsie*, may be burnt with a *Feaver*, and she that fears to be swoln with a *Tympany*, may be shriveled with a *Consumption*.

TREATISE IX.

The Humours of the Raw Divines of this present Age.

SOme raw Divines, *no sooner are espous'd*
To their first Wives, *and in the* Temple *hous'd*,
But straight the Peace *is broke; they now begin*
T'appoint the Field, *to fight their* Battails *in*;
Schoolmen *must* war *with* Schoolmen, text *with* text;
The first's the Chaldee's Paraphrase; *the next*
The Septuagints: Opinion *thwarts* Opinion;
The Papist *holds the first*; the last th' *Arminian*;
And then the Councils must be call'd t'advise,
What this or Lateran *says, what that or* Nice:
And how the point must be anew disputed,
If Trent's *false, and* Bellarmine's *confuted*:
Thus with the sharp Artillery *of their Wit,*
They shoot at random, careless where they hit:
The Greek *ly studied* Fathers *must be pray'd,*
Although on small acquaintance, in to aid,
Whose glorious Varnish *must impose a gloss*
Upon their Paint, *whose gold must gild their dross.*
Now Martin Luther *must be purg'd by them,*
From all his Errors, *like a School-boys* Theam:
Free-will's *disputed*, Consubstantiation,
And the deep Ocean of Predestination.

Where,

Where, daring venture, oft too far into't,
They Pharaoh-*like, are drown'd both* Horse *and* Foot;
Forgetting that the Sacred Law *enjoyns*
New-married men *to sit beneath their* Vines,
And chear their Wives; *they must not venture out*
To Wars, *until the Year be run about.*

TREATISE X.

A Lash for Laziness, or a Spur for our English Divines.

SHameful my sloath, that have deferred my Night-Prayer, till I am in Bed: This lying along is an improper posture for Piety: Indeed there is no contrivance of our Body, but some good man in Scripture hath hanseled it with Prayer; the *Publican* standing, *Job* sitting, *Hezekiah* lying on his Bed, *Elijah* with his *Face between his knees*: But of all gestures give me St. *Paul's*, *For this cause I bow my knees to the Father of my Lord Jesus Christ*: Knees when they may, then they must be bended.

I have read a Copy of a *Grant of Liberty*, from Queen *Mary* to *Henry Ratcliffe*, Earl of *Sussex*, giving him *leave to wear a Night-Cap or Coif in her Majesties presence*, counted a great favour, because of his Infirmity. I know in case of necessity, God would graciously accept my Devotion, *bound down in a sick dressing*; but now whilst I am in perfect Health, it is inexcusable: Christ commanded some to *take up their bed*, in token of their full recovery; my laziness may suspect, least thus my *bed taking me up*, prove a presage of my ensuing Sickness: But may God Pardon my Idleness this once, I will not again offend in the same kind, by his Grace hereafter.

TREA-

TREATISE XI.

The Queen of *Sheba*'s Glorious Progress to King *Solomon*'s Court.

IT spreads the sweet Perfume *of* Solomon's *Fame,*
Affects the Coasts; *and his Illustrious Name*
Cannot be hid; the unbelieu'd report
Must fly with Eagles wings to th' honoured Court
Of Princely Sheba; Sheba *must not rest,*
Until her eyes become th' invited Guest,
Of Fame's *loud Trumpet; her Impatience strives*
With light-foot Time, *while her Ambition drives,*
Her Chariot-wheels, *and gives an airy passage*
To th' quick delivery of her hearts Embassage:
True wisdom, planted in the hearts of Kings,
Needs no more glory than the glory 't brings;
And like the Sun is view'd by her own light,
Bing by her own reflection, made more bright:
The emulous Queen's *arriv'd,* she's *gone to th* Court,
No eye-delighting Masque, *no Princely* Sport,
To entertain her: No, her eye, her ear
Is taken up, and scorns to see, to hear
Inferiour things; Sh' allows her ear, her eye
No less than Oracles *and* Majesty:
How empty pastimes do dissolve and fly
To their true nothing, when true Wisdom's by!
Th' arrived Queen *has* Audience, *moves, disputes;*
Wise Solomon *attends, replyes, confutes;*
She *objects,* he *answers;* she *afresh propounds;*
She *proves, maintains it,* he *decides, confounds;*
She *smiles,* she *wonders, being over-dazz'd,*
With his bright beams, stands silent, *stands amaz'd.*
How Scripture like *Apocrypha*'s appear
To common Books! how poor, when *Scripture*'s near!

The

The Queen is pleas'd, who never yet did know
The blast of Fame *less prodigal, than now;*
For now the greatest part of what she knew
By *Fame, is found the least of what is true;*
We often find that Fame in prime of Youth;
Does add to Fulihood, and subtract from truth:
The thankful Queen does with a liberal hand,
Present him with the Riches of her Land;
Where Wisdom goes before, we often find,
That Temporal Blessings seldom stay behind:
Lord, grant me Wisdom, *and I shall possess*
Enough, have more, *or have content with* less.

TREATISE XII.

An Hour well spent, or the Arraignment of the false and deceitful heart of Man.

I Thought I had so well surveyed this little piece of Earth, that I had known every turning and winding in it: but, since I had a holy purpose betray'd to some casie temptation, I suspected that there was something yet undiscovered. Whereupon *in a vacant hour* calling my Travel, Study, and Observation thither, I found a strange Labyrinth, which the thred of my Reason was too short to unwind me out of; I found it so incircled with the Serpentine windings of Sin, so encompassed with those flexanous embraces, that I perceived Vanity entring under the conduct of its adversary, apt to Glory in the contempt of Glory, and grow proud in the lowest debasing my self: and upon demand of Reason for any good, it would inform me, That it owed its original to some secret passion, which would untitle it again.

That

There is nothing but darkneſs, and wandrings, here; So that I perceive, O Lord, I was more ſecure than ſafe, ſince I lodged here ſuch deceitful gueſts, that anſwered at the light knock of every Idle paſſion. I deſired to have diſcovered my heart to thee, but found it firſt neceſſary, that thou ſhouldſt diſcover it to me; where was ſuch a Wilderneſs of Paſſions, ſuch rocks of Pride, ſuch *Meanders* of Deceits, and perplext paths o contradictory motions, that it mockt my paſt endeavours, and taught me to know, that other things might be in the light to me, yet I in darkneſs to my ſelf. And ſince thy ſacred Spirit hath dictated to me, that it is deſparately wicked and inſcrutable, I arraign it before thy Throne, as that corrupt Fountain, whence hath flowed thoſe bitter ſtreams of Vanity, which have overflowed my life; I beg of thee, my God, another Creation, firſt, of a clean heart: and that then thy ſacred Spirit would move upon the face of theſe waters, and form this *Chaos* into that beauty, and order, where thou wouldſt have thy own Power and Wiſdom manifeſted. Oh breath forth thy Heavenly Light into my Soul! in the ſhades which Croſſes and Afflictions ſhall caſt upon my life, in conformity to my Saviours ſuffering, my Soul rejoyces.

TREATISE XIII.

Chamber-Chriſtians.

NO matter whether (ſome there be that ſay)
Or go to Church, *or ſtay at* home, *if pray;*
Smith's *dainty* Sermons *have in plenty ſtor'd me,*
With better ſtuff than Pulpits *can afford me:*

Till

Tell me, why prayeſt thou? Heaven commanded ſo;
Art not commanded to his Temple *too?*
Small ſtore of manners! when thy Prince bids Come,
And feaſt at Court; *to ſay,* I've Meat at home.

TREATISE XIV.

Spare Minutes, or ſweet Contemplations upon a Private Life.

THe Poets ſometimes gratifie the largeneſs of mans Soul with their lofty flights, writing to immortality; and in the exceſs of their fancy, converſe with Deities, tumbling among the Stars with *Jove:* and anon, let the motions of their Spirits down again, to view the contents of moderate and private Fortunes. Thus we ſee ſometime the Scean of the greateſt mens lives altered; now repreſenting you the proſpect of Armies, Triumphs of Victories, Grandeur of State, the glory of Courts, Camps, and Cities; anon, in their rooms, ſucceeding Groves and pleaſant Rivers, private Walks, Diſcourſes of the Worlds Vanities, Expetiments of Nature, and ſuch Companions of ſolitarineſs: When all the ſwellings of Pride and vain Opinions are faln, and Nature freed from thoſe affectations it hath got abroad, it acknowledgeth it ſelf, its own Bents and inclinations. A Life led according to Nature, is the real enjoying of things themſelves; but if according to Art and Opinion, it's like as in Pictures; they view things drawn well to the Life, repreſentations of Love, Honour, and Vertue; yet nothing but Colours, that loſe their glories by mens nearer approaches. The joyes of an active life are more agree-

able

able to Nature, moving in the Sphere of Vertue, than any receſſions from Society can afford; whoſe priviledge can only be, to think Vertue. The Maſculine power of the mind is not beholding to places for their ſatisfactions; but what is the true and real dignity of one place before another, by an intellectual Chymiſtrie he can extract, and tranſlate to his own mind their preheminencies. There can in no place be wanting Groves, Rivers, ſinging of Birds; our bodies are a ſhadie Grove, where our Souls ſit contemplating; the Muſick of the Birds without, are all Gods creatures, which, as it were, in ſo many diverſified Notes do ſweetly ſing their Makers praiſe; that Rivers, are the flux wherein all humane things are, Times, Perſons, Things, which by a ſucceſſion of their corruptible and alterable parts do ſtill keep up that current. Theſe thoughts are, as it were, the better *Genius*, which attends the Lakes: without which, their retirements are but the refuges of mens ſickly humours; where they begin to live of their malady, rather than to cure it; and do only ſacrifice the fumes of melancholy, for that incenſe of ſervice, which they owe as a tribute for their being.

Thoſe that would make loneneſs acceptable, by adviſing men, as through a Proſpective, to behold the greatneſs of Structures, and bravery of Courts, through the humility of the Cottage, do make ones deluded fancy the ground of their content, imagining that he ſtill enjoys thoſe things, which commonly ſo ſwells mens minds, that they cannot with that evenneſs of judgment taſte thoſe purer pleaſures, which ariſe from the obſervation of Nature, making as it were his Diſeaſe his Cure; the immoderate eſteem of the other having ſo vitiated his pallat, that he can relish nothing elſe, though it be by the proxy of the fancy.

Lord, give me *Jacobs* Dreams, that my very imaginations

ginations may repreſent things as Ladders, whereon I may ſee thy Goodneſs, Wiſdom, and Power deſcending, our *Alleluiahs* aſcending.

TREATISE XV.

A Duel amongſt the Affections or a Battel between the Fleſh and Spirit.

WHen my rebellious Fleſh *doth diſagree*
With my reſiſting Spirit, *methinks I ſee*
Two mighty Princes draw into the Field
Where one muſt win the Day, the other yield.
They both prepare, both ſtrike up th ir Alarms;
Both march, both well appointed in their Arms.
They both advance their Banners, *th' one diſplays*
A bloody Croſs; *the other Colours blaze*
A Globe Terreſtrial: Nature *carries one,*
And Grace *the other; each by's* Enſign's *known.*
They meet, encounter, blows *exchange for* blows;
Dart is return'd for Dart; they grapple, cloſe:
Their Fortune's hurried with unequal *Suits,*
Sometimes the Croſs, *ſometimes the* Globe *prevails.*
We are that Field; *and they that ſtrive to win us,*
Are God and Satan: *Thoſe that war within us,*
The Fleſh, *the* Spirit: *No parting of the* Fray,
Till one ſhall win, the other loſe the Day.
My God, O weaken this rebellious Fleſh,
That dares oppoſe: O quicken, and refreſh
My dull and coward Spirit *that would yield,*
And make proud Satan Maſter of the Field.
Dear Lord, the Field's *thine own, thou thought'ſt it good*
To purchaſe't with my dying Saviours Blood:

'Tis thine, great God, by title *and by* right;
Why should'st thou question what's thy own by Sight?
Lord, keep possession thou, and let th' arrantst
And base Usurper *do his best, his worst.*

TREATISE XVI.

The best Bed-maker in time of Sickness.

WHen a good man is ill at ease, God promiseth to *make all his Bed in his Sickness*; Pillow, Bolster, Head, Feet, Sides, *all his Bed*: Surely that God who made him, knows so well his measure and temper, as to *make his Bed to please him*. Herein his Art is excellent, not fitting the *Bed* to the *Person*, but the *Person* to the *Bed*, infusing *Patience* into him.

But O! how shall God make *my Bed*, who have no *Bed* of *mine own* to make? Thou Fool, he can make thy not having a *Bed*, to be a *Bed* unto thee. When *Jacob* slept on the ground, who would not have had his hard Lodging, therewithall to have his heavenly *Dream?* Yea, the poor Woman in *Jersey*, which in the Reign of Queen *Mary*, was delivered of a *Child*, as she was to be burnt at *the Stake*, may be said to be *brought to bed* in the Fire; Why not? If Gods Justice threatned to cast *Jezabel into a Bed of Fire*, why might not his mercy make the very *Flames* a soft *Bed* to that his patient *Martyr*.

TREA-

TREATISE XVII.

A Diſcourſe proving Lawful Stealth.

I Find two (Huſbband and Wife) both ſtealing and but one of them guilty of *Felony*. *Rachel had ſtolen the Images that were her Father's and Jacob ſtole away unawares to Laban the Syrian:* In the former a Complication of *Theft, Lying, Sacriledge,* and *Idolatry*; in the latter, *no Sin at all:* For what our Conſcience tells us is Lawful, and our Diſcretion, dangerous, it is both Conſcience and Diſcretion to do it with all poſſible ſecrecy. It was as lawful for *Jacob* in that caſe privately to ſteal away as it is for that man who finds the *Sunſhine* too hot for him, to walk in the *Shade*.

God keep us from the guilt of *Rachel's Stealth*: but for *Jacob's ſtealing away*, one may confeſs the *fact*, but deny the *fault* therein. Some are ſaid to have *gotten their life for a prey*; if any, in that ſenſe have *preyed on*, or (if you will) *plundered* their own Liberty, ſtealing away from the place where they conceived their ſelves in danger, none can juſtly condemn them.

TREATISE XIX.

Concerning our Delilah, or Boſom Sins.

HOw loath is Fleſh *to yield, the* Spirit *to win*
The glorious Conqueſt of a Boſom *ſin!*
O how th' ingenious Fleſh *will plead, abuſe*
The height of Wit *to argue or excuſe.*

At

At length it yields: O give it leave to ſtay
A year, a month, a week, at leaſt a day;
And if not ſo, yet let my breaking heart
Let hugg it once or twice before we part;
Let me but take my leave, my thoughts ſhall bind me
From the leaſt touch; let me but look behind me;
Nay, ſin, Gehazi-like, will have a blow
At cleans'd Naaman's bounty, e're ſhe go.

TREATISE XX.

Dr. Tare-Text.

I Heard a rouzing Preacher take for his Text, *Am I not thy Aſs upon which thou haſt ridden ever ſince I was thine unto this day, was I ever wont to do ſo unto thee?* I wondered what he would make thereof, fearing he would ſtarve his Auditors, for want of Matter. But hence he obſerved,

1. *The ſillyeſt and ſimpleſt being wronged, may juſtly talk in their own defence.*

2. *Worſt men have a good Title to their own Goods.* Balaam a Sorcerer, yet the Aſs confeſſeth twice he was his.

3. *They who have done many good Offices, and fail in one, are often not only unrewarded for former Service, but puniſhed for that one Offence.*

4. *When the Creatures formerly officious to ſerve us, ſwerve from their wonted Obedience (as the Earth to become barren, and Air peſtilential) Man ought to reflect on his own Sin as the ſole cauſe thereof.*

How *fruitfull* are the ſeeming *barren* places of *Scripture!* Bad *Plow-men* which make *Balks* of ſuch *Ground.* Whereſoever the Surface of Gods *Word* doth not *laugh* and *ſing with Corn*, there the Heart thereof

thereof within is merry with *Mines*; affording, where not plain Matter, hidden Mysteries.

TREATISE XX.

A Discourse concerning our Blessed Saviour and the Pope of Rome, who calls himself Christ's Vicar.

METhinks thy Vicar Gen'ral *bears the Keys,*
And executes thy Place *with greater ease,*
And in one Jubilee *enjoyes more mirth,*
Than thou, my dying Lord, didst from thy Birth:
Alas! thou hadst not wherewithall to fill
Thy craving stomach; he has Cates *at will:*
Thy empty Coffers had not to defray
Thy Tribute-charge; *to him, Kings* Tribute *pay:*
Foxes have holes; thou hadst not whereupon
To rest thy wakeful head; he snorts in Down:
In short, thy Life was nothing but the Story
Of Poverty, *and his of Princely* Glory.
When tempting Satan would have giv'n thee all
The Wealth *and* Glory *of the world, to fall*
And worship him; at thy refusal, Lord,
Thy Vicar took the Tempter *at his word:*
So came thy wants so great, so great his store;
The Vicar is so rich, *the Lord so* poor.

TREATISE XXI.

A Pious Intriegue.

WHen *HEROD* had beheaded *John* the *Baptist*, some might expect that his Disciples would have done some great matter in revenge of their Masters Death; but see how they behave themselves: *And his Disciples came, and took up the Body, and buried it, and went and told JESUS.* And was this all? and what was all this? Alas, poor Men! it was some solace to their sorrowful Souls, that they might lament their loss to a fast Friend, who though for the present unable to *help*, was willing to *pity them.*

Hast thou thy Body *unjustly* imprisoned, or thy Goods *violently* detained, or thy Credit *causlessly* defamed? I have a design whereby thou shalt revenge thy self: even go and tell JESUS, make to him a plain and true report of the manner and measure of thy Sufferings, especially there being a great difference betwixt JESUS then clouded in the Flesh, and JESUS now shining in *Glory*; having now as much Pity, and more Power to redress thy Grievances. I know, it is counted but a cowardly trick for Boyes, when beaten but by their Equals, to cry, that they'l *tell their Father*; but during the *present misery*, it is both the best Wisdom and Valour, even to complain to thy *Father in Heaven*, who will take thy case into his serious consideration.

TREA-

TREATISE XXII.

Several *Sins*, or the Devils Brats describ'd in their proper Colours.

Gross sin

IS like a Show'r, *which 'ere we can get in*
Into our Conscience, wets us to the skin.

Sin of Infirmity

IS like the *falling of an* April Shower;
'Tis often Rain, *and* Sun-shine *in an hour.*

Sin of Custom.

IS a *long* Shower, *beginning with the Light,*
Oft-times continuing till the Dead *of* Night.

Sin of Ignorance,

IT *is a hideous* Mist, *that wets amain,*
Though it appears not in the form of Rain.

Crying Sin

IT *is a sudden* Shower, *that tears in sunder*
The Cope *of* Heaven, *and alway comes with* Thunder.

Sin of Delight

IS *like a* feathered shower of Snow, *not felt,*
But soaks to th' very skin, when 'ere it melt.

Sin of Presumption

DOes *like a* Shower of Hail, *but wet and wound*
With sudden Death; or strikes us to the ground.

The Sin of Sins

IT *is a* sulpherous *Shower, such as fell*
On Sodom, *strikes, and strikes to th'* Pit of Hell.

TREA-

TREATISE XXIV.

Night Prayer.

Death in Scripture is compared to *Sleep*. Well then may my Night-prayer be resembled to *making my Will*. I will be careful not to die *intestate*; as also not to defer my *Will-making*, till I am not *Compos mentis*, till the *Lethargy* of *Drowsiness* seize upon me.

But being in perfect memory, I bequeath my Soul to God; the rather because I am sure the *Devil* will accuse me when sleeping. O the advantage of Spirits above Bodies! if our *Clay-Cottage be not cooled* with rest, the *Roof* falls a-*fire*. *Satan* hath no such need: the *Night* is his fittest *time*. Thus Mans *Vacation* is the *Term* for the *Beasts* of the *Forrest*, they move most, whil'st he lies quiet in his Bed.

Lest therefore, whil'st *sleeping* I be outlawed for want of *Appearance* to *Satan's* Charge, I commit my *Cause* to him *who neither slumbers nor sleeps*: ANSWER FOR ME, O MY GOD.

TREATISE XXV.

A Discourse concerning a Glorious Prospect on a Fair Day.

Look up, *and there I see the fair abode*
And glorious Mansion *of my gracious God*:
Look down; *in every garnisht corner lies*
Favours *objected to my wondering eyes*:

Look on my right hand; *there the ſweet encreaſe*
Of joyes preſent me with a joyful Peace:
Look on my left hand; *There my Fathers* Rod
Sublimes my knowledge, from my ſelf to God:
Look forward; *There I ſee the lively ſtory*
Of Faiths *improvement, and of future* Glory:
Look backward; *There my thankful eye is caſt*
On Sins *remitted, and on* Dangers *paſt:*
Look inwards; *And mine eye is made partaker*
Of the fair Image of my glorious Maker.
Look up *or* down, about, above, *or* under;
Nothing but Objects of true Love *and* Wonder.

TREATISE XXVI.

Of one Converted, that went to hear a Sermon in Jeſt.

THere was a notorious Drunkard, (ſays worthy Mr. *Firmin*) whom the chief *Swearers, Drunkards* and *Debauchees* of the place where he liv'd, called *Faclus*, that needs would go to hear what *Will* ſaid, out of no other deſign, it ſeems, but to ſcoff that Holy man; but in the Prayer before Sermon his heart began to thaw, and when he read his Text which was *Joh.* 5. 14. *Sin no more, leaſt a worſe thing come upon you*; he could not contain, and in that Sermon the Lord changed his heart, tho ſo bitter an Enemy, that the Miniſter on Lecture-dayes was afraid to go to Church before his Shop-door: *Lo, theſe are parts of his wayes, but how ſmall a portion is known of him?*

TREATISE XXVII.

Clasping of Hands.

LOrd, thou art mine, *and I am* thine,
If mine I am: and thine much more,
Than I or ought, or can be mine;
Yet to be thine, doth me restore;
So that again, I now am mine,
And with advantage mine the more:
Since this being mine, brings with it thine,
And thou with me dost thee restore.
If I without thee would be mine,
I neither should be mine nor thine.

Lord, I am thine, and thou art mine:
So mine thou art, that something more
I may presume thee mine, than thine.
For thou didst suffer to restore
Not thee, but me, and to be mine:
And with advantage mine the more,
Since thou in death wast none of thine,
Yet then, as mine, did me restore.
O be mine still! still make me thine:
Or rather make no Thine and Mine.

TREATISE XXVIII.

Rules, Which whosoever follows, shall Live long and happy, and attain to what he Desires.

1. LEt thy Thoughts be *Divine, Awful, Godly.*
2. Let thy Talk be *Little, Honest, True.*
3. Let thy Works be *Profitable, Holy, Charitable.*
4. Let thy Manners be *Grave, Courteous, Chearful.*

5. Let thy Dyet be *Temperate, Convenient, Frugal.*
6. Let thy Apparel be *Sober, Neat, Comely.*
7. Let thy Will be *Conſtant, Obedient, Ready.*
8. Let thy Sleep be *Moderate, Quiet, Seaſonable.*
9. Let thy Prayers be *Short, Devout, Often, Fervent.*
10. Let thy Recreation be *Lawful, Brief, Seldom.*
11. Let thy Memory be *of Death, Puniſhment.*

TREATISE XXIX.

Grief Venting it Self to the Life.

O Who will give me Tears? Come all ye Springs,
Dwell in my Head and Eyes: Come Clouds and Rain.
My Grief hath need of all the watry things,
That Nature hath produc'd. Let ev'ry Vein
Suck up a River to ſupply mine Eyes,
My weary weeping Eyes, too dry for me,
Unleſs they get new Conduits, new ſupplyes
To bear them out, and with my ſtate agree.
What are two ſhallow Fords, two little ſpouts
Of a leſs World? the greater is but ſmall,
A narrow Cup-board for my Griefs and Doubts,
Which want Proviſion in the midſt of all.
Verſes, ye are too fine a thing, too wiſe,
For my rough Sorrows: ceaſe, be dumb and Mute,
Give up your feet, and running to mine eyes,
And keep your meaſures for ſome Lovers Lute,
Whoſe Grief allows him Muſick and a Rhyme:
For mine excludes both Meaſure, Tune and Time.
Alas, my God!

TREATISE XXX.

The Heavenly Traveller.

A Black Cloud makes the Traveller mend his pace, and mind his home; whereas a fair day, nd a pleasant way, wastes his time, and that steal-th away his affections in the Prospect of the Coun-ey: However others may think of it, yet I take as a mercy, that now and then some clouds do nterpose my Sun, and many times some troubles o eclipse my Comforts; for I perceive, if I should nd too much friendship in my Inn, in my Pilgri-age, I should soon forget my Fathers House and y Heritage.

TREATISE XXXI.

Conscience twinging the Sinner.

PEace Pratler, do not lowre:
Not a fair look, but thou dost call it foul;
Not a sweet Dish, but thou dost call it sowre,
Musick to thee doth Howl.
By listning to thy chatting Fears
I have both lost mine Eyes and Ears.

Pratler, no more, I say:
My thoughts must work but like a noiseless Sphere.
Harmonious Peace must rock them all the day:
No room for Pratlers there.
If thou persistest, I will tell thee,
That I have Physick to expell thee.

And the Receipt ſhall be
My Saviours Blood: when-ever at his Board
I do but taſte it, ſtrait it cleanſeth me,
And leaves thee not a word,
No, not a Tooth, or Nail to ſcratch,
And at my Actions carp or catch.

Yet if thou talkeſt ſtill,
Beſides my Phyſick, know there's ſome for thee;
Some wood and nails, to make a ſtaff or Bill
For thoſe that trouble me:
The Bloody Croſs of my dear Lord
Is both my Phyſick, and my Sword.

TREATISE XXXII.

The Doleful End of Swaggering Worldlings.

JOrdan that famous River, no doubt runs through many a pleaſant Meadow, by many a ſhady Grove and flowery Bank, and yet at laſt is forced to empty it ſelf into a dead Sea; and not only ſo, but thoſe freſh Cryſtal Streams, that made thoſe famous Brooks loſe both name and worth, are turned into the dead Sea themſelves; juſt ſo it is with a Wicked Man here he walks through the Meadows of worldly Pleaſures and Reſt, under the ſhades of earthly Comforts and Sports, and wallows himſelf amongſt the flowers of worldly delights, but at laſt runs himſelf out into a dead Lake, and is caſt into Hell among the number of thoſe that forget God; and not only ſo, but his very Heaven it ſelf, that made up all his happineſs, is turn'd into Hell; his Beauty is turn'd into horrour, his honour into ſhame, his luſts into devils, his pleaſure into bitterneſs, his Scarlet into flame

flames of fire and brimstone; so that that which was his fresh Stream here, is his salt Sea there: Lord! let me be a pure Stream, that may end in Heaven! I care not what stony veins I run through here on Earth, so I may but there lose the name of Weakness and Corruption, for glory and perfection.

TREATISE XXXIII.

Charms and Knots.

WHo read a Chapter when they rise,
Shall ne're be troubled with ill eyes.

A poor Man's Rod, when thou dost ride,
Is both a Weapon and a Guide.

Who shuts his hand, hath lost his Gold;
Who opens it, hath it twice told.

Who goes to bed and doth not pray,
Maketh two nights to every day.

Who by aspersions throw a stone,
At th' Head of others, hit their own.

Who looks on ground with humble eyes
Finds himself there, and seeks to rise.

When th' hair is sweet through Pride or Lust,
The Powder doth forget the dust.

Take one from ten, and what remains?
Ten still, if Sermons go for Gains.

In shallow Waters Heav'n doth show,
But who drinks on, to Hell may go.

TREATISE XXXIIII.

Rachel amiable in Jacob's Eyes.

YOu have heard of the bloody Siege of *Troy*, and yet it was said of *Hellen*, that she was so beautiful, that she deserved ten years war more; and what was *Hellen*, but a glorious heap of Clay? you have heard of the hard labours of *Jacob*, yet *Rachel* was so amiable in his eyes, that he thought her worthy of fourteen years service: If these deserved so much, Oh, what doth Jesus Christ deserve? who is altogether lovely, before whose shining Glory, the beauty of the whole Creation is but an indigested Chaos. Therefore be not discouraged, Oh my Soul, though thine Enemies be fierce, thy assaults cruel, thy resistance even unto blood; thou fightest for a beautiful Christ that deserves it: Neither be disheartned, Oh my Soul! though Rules be strict, duties hard, thy labours great, thou servest for an amiable Christ, that will sufficently reward it. Look but upon the lovely beauties of thy Christ, think but upon the glorious day of thine espousal, and these fourteen years will be nothing to thee: Lord, let me always have thy beauty in my eye, so shall I quickly find no difficulty in my hand.

TREATISE XXXV.

Dooms-day.

COme away,
Make no delay.
Summon all the Dust to rise,
Till it stir, and rub the eyes;

While this Member jogs the other,
Each one whisp'ring, Live ye Brother?

Come away,
Make this the day.
Dust, alas, no Musick feels,
But thy Trumpet; then it kneels,
As peculiar notes and strains,
Cure Tarantulaes raging pains.

Come away,
Oh! make no stay!
Let the Graves make their Confession,
Lest at length they plead Possession:
Fleshes stubbornness may have
Read that Lesson to the Grave.

Come away,
Thy Flock doth stray.
Some to Winds their Body lend,
And in them may drown a Friend:
Some in noysome Vapors grow
To a Plague, and publick Woe.

Come away,
Help our decay.
Man is out of order hurl'd,
Parcel'd out to all the World.
Lord, thy broken Consort raise,
And the Musick shall be Praise.

TREATISE XXXVI.

The Resolved Traveller.

WHat Heir, travelling to take Possession of a rich Inheritance, either lets a green Meadow, or a pleasant Garden detain him, or a black Cloud, or a foul way dishearten him? O my Soul!

Thou art Travelling to take Poſſeſſion of a glorious Inheritance among the Saints, wilt thou turn aſide to crop every flower? wilt thou ſtand ſtill to hear every melodious ſound? wilt thou leave thy way to drink of every gliding ſtream of Carnal pleaſure? what is this but to view a Meadow, and loſe a Mannor? for a dying Flower, to part with an eternal Crown? for a flying vanity, to loſe an immortal felicity? to forſake the way of *Sion*, to gather one of the Apples of *Sodom*? or elſe, Oh my Soul! What if thy way be in tears, and thy days in ſorrow, all clouded, and a ſwelling Sea, ſo that not only the lading of the Ship, but thy very Life is in danger? yet here is enough to comfort thee, that a good Father, and a large Portion, a ſweet Reſt, and an everlaſting Refreſhment, will make amends for all: Therefore, vain World, promiſe not, for I will make no deviation, becauſe my way lyes to purer Comforts, and ſurer Glory: Vexing World, threaten not, for I will make no retarding, becauſe I am travelling to my Fathers, to my Countrey, to my Happineſs.

TREATISE XXXVII.

The Pilgrimage.

I Travell'd on, ſeeing the Hill, where lay
My expectation.
A long it was and weary way,
The gloomy Cave of Deſperation
I left on th' one, and on the other ſide
The Rock of Pride.

And ſo I came to Phanſies Meadow ſtrow'd
With many a Flower:

Fain

Fain would I here have made abode,
But I was quickn'd by my hour.
So to Cares Copſe I came, and there got through
With much ado.
That led me to the wild of Paſſion, which
Some call the World;
A waſted place, but ſometimes rich.
Here I was robb'd of all my Gold,
Save one good Angel, which a Friend had ty'd
Cloſe to my ſide.
At length I got unto the gladſome Hill,
Where lay my Hope,
Where lay my Heart: and climbing ſtill,
When I had gain'd the brow and top,
A Lake of brackiſh Waters on the ground
Was all I found.
With that abaſh't and ſtruck with many a ſting
Of ſwarming Fears,
I fell, and cry'd, alas, my King!
Can both the Way and End be Tears?
Yet taking Heart, I roſe, and then perceiv'd
I was deceiv'd.
My Hill was farther: ſo I flung away,
Yet heard a Cry
Juſt as I went, None goes that way
And lives: *If that be all, ſaid I,*
After ſo foul a journey Death is fair,
And but a Chair.

TREATISE XXXVIII.

The *Conſcientious* Lawyer's Guide.

MY *Calling* is lawful, I queſtion it not, no wiſe man doth queſtion it; or if any man doth queſtion it, yet *God* being the ancient *Law-maker*, and

and the eternal *Law-giver*, would ſoon decide it, and determine my *Calling* to be lawfull; all my fear is, whether I uſe not my *lawful Calling unlawfully?* That I may not, I propoſe theſe *Caſes* of *Conſcience* to my ſelf.

1. *Whether* Gods glory *or mine own* gain *moved me to make choice of this* Calling?

2. *Whether I take* Fees *in right or wrong* Cauſes?

3. *Whether I afford a* Tenth *or a* Tantamount *of my abundant* Fees *to the relief of the Poor?*

And when theſe are Reſolved, I acknowledge it my *Duty*, as it is every mans *Duty*, to Pray *God* to direct me in my *lawful Calling*, and ſo I do.

O moſt juſt and righteous God; *who to preſerve* Peace *amongſt men, and to prevent men from wronging one another, haſt ordained the* Profeſſion *of the* Law, *and haſt appointed me to that* Profeſſion; *I beſeech thee give me Grace, ſo to execute my* Profeſſion, *that I may do right to all men*; *ſanctifie my* Tongue, *that my words be not deceitful, and ſanctifie my* Heart, *that* equity, *not* opulency, *be the chiefeſt mark I aim at*; *keep my* Hands *from taking* Fees, *to plead in, or maintain an* unjuſt Cauſe; *and when I ſhall take a* Fee *in a* juſt Cauſe, *and do not deſerve it, either by my* neglect, *or* multiplicity *of other* Employments, *give me Grace to reſtore it: While I am buſied to obtain* earthly Goods *for my* Clients, *let me not forget to make* Thee *my* Advocate *for obtaining the* Eternal good *of mine own* Soul: *In all my* Pleading *before an* earthly Judge, *give me Grace to remember that great and laſt day, when I, and all men beſides, muſt appear before* Thee, *the* Judge *of* Heaven *and* Earth: *And becauſe then, not* ſubtle Words, *but a* pure Heart, *a* good Conſcience, *and not a* full Purſe *ſhall ſpeed, ſo direct me by* thy Spirit *in this* Calling *of the* Law, *that in my whole* Practice, *I may endeavour to execute* Juſtice, *and maintain* Truth, *and then receive, as thou haſt promiſed to them that walk uprightly,* Glory and Immortality, *through the* Merits *of* Him

that

that is the Advocate *of* Sinners, *and the* Propitiation *for our* Sins, Jeſus Chriſt the righteous. *Amen.*

TREATISE XXXIX.

The *Lawyers Character.*

NO wiſe man ſees him, but he thinks upon his *Eſtate*, and is glad there are ſuch men, without whom *themſelves* cannot live in *Peace*, nor their *Eſtates* be *ſecure*; none but *Fools* grudge at their *abundance*, ſince by their *diligence* we poſſeſs ſuch *abundance* as we have *tranquillouſly*; be as *Rich* as you can, ſo you be *Honeſt*, and though your *Law* cannot, yet the *Goſpel* will find a way to cut off the *Intail* of *difficulty* to *Heaven* from *Riches*; elſe,

Væ vobis

TREATISE XL.

The *Honeſt* Phyſicians Guide.

NO Man that hath *Pulſe* in his *Body*, or *Paſſion* in his *Heart*, or *Brain* in his *Head*, or *Urine* in his *Bladder*, but will confeſs the *lawfulneſs* of my *Profeſſion*; or if any man be ſo mad or malicious, yet *Aſa*'s prepoſterouſneſs in ſeeking to the *Phyſician* before the *Divine*, and *Hezekiah*'s application of a *Figg* to his *Plague ſore*, will Confute him and tell the whole world, *That the Phyſicians Profeſſion is lawfull and honorable*, becauſe not a *wiſe man* ſees him, but he thinks of *Death*; not a *Fool*, but ſends for him in *Sickneſs*; and therefore a *happy man* he is in the mean time, that is welcome to *Fools* in *extremity*, and to *wiſe men* at every *opportunity*.

He

He is indeed as *happy* as any man living, if he aſcribe not too much to *ſecond cauſes*; if he make *God* his, as *God* hath made him other mens *Phyſician*; if he ſhew *God* his *tears*, as he looks upon his *Patients Urine*, he may then as well Prognoſticate his own *Health*, as his *Patients Death*: The ſight of him ſhall ever put me in mind of *Death*, that I may not be afraid of *Death*, when I cannot have the ſight of him, the *Phyſician*; to whom I propoſe this one *Caſe* of *Conſcience*.

Whether his Preſcriptions and Aims are more for his Patients Recovery, or his own Gains? And then let him pray thus, or otherwiſe as it pleaſeth him.

O moſt wiſe, moſt powerful, and moſt gracious God! who haſt created Man for thy ſelf and ſervise, and all other things for the ſervice of Man; and amongſt men haſt ordained ſeveral Profeſſions, and amongſt them the Profeſſion of Phyſick, *to repair the Health, and to recover the Sickneſs of men, I beſeech thee to give me Grace to remember, that I muſt one day anſwer for what I do all the dayes of my Life, and therefore withall I beſeech thee for a Bleſſing upon all thoſe* Preſcriptions *I ſhall direct for my* Patients, *and to truſt in and expect only from thee the firſt cauſe, a virtuous operation upon the ſecond cauſe, for the good of my* Patients; *and as I feel for the evenneſs or unevenneſs of their Pulſe, I may keep the Pulſe of mine own Soul in an even and juſt temper before thee, that as I behold their Urines, thou mayeſt behold my Tears; that as I preſcribe their Diets, I may alwayes keep a temperate Diet my ſelf; and ſo keep my Body under, that my Soul may continually have recourſe to Thee, until thou take me to thy ſelf, through Jeſus Chriſt.* Amen.

TREA-

TREATISE XLI.

The *Phyſicians Character.*

HE is *Natures* beſt Friend, as alwayes following her *dictates* and *directions:* He is a good friend to *Grace*, for when he ſees *Nature* ſpent, he bids his *Patient* ſend for the *Divine*; nor do I blame him for it, that he puts *Divinity* after *Phyſick*, ſince I know, Men are more ſenſible of *Fleſh* and *Blood*, than they are of *Soul* and *Spirit*.

TREATISE XLII.

The *Careful* Seaman's Guide.

THat my *Calling* is *lawful, honourable* and *ancient*, Noah's *Ark*, David's *wonders in the deep*, Solomon's *ſending Ships to* Ophir *for Gold*, and St. *Paul's eſcaping danger at Sea*, by the help of the *Shipmaſter, Pilots* and *Mariners*, do abundantly ſatisfie and confirm; yet before I go to *Sea*, I ſhall propoſe to my ſelf this *Caſe* of *Conſcience*.

Whether I have taken this Calling by the direction of my Parents, the guidance of Providence, or the love of Money, and deſire of ſeeing Fashions? And being reſolved, *I am lawfully called*, I pray:

O God! who haſt appointed me to goe down into the Sea in Ships, *and to do my buſineſs in great waters*, Bleſs me there.

O God! who doeſt whatſoever thou pleaſeſt in Heaven, *in* Earth, *and in all* deep places, Have Mercy upon me.

O God! I am now ready to commit my ſelf unto the waters, *I am now floating upon the* bottomleſs Sea; *and that my* ſins *may not go along with me, nor provoke thee to vex me with thy ſtorms,* Have mercy upon me.

The Ship *that I am now in, is but a vain thing to ſave a man; and that* Pyrates *may not board us, that* windes *and* waves *may not drown us, that* Infidels *may not captivate us,* Have Mercy upon us.

That the Devil may not infect us, that we may be conſtant in our Religion, that we may be true and juſt in our dealings, that in all places, we may demean our ſelves as the Profeſſors of Chriſt, and give no occaſion to the Adverſary to ſpeak evil, Have mercy upon us.

That the great Leviathan *may not ſeize upon our ſouls, as the Whale did upon* Jonas *his Body, for ſins we ſtand guilty of,* Have Mercy upon us, and blot out all our Offences.

TREATISE XLIII.

The *Seaman* in a *Storm.*

O *God! who didſt ſave* Noah *and his Family in the Ark, from periſhing by water,* Help us, or elſe we periſh.

O God! who didſt hear the Prayer of thy Prophet from the bottom of the Sea, and out of the belly of Hell, Hear us, and help us, elſe we periſh.

O God! who haſt commanded, and raiſed the ſtormy wind, which lifteth up the waves of the Sea, Help us, elſe we periſh.

O God! theſe winds and theſe waves mount us up to Heaven, and bring us down again to the depth, and melt our ſouls, Help us, elſe we periſh.

O God! we reel too and fro like drunken men, and are at our wits end, Help us, elſe we periſh.

Our

Our ſins have raiſed thy Anger, O God! and thy Anger hath raiſed theſe Storms; in Juſtice thou mayeſt deal with us, as thou didſt with Pharaoh *and the* Ægyptians, *but we beſeech thee to deal with us in Mercy, as with* Moſes *and the* Iſraelites *in the red Sea; caſt our ſins into the bottomleſs Sea of thy Mercy, drown them in the red Sea of Jeſus Chriſts blood; and as he did rebuke the waves and the Sea, ſo do thou turn this Sea into a Calm, and bring us to our deſired Haven: Spare us a little longer before we goe hence, and be no more ſeen; guide us in this whole Voyage by thy Power, govern us with thy Mercy, return us with thy Grace, that we may give up our Lives in the Land where we received them: Or if thou haſt ſooner appointed us unto Death, prepare us for death, in the full remiſſion of our Sins, in the free juſtification of our Perſons, in the fruitful ſanctification of our remaining dayes, and in the future glorification of our Souls, through Jeſus Chriſt.* Amen.

TREATISE XLIV.

The *Seaman* after a *Storm.*

THat thou haſt heard us *from above, and drawn us out of many waters,* My Soul doth magnifie thee O Lord!

That thou haſt delivered us from all our Fears, and haſt not ſuffered the water-floods to overwhelm us, nor the deeps to ſwallow us up, My Soul doth magnifie thee, O Lord!

That thou haſt ſhewn us thy wonders in the deep, and yet delivered us from death, by preſerving us in the Ship, and commanding the waves to be quiet, and the winds to be ſtill, My Soul doth magnifie thee, O Lord!

That thou haſt brought me ſafe to the ſhoar, and comforted me with the ſight, and life, and health of my Friends, My Soul doth magnifie thee O Lord.

TREA-

TREATISE XLV.

The *Seamans Devotion* at his *Return.*

AND *now, what ſhall I render unto thee, O Lord! for all thy benefits? My Soul and Body I dedicate unto thee, and beſeech thee to conſecrate them unto thy ſelf: They have been waſht in the waters of the Sea; Oh! now waſh them in the laver of Regeneration: They have taſted the ſaltneſs of the Sea; Oh! let them now taſte the Merits of my Saviour; and then my* Soul *ſhall never conſent again to ſin, my* Body *ſhall never again commit ſin: And that this may not prove* Preſumption, *but that I may bring my promiſe into performance, Behold, O* God! *with the earneſtneſs of my* Soul, *upon the Knees of my Body, I beg thy* Aſſiſtance, *and the* Graces *of thy* Holy Spirit, *that I may conquer ſin; the* commanding power *of ſin, and never again* obey *it; the* condemning guilt *of ſin, and never* deſpair *under it: And this for the* bitter Agony *and* precious death *of my* Lord *and* Saviour Jeſus Chriſt, *Amen.*

TREATISE XLVI.

The *Seamans Character.*

IN him I ſee a *warrantable*, a *dangerous*, a *gainful*, and an *honourable* Calling; ſo *warrantable*, that *Chriſt* of his *twelve Apoſtles* choſe four *Sea-men*, *Andrew*, *Peter*, *James*, and *John*; ſo *dangerous*, that there is never above a *foot* and *half* betwixt him and death; which made one *Poet* ſay, *Ille robur*, &c. He had an heart of *Oak* that firſt adventured to Sea: and another; *Aut inſanit*, &c. He is either a *mad-*

man

man, or a *begger*, or *desirous to die* that goes to *Sea* only they are so *happy* in this *danger*, that they see *Gods wonders in the deep*, and give him thanks when they are by *him* brought unto the *haven*; so gainful, that *Solomons* good *housewife* is compared to a *Merchants Ship* that brings *riches* from a far Countrey; so *honorable*, that of old the *Merchants of Tyre* were called *Princes*; and of late years, those of *Genoa*, *Venice*, and the *Low-Countries* are arrived so high, that a great part of the world envies them, the rest admires them: to them we are beholding for *Balm* from *Gilead*, for *Incense* from *Sheba*, for *Gold* from *Ophir*, for *Cedar* and *Firr* from *Tyre*, for *Gumms* and *Spices* from *India*; and somewhat more than ordinary there is in this *Calling*, since *Christ* hath graced it with the *immaterial* Letters of his own name. Ιχθύς.

TREATISE XLVII.

The Pious Travellers Guide, in matters relating to his Soul.

I Am now taking a *journey* by *Land*; whether for the *necessity* of *business*, or the *visiting* of my *friends*, or the *wooing* of a *wife*, I need not scruple my self; so I am sure, it is not for *vanity* or *sin*; I may pray *God* for his *protection*; and thus I address my self to *his Throne of Grace*.

O most gracious God! who didst protect thy Servants, Abraham, Isaac, *and* Jacob, *in their several journeys*; *conduct me also in this my journey by thy Angels, that I may be safe from the violence of Thieves, and guide me by thy Spirit, that I may be safe from the assaults of those great Thieves of my Soul, the Flesh, the World, and the Devil: against the World give me the staff of Faith*; *against*

gainſt the Devil, give me the Bag of Charity; againſt the Fleſh, give me the bottle o Tears, that as a Pilgrim. I may not be cumbred with any thing of impediment, but only furthered with all things of emolument; and in every ſtep of this journey, remember my great journey from Earth to Heaven, and keep ſuch an even pace in the path of Grace, that thou mayeſt return me back from this journey to my home; receive me at the end of that journey to thy City of Glory, for his ſake, who is the Way, the Truth, and the Life, Jeſus Chriſt. Amen.

TREATISE XLVIII.

The *Travellers Devotion* at his *Return.*

"O Moſt Merciful God! that many have miſcar-
"ried in their *Travels*, I hear and know; ſome
"in their *Purſes*, ſome in their *Lives*; that I am
"returned ſafe in both, and injured in neither, I
"feel and know, and know no cauſe of it but *thy*
"*Providence*; and therefore know my ſelf bound
"to acknowledge the *Duty* of my *thankfulneſs* to that
"*Providence* of *thine*; which I do, and ever will bleſs,
"not only for this, but for all the *preſervations* of my
"whole life, and conſecrate the remainder of my
"whole life to *thy Service*; wherein I beſeech *Thee*
"ſo to bleſs me in my whole race upon earth, that I
"may bleſs *Thee* in the long race of Eternity in Hea-
"ven, for his ſake who took his Journey from Hea-
"ven to Earth, and returned again from Earth to
"Heaven, to prepare a place for me, and now ſits
"at thy right hand to intercede for me, *Jeſus Chriſt*
"*my Saviour.* Amen.

TREA-

TREATISE XLIX.

The Honeſt *Travellers Character.*

HE is a juſt and a wiſe man, he never goes on *Foot*, but when he wants an *Horſe*; nor doth he ever ride, but when he hath buſineſs; he ſpends like himſelf, little or much; nor doth he make much account of his expences; for he layes up that before he finds, or has forc'd occaſions to uſe it; if he Travels with ſafety, and returns without danger, his firſt Salutation is

Gratias Deo.

TREATISE L.

The Valiant Souldiers Guide.

SOme men in the World have queſtioned the lawfulneſs of my Calling: But I have *God's Word* for my *Warrant*, and *God's Servants* for my *Pattern.*

God's Word ſayes, *When thou goeſt out with thine Hoſt*, or *when thou goeſt to War*; and that very Word (*when*) doth ſuppoſe it; and ſure I am, *God s Word* doth not ſuppoſe any thing which is *unlawful.*

As *God's Word*, ſo his *Servants* too warrant it; yea and his *choiceſt Servants*; *Abraham*, *Joſhua*, *Deborah*, *Sampſon*, *Gideon*, *David*; they were all *Warriers*; they waged War, ſome of them offenſive, ſome of them defenſive; and therefore I need not doubt of the *lawfulneſs* of my Calling: All the doubt is in reſolving theſe *Caſes* of *Conſcience.*

1. *Whether I am lawfully called to this lawful Calling?* 2. *How*

2. *How I may be assured that I am lawfully called, and may with a safe Conscience take up, and make use of these Weapons?*

And that being done, I thus address my self to *Jehovah*, the *Lord of Hosts*.

'*O Almighty God, who hast styled thy self a Man of* '*War*, and hast now called me to be a Man of *War*, 'I beseech thee teach my hands to war, and my fin- 'gers to fight; give unto me, and to every one of 'my Fellow-souldiers, the Strength of *Sampson*, the 'Courage of *David*, and the Wisdom of *Solomon*; 'that we may undermine all the *Attempts*, and over- 'throw all the *Plots*, and overcome all the *Gyants* 'that fight against thy *Truth*; yet even in the heat 'of fury give us Pity, that we may rather spare than 'spoil; and while we gird our selves with Armour 'to resist these *Enemies* of ours, do thou put upon us 'thy *whole Armour*, that we may resist that Enemy 'of Mankind, and quench all the fiery Darts of the '*Devil*. Go thou forth with us, against them that 'are come without *thee* against us; animate our, and 'abate their Courage; confound their Devices, but 'convert their Souls. And because Death is before 'our eyes, give us Grace to be mindful of it, and 'prepared for it; that while we fight against them, 'we may also fight the *good fight* against all our *ghostly* '*Enemies*, and receive a *Crown of Righteousness*. Take 'our Bodies into thy protection, and defend us; 'take our Souls into thy tuition, and sanctifie us; 'that though we return not home, we may be receiv- 'ed into Heaven, through *Jesus Christ*. Amen.

The Souldiers *Character.*

HE is the Father of *Peace*, and Mother of *Patience*: His Subtilty begets Peace, his Magnanimity nurses Patience; in both, he is the Founder and

and Supporter of Kingdoms. If he be conquered, he ſowes Patience, if he conquer, he reaps Peace: in that he founds, in this he ſupports the Kingdom. If he be able to ſecond the Peace of Victory with the Grace of Humility, he is the Breeder of all Virtue, and the Bane of all Vice; for then good Laws are put in Execution, and bad Men in the Houſe of Correction; ſo neceſſary he is in Peace, that elſe we loſe it; ſo neceſſary it is in War, that elſe we have no hope of it; ſo neceſſary in both, that no Kingdom can ſubſiſt long without him. If you chance to ſee him, you ſee a Head quick of Wit, a Tongue full of Eloquence, an Eye of Vigilance, a Face of Courteſie, a Hand of Bounty, and an Heart of Valour: And for his good Parts, ſay, *God bleſs him*, ſo that he remember his Leſſon,

Neminem concutite, neque calumniamini.

The diligent Tradeſmans Guide.

THis *Calling* is of a large *extent*: For the *extent* of *Trades* is very large; ſo many ſeveral *Trades* as there are, ſo many ſeveral *callings* to thoſe *Trades* there are too. The beſt mark whereby to know the *lawfulneſs* of a *Trade*, is, To find a ground for it in *Scripture*; or, if *humane Inventions* have found out ſome *Trades*, that the *Scripture* gives no ground for; yet if the *Scripture* forbids it not, the *Trade is lawful*, and a man may lawfully make uſe of it; *e. g.* There is no mention made of a *Chimney-ſweeper* in the *Word of God*, yet though there were nothing conducing to this *Trade*, *this Trade* notwithſtanding is *lawful*, becauſe it is not forbidden; whereas on the other ſide, The *Trades* of *Uſury*, *and Pawn-taking*, are directly forbidden in the *Word of God*, eſpecially the latter, *The taking of ſuch things to pawn as are neceſſary for livelyhood and ſubſiſtence.*

But

But I thank *God* my *Profession* is not forbidden; (for I am a *Merchant*, I am a *Mercer*, I am a *Taylor*, I am a *Carpenter*, &c) and therefore I may safely use it: and that I may use it honestly, I pray:

O God! who for the sin of Adam, *hast appointed that every man shall earn his living by the sweat of his brows, and shall eat his bread in the sweat of his face, and hast also forbidden that man to eat, who will not work; and to this end hast ordained several Callings, to some whereof every particular man should apply himself, whereby, with thy blessing, he should provide for his Family and Posterity; and amongst all hast called me to this Trade and course of life, and herein hast promised to bless my honest labours and endeavours; I beseech thee that I may comfortably and contentedly undergo it, without grudging thereat, as at some uneasie burthen, driving not only at mine own private gain, but also at the publick good; not seeking Riches by wronging of others, by false Weights, short Measures, or deceitful Work. (Be such thoughts and things, O God! ever far from me) but only seeking a competency and honest encrease, doing to and dealing by others, as I would others should do to, and deal by me; and that I may so do and deal, I beseech thee let me ever remember, That the wages of unrighteousness, and Riches gotten by wrong and Robbery, are put into a broken bag, and shall soon diminish and be devoured; or if they do continue, they shall be for my greater hurt, and such Prosperity shall destroy me; That a little with thy blessing is better than great Revenues with thy curse; That thy all-seeing eye is ever beholding me in all my doings; and all my doings, however close from the world, are naked in thy sight: Add to this grace of remembrance, the grace of holy care, whereby I may walk uprightly, and approve my self before thee in an even behaviour toward all men; with if it shall please thee to bless my labours, and increase my store, by my honest industry; O let me not set my heart upon that increase and make those Riches my strong City, lest such deceitfulness choak the seeds of thy graces in me, and*

and steal my heart from thee, from the Poor, from my calling; but let me follow my Calling in an holy measure, not wholly ingulphing my self into, nor wholly sequestring my self from the business of it; but giving my self all convenient opportunities to serve thee in piety, and to relieve the Poor in Charity; that when thou shalt put an end to these dayes of labour, thou mayest say unto me, Well done good and Faithful Servant, enter into thy Masters rest. All which, and all other things needful for me, I beg of thee in the Name, and for the sake of Jesus Christ.

The Tradesmans Character.

HE is a good *Commons-wealths-man*, but a bad *States-man*; and then the best, when he meddles least with it: The *Ware* in his *Shop*, next to the *ware* of his *Soul*, should take up his *Time* and *Tongue*: For if he make no *Conscience* how he spends his *Time*, he hath no care for *Eternity*; and if he care not to guide his *Tongue*, he sets the *Greater* and the *Lesser*, *himself* and the whole *World*, on fire and combustion: Happy he, if he prayes aright, and endeavours to do as he prayes, without injuring his *Customer* by false *weights* and *measures*.

An *Impartial Treatise* concerning *Devils*, *Apparitions*, *Spirits*, *Pharies*, *Hags*, *Witches and their Imps*; *Conjurers*, *Impostors*, *and Ghosts of Persons walking after they have been dead and buryed in their Graves for a considerable time*, &c. *Together with two actual and real Dialogues that past between the Devil and two famous Divines, to whom he appeared at two several times.*

THat there are really *Magicians*, *Conjurers* and *Witches*, who have *Commerce* and *familiarity* with *evil Spirits*, is so clear and plain, both from Holy *Scripture*, *Councils*, *Canon* and *Civil Laws* of all *Nations*, that none but *those Atheists* who *would endeavour* to perswade *them selves* there are *no Spirits*, and consequently *no life after this*, *ever denyed it*; but since the *reality of*

this *Converse* with *Demons* and their *Appearances*, and *Possessions*, has been so *clearly demonstrated* in *former Ages*, but especially in *this*, by Persons of *most acute Judgements and Learning* wherein they have *fully answered* all *Objections* to the *contrary*. I shall not now ingage *in the least in the Controversie*, but shall only *give an account* of the *miserable Deaths* of some *Persons* mentioned in *History* who were concerned in these *curs'd Arts*; and likewise of *some remarkable Apparitions*, and *Actions* of *evil Spirits*, and their *taking possession* of the *Bodies* of several *Persons*, and *tormenting them*; with several other *strange Feats* and *Illusions* of *Satan*; many of which are *to the life* represented *to your view* in this 8*th*, and last *Emblem*, wherein you may see, under the Head of,

1.

Apparitions, Spirits, and Ghosts of dead Persons,
How Protean *Devils poor Men to mock or scare,*
Put on thin Shapes of masquerading Air:
In which the World has equal folly shown,
Whilst the Fool credits all, the Atheist none.

2.

How the Devil discourses with Mr *Rothwel* the Minister.
Fold Rothwel *on bold Satan ventures hard,*
Reliev'd his Prisoner, and beat up his Guard;
Which made him, losing cunning, grow uncivil;
And when he could not harm, he roars like Devil.

And then 3*dly*,----Here you may see under the Head of *Pharies, Haggs, Witches* and their *Imps*, *How* that,
The Devil's an Ass; yet he was ne'r too stout
To play at † small Games, rather than stand out.
But never will he make the Atheist steady;
What need he fright what is his own already?

† For he'd rather be deluding *poor, old, silly Women*, and *discontented Men*, than be doing no mischief at all.

Apparitions, Spirits, Spectres, Phantasms, and Ghosts of dead Persons walking after they have been dead, &c.

I. Gilbert writes in the eighth Book of his *Narrations*, that a *young Gentleman* of *Lorrain*, of a good *Family*, but corrupted by *ill Company*, frequenting often *Ordinaries* and such like *Houses of Debauchery*, was one day walking in the Fields *melancholly* by himself, *for want of Money*; to whom a *Spirit* appearing in Man's shape, asked the *reason of his Solitarine's*, proffering to do him *service* in *whatever troubled him*, provided he would *stedfastly believe* all that was in a little *Book* he would give him, and *swear never to open*, or *shew it to any body*:

body: This when the *young Man had promised*, the other produced a *little Book* in his *left hand*, and shaked 60 *Crowns* out of it into his *right*, bidding the *young Man* do the like; who *produced the same effect:* But at last, *when he wanted for nothing*, being overcome with *Curiosity*, he resolved to see *what was contained in it*; and opening it, he saw in the midst a *round Circle, divided* with certain *Lines* in *form of a Cross*, on which was painted a *horrible face of a Devil*. At this sight the *young Man* was so *frighted*, that his *Eyes became black*, and his *Brains turned*, that he thought to have some heavy *load on his Shoulders*; He was forced therefore to *confess the matter to his Friends*, who perswaded him to throw the *Book into the Fire*, which, although there was nothing in it but *Paper*, yet remained an hour in the *Fire* before it *consumed*.

2. A *Gentleman* near the *City of Zorga*, who got his living by *robbing* and *ranging the Fields*, met one day with a *Spirit* in *form of a Horsman*, who saluted him, and proffered him his *Service:* The other accepting of it, made him his *Groom*, and ever when he went out, gave him special Charge of a certain *Horse* which he esteemed *very much of*; the *Devil* finding he could never please his *Master* concerning *this matter*, and that (*notwithstanding all his double diligence*) his *Master* never thought him *well enough look't after*, took the *Horse* one day, when his *Master was abroad*, and carryed him to the top of a *high Tower*, and put his *Head out* of the *Window*. The Horse seeing his *Master* come home, *began to neigh and stamp*, as though joyful of his *return*, but the Servant never came again to *fetch him down*, and left all the *Neighbourhood* in great admiration.

3. *Froissard* reports, that a certain *Priest* going to law with a *Parishioner*, was *cast by him*; and, that resolving *not to stop there* (*for he had skill in Magick*) he raised a Spirit whom he sent to torment him, upon Promise of *such a Reward*. The *Spirit* posts immediately to the *Gentlemans House*, and there, by his *noise*, and the *Pranks he play'd*, soon manifested what he was. The *Gentleman* upon this *strange vexation*, got his Neighbours, *good Religious Men*, to watch with him; and when at *Midnight* the *Spirit came*, it was resolved he should *speak to it*. The Devil, *according to his agreement with the Priest*, never mist his *hour*, but came as he used to do that night, throwing the *Chairs* and *Stools* up and down the *House*, making a *noise* and *great disturbance*. Whereupon the *Gentleman* boldly asked *in God's Name what he was: Ah*, quoth the *Devil*, and *laught*, *do you not yet know that I am a Spirit? Yes*, said the *Gentleman* again, *but who sent thee hither? The Priest*, said the Spirit, *because thou overthrew'st him at Law, and hath promised me also ten Crowns for my pains. Away*, said the

Gentleman, for shame; art thou so base as to serve such a pitiful Rascal for so little money? I will give thee forty Crowns to serve me; and all thy business shall be only to bring me News from all parts of the World. I'le do't, said the Devil; *but if ever you desire to see me, you shall certainly lose me.* Thus did this *Gentleman* know, before any *Post could come*, of all the *Transactions* in the *World*, and had news from the *remotest Parts* of it; insomuch that he began to be sought after by every one for *News*, since nothing in the whole World was done, of which he had not *Intelligence*.

4. *Alexander* ab *Alexandro* writes, that a *Monk* of the *Monastery* of *Ardens*, going early in the morning through the *Forrest*, to a *Town* thereby, overtook a Man of a *stern countenance*, loose kind of *Vesture*, and very *tall stature*, with whom he *travelled* till at last they came to a *great Wash*, where the Man proffered the *Monk*, being a *religious Person*, to carry him over on his Back. The *Monk* glad of this proffer, got up, but casting his Eyes down toward the Water that was very clear, and seeing his Porters Feet of a strange and deformed shape, he blessed himself with the sign of the Cross; at which the Devil hasted so fast away in a Whirlwind, that it tore up a great Oak by the roots; which gave the poor Monk cause to think, that if he had not in time perceived the Devil to be his Porter, he should have been stifled in the water by him.

5. I judge there is none so ignorant of the Manners and Fashions of his neighbouring Countries, but knows they are far different, and in some manner how they differ. I shall leave it therefore to the judicious Reader to suppose in his fancy; a Country-man of *France*, in his wooden Shoes, leather Doublet, and high-crown'd Hat, his Sythe on his shoulder, Bag and Bottle at his waste; which things, though in *England* have nothing admirable, yet in *Persia*, *Muscovy*, and their foreign Nations, the whole Habit will seem most strange and wonderful. Such a poor Countrey fellow going to a piece of Ground two or three Miles distant from his own Habitation to-mow, is overtaken by a man on Horse-back, whom taking for no other than some Conntrey Man, he fell into discourse with him concerning his journey; so that at last, *being both to go the same way*, the other proffered him the use of his Horse to ride behind him; which the honest Mower willingly accepted of; but being well seated, and thinking now to have proceeded in his journey, he is carryed through the Air with such swiftness, that the astonishment gave him no time to speak, and fear made him hold fast to the other. Thus passed they over many Towns and Countries, till at last, coming over a Market-place in *Turky*, *Good God*, said he, *what people are these, and whither am I going?* The Spirit confounded at

holy Name, let him fall into the midſt of the multitude; but by reaſon of the great ſtore of Tents and Cloaths that kept the Commodities from the ſcorching heat of the Sun, the vehemency of his fall was abated, and in ſhort ſpace he came again to his Senſes. By this time an infinite number of *Turks* were aſſembled in a ring around him, but a great diſtance; for ſome ſuppoſed he was a God dropt from Heaven; others that *Saturn* the Heathen Deity of time, with his Sythe on his ſhoulder, was come to hide himſelf again on the Earth; others interpreted it that Time was ceaſing to be, and that the World was now at an end: In brief, all were amazed, as you may imagine, as well at each particular part of his Habit, which was wonderful, as the ſtrangeneſs of his coming being no leſs admirable. Yet ſtill their Aſtoniſhment increaſed, to hear him ſpeak in a ſtrange Dialect; but he thinking they could not hear him, approaches towards them; on the other ſide fear ſtill makes them to recede. By this time News of this rare accident came to the Grand *Seignior*, and Interpreters were ſent to know the matter perfectly; which being done, he was ſent back to *France* by the Ambaſſadors means then reſiding in *Turky*, that the King might be certified of what ſtrange things had happened.

6. *Marſilius Ficinus*, as *Baronius* relates, made a *ſolemn Vow* with his fellow *Platoniſt*, *Michael Marcatus* (after they had been pretty warmly diſputing of the Immortality of the Soul out of the Principles of their Maſter *Plato*) that whether of them two died firſt ſhould appear to his Friend, and give him certain information of that truth; (it being *Ficinus* his fate to die firſt, and indeed not long after this mutual Reſolution) and indeed he was mindful of his Promiſe when he had left the Body; for *Michael Marcatus* being very intent at his Studies betimes in a Morning, heard an Horſe riding by with all ſpeed, and obſerved that he ſtopped at his Window; and therewith heard the *voice* of his Friend *Ficinus*, crying out aloud, *O Michael, Michael, vera, vera ſunt illa.* Whereupon he (much affrighted) ſuddenly opened his Windows, and ſpyed *Marſilius* on a white Steed, whom he called after, but he vaniſhed in his ſight. He ſeat therefore to know how *Marſilius* did; and underſtood that he died about that hour he called at his Window, to aſſure him of his own and other Mens Immortality.

7. *Alexander* ab *Alexandro* writes an *admirable Hiſtory* of a *Gentleman* that had *newly buryed his Friend*, and returned to *Rome*, lay at an *Inn by the way*: Where being alone, and awake, there appeared to him the *Phantaſm of his deceaſed Friend*, pale and wan as when he died; whom when he ſaw, and could ſcarce ſpeak for fear, he aſk'd at laſt *what he would*

have: But the *Spectre* returning no anſwer, ſeemed to pull *off his Cloaths*, and came to lye by him *in the ſame Bed.* The other being extreamly frighted, *gave way to him*, who perceiving he accepted not of his Company, lookt upon him with a ſtern Countenance, and *having dreſſed himſelf*, departed: The other (*out of exceeding fear*) fell extreamly ſick, affirming for truth, *that the Feet of his Phantaſm were as cold as Ice.*

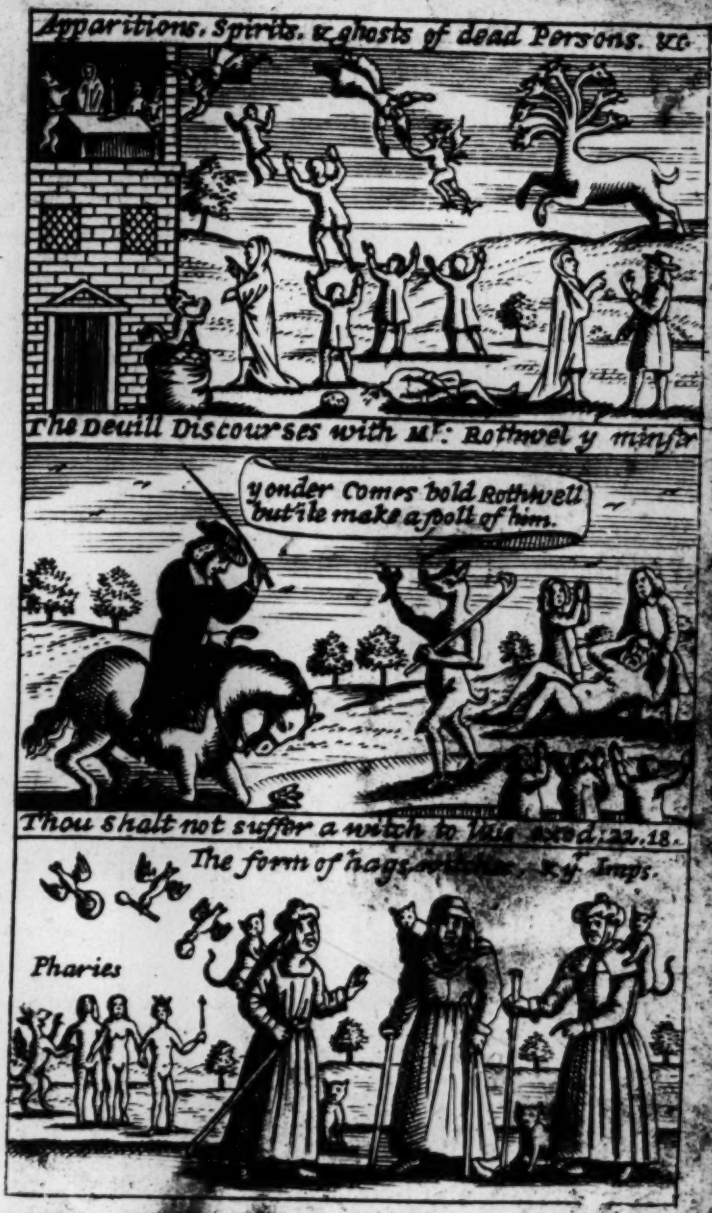
8. *Philip Melanchon* reporteth that he had an account from two men of good credit and repute, that a certain young Woman of *Bottonia*, two years after her death, returned again in humane ſhape, and went up and down the Houſe, and ſate at meat with them, but eat little; this young Woman being one time in company among other Virgins, a Magician came into the place; who being skilfull in diabolical Arts, he told the People about her, *That that Woman was but a dead Carkaſs carryed about by the Devil; and preſently he took from under her right Arm-pit the Charm, which he had no ſooner done, but ſhe fell down a dead Carkaſs.*

Next follows the two Actual and real Dialogues that paſt betwixt the Devil and two Eminent Divines, &c.

DIALOGUE I.

1. IN the Life of Mr. *Richard Rothwell* (a famous Preacher at *Mansfield* in the County of *Nottingham*, about the year 1627.) we have this remarkable Account, as it was drawn up by Mr. *Stanly Gower* of *Dorcheſter*. There was one *John Fox* living about *Nottingham*, *who had no more Learning than enabled him to write and read:* This man was *poſſeſſed with a Devil, who would violently throw him down, and take away the uſe of every Member of his Body, which was changed as black as Pitch while thoſe Fits were upon him; and then ſpake with an audible voice within him, which ſeemed ſometimes to ſound out of his Belly, ſometimes out of his Throat, and ſometimes out of his Mouth, his Lips not moving*; and thus he continued for a conſiderable time. Many Prayers were put up to God for him, and great reſort was made to him, eſpecially by ſeveral famous Miniſters; as Mr. *Bernard* of *Batcomb*, Mr. *Langly* of *Truſwell*, and others, betwixt whom and *John Fox* there paſſed many Papers in Writing, he diſcovering his Temptations, and they writing him Anſwers, becauſe he was ſtruck dumb, as ye ſhall find afterwards. Among the reſt Mr. *Rothwell* went to ſee him; and before he came, the Devil told all that were in the Houſe of it, ſaying, *Yonder comes* Rothwell; *but I will make Fool of him before he goes*: Whereupon the People looked

out,


Apparitions, Spirits, & ghosts of dead Persons. &c.
The Deuill Discourses with Mr: Rothwel y minstr
yonder Comes bold Rothwell but'ile make a fooll of him.
Thou shalt not suffer a witch to Vuis exod; 22.18.
The form of hags, witches, & yr Imps.
Pharies

our, and saw him coming about a quarter of a Mile from the Houſe: As ſoon as he entred the Room, the Devil ſaid, *Now* Rothwell *is come*; and as ſome ſay, added; *Thou ſayeſt there is no Poſſeſſion; what think'ſt thou now? Here is a Man opens not his Lips, and yet he ſpeaketh*: And after a while he ſaid, *Say nothing to me of this Man, for I tell thee he is damn'd*; and he added thereto many fearful Blaſphemies.

Rothwell. *Thou art a Lyar, and the Father of Lyes; nor art thou ſo well acquainted with the mind of God concerning this man which makes thee thus to torment him: Therefore I believe thee not. I believe he ſhall be ſaved by Jeſus Chriſt.*

Devil, He is a Murderer; and thou knoweſt no Murderer muſt come into Heaven.

Rothwell, *Thou lyeſt again: For* David *murdered, and is in Heaven; and the* Jews *with wicked hands crucified the Lord of Glory, yet Chriſt prayed for them*; and St. *Peter exhorted them to repentance, that their Sins might be blotted out.*

Devil, But this man hath not, cannot, ſhal not repent.

Rothwell, *If he had not repented, thou wou'deſt not have told him ſo: But if he have not, I believe God will give him Repentance, and thou ſhalt not be able to hinder it.*

Devil, Thou ſo art a Murtherer, and yet talkeſt thou thus?

Rothwell *Thou lyeſt again: I have fought the Lords Battels againſt his known Enemies, the Idolatrous and bloody Papiſts in* Ireland, *Rebels to Queen* Elizabeth *my Sovereign, by whoſe Authority I bore Arms againſt them; otherwiſe I have killed no man*

Then the Devil ſwore and blaſphemed, ſaying, Thou didſt murther one this day as thou cameſt hither, and there is one behind thee that will juſtifie it. Upon which Mr. *Rothwell* looking over his Shoulder, the Devil ſet up an hideous laughter, that nothing could be heard for a long while, and then ſaid, Look you now, did not I tell you I would make *Rothwell* a Fool? And yet it is true, thou didſt murther one this day; for as thou cameſt over ſuch a Bridge (which he named) there I would have killed thee, and there thy Horſe trod upon a fly, and killed it. It ſeems Mr. *Rothwell*'s Horſe ſtumbled at that place, the Devil having power to cauſe it, though without hurt either to Horſe or Man.

Mr. *Rothwell* then ſaid, *Thou haſt often begui'ed me, I hope God will in time give me wiſdom to diſcern, and power to withſtand all thy deluſions, and he it is that hath delivered me out of thy hands, and I doubt not, will alſo deliver this poor man.* The Devil then blaſphemed fearfully, and quoted many Scriptures out of the Old and New Teſtament, both in *Hebrew* and *Greek*, cavilling and playing the Critick therewith, and

backing his Allegations with Sayings out of the Fathers and Poets in their own Language, which he quoted very readily, so that the Company trembled to hear such things from one that understood no Learning, and neither moved tongue nor lip all the while: But Mr *Rothwell* was wonderfully enabled by divine Power to detect the Devils Sophistry; upon which the Devil said, What stand I talking with thee? all men know that thou art *BOLD ROTHWELL*, and fearest no body, nor carest for word, therefore I will talk to thee no more. *This name he carryed to his Grave*, for the People would say, *This is he whom the Devil called* Bold Rothwell.

Mr. *Rothwell* turning to the People, said, *Good People, you see the goodness of our God, and his great power: Though the Devil made a fool of me through my weakness, God hath made the Devil dumb now: do but observe how the Man lies: Therefore let us go to Prayer, and that God who hath made him dumb, will, I doubt not, drive him out of this poor man.*

The Devil hereupon raged, blasphemed, and said, and wilt thou go to Prayer? if thou dost, I will make such a noise, that thy Prayer shall be distracted, and thou knowest God will not hear a distracted Prayer: But thou hast got a device, because thou wilt not be distracted, thou shuttest thy eyes in prayer, (for so he always did) but if thou pray, I will pull out thy Eyes.

Rothwell, *I look to find thee as great an Enemy in this Duty now, as I have done heretofore; but I fear not thy threats, I know thou art limited: God heareth the Prayers of the upright, and hath promised to give his Spirit to supply Infirmities. Therefore in confidence of his promise, and powerful assistance of his Spirit, and in the name and intercession of his Son Jesus Christ, we will go to Prayer*; And accordingly they did so, Mr. *Rothwell* kneeling by the Bed-side where the poor man lay: the Devil for above a quarter of an hour made a most horrible noise, however Mr. *Rothwell*'s voice was louder than his; and a while after the Devil roared even at the very face of Mr. *Rothwell*, wherewith the Body of the Man moved, and the hand was held up, which was the first time he stirred; M. *Rothwell* took the hand, and held it down with much ease, two men being scarce able to hold the other hand; yet Prayers were still continued, and at length the Devil lay silent in the Man, and soon after departed out of him: the Man then fetch'd several deep sighs, insomuch that they thought he had been dying, but his colour suddenly returned to him, and the use of all his Members, Senses and Understanding, and at the next Petition, to the glory of God, and amazement, but comfort of all the company, he said *Amen*, and so continued to repeat *Amen* to every Petition.

Pray-

Prayers are hereupon now turned into Thank givings, wherewith the Company concluded.

After which *John Fox* ſaid; *Good Mr.* Rothwell *leave me not; I ſhall not live long, for the Devil tells me, he will choak me with the firſt bit of meat that I eat.* Mr. *Rothwell* anſwered, *Wilt thou believe the Devil that ſeeks thy deſtruction, before thou wilt truſt in God, through Jeſus Chriſt, that ſeeks thy Salvation: Hath not God by his Almighty Power diſpoſſeſſ'd him? had he had his will, thou had'ſt been in Hell before now: But he is a Lyar; and as he is not able to hinder thy Soul's life, ſo neither ſhall he be able to deſtroy the life of thy Body: Wherefore get me ſomething* (ſaith he) *ready for him, and I will ſee him eat before I go, and will beg a Bleſſing upon it.*

When it was brought, *Eat,* (ſaid Mr. *Rothwell*) *and fear not the Devil*; and urged him to eat, as being a means appointed by God to preſerve life, and quoted the Example of *Jairus*'s Daughter, whom our Saviour, after he had reſtored her to life, *commanded to give her meat*, Luk. 8. 55. With much adoe, and great trembling, at laſt he took and eat; *Look you,* ſayes Mr. *Rothwell, you all ſee the Devil is a Lyar; the firſt bit hath not choak'd him, nor ſhall the reſt.* Mr. *Rothwel* then left him; after which he was ſtruck dumb for three years together, and continued to be tempted, though no longer poſſeſſed; at length, by Prayer likewiſe, which was inſtantly put up to God for him, his Mouth was opened, and his Speech reſtored to him at that very inſtant when a Miniſter praying for him in the Congregation where he was preſent, uſed this expreſſion; *Lord, open thou his Lips, that his Mouth may ſhew forth thy Praiſe*; to which he preſently anſwered *Amen*, and ſo continued to ſpeak, and lived religiouſly and virtuouſly to his dying day.

DIALOGUE II.

ABout the year 1644, the Lord *Grandiſon*, a *Scottiſh* Nobleman, took up his Habitation for ſome time at *Berwick* upon *Tweed*, and brought his Family with him; in which, among others, was the Steward of his Houſe, who was a very religious Man, but was then very much afflicted in mind. Among others Mr. *Robert Balſom*, a very zealous Miniſter in thoſe Parts, came to viſit him, and for the preſent ſomewhat ſatisfied him: But two or three dayes after being again ſorely afflicted, Mr. *Balſom* was ſent for, who finding him very much weakened by the violence of this diſtemper of mind, began to ſpeak comfortably to him; but perceiving he could faſten nothing upon him, he whiſpered to him in his Ear to this purpoſe, *I doubt there is ſomething within which you would do well to diſcover:* Hereupon the Man's Tongue ſwelled immediately, and came out of his Mouth, ſo that he was not able to ſpeak; Mr. *Balſom* continued to diſcourſe with him, till at length, to the aſtoniſhment of all that were in the Room, (who were many, and ſome of them Perſons of good Quality) a ſhrill voice was heard, as coming out of his Throat, without any motion of his Tongue, ſaying, *What doſt thou talk to him of Promiſes and free Grace? He is mine.* Mr. *Balſom* apprehending it to be the voice of the Devil, replyed; *No Satan, thou doſt not know any man to be thine while there is life in him.*

Satan; But this is a notorious wicked Wretch, and therefore he is mine.

Balſom; *Yet the Blood of Jeſus Chriſt cleanſeth us from all Sin.*

Satan; If God would let me looſe upon you, I ſhould find enough in the beſt of you to make you

Bal-

Balſom; *But thou art bound, Satan:* And ſo turning himſelf to the ſtanders by, he ſaid with a chearful countenance, *What a gracious God have we, that ſuffers not Satan to have his will upon us!* The Devil hereupon began to curſe, ſwear, and to blaſpheme the bleſſed Trinity in a moſt fearful and horrible manner; to whom Mr. *Balſom* ſaid, *The Lord rebuke thee Satan.*

Satan; But this Man is mine, for he hath given himſelf to me, and ſealed it with his own Blood.

Balſom; *I do not believe that the Father of Lies ſpeaketh truth; and I do believe (how confident ſoever thou art) that thou wilt loſe thy hold before to morrow morning.* The Devil then continued to curſe and ſwear abominably, and ſaid, How canſt thou endure to hear thy God thus blaſphemed? I will never give over blaſpheming as long as thou ſtayeſt in the Room.

Balſom; *I will pray for the Man.*

Satan; Wilt thou pray for a Man that is damned?

Balſom; *I will go home and pray for him, and get all the force I can in the Town to joyn with me.* After this there being no voice any more heard, Mr. *Balſom* went home about eleven a Clock at night, where he found in his Houſe divers Chriſtian Friends which he intended to have ſent for, waiting for him; and upon the ſight of them he ſpoke to this purpoſe; *Friends, I wonder at the Providence of God in bringing you hither at this time; for otherwiſe I muſt have ſent for you*; and ſo declaring to them what had befallen the afflicted Perſon, he deſired them to joyn their Prayers with his on his behalf, which they continued for ſome part of the night. And the next morning Mr. *Balſom* going to viſit him again, found him in a very comfortable condition; and asking him how he did, he anſwered; *Through the Goodneſs of God I have over-*

come

come Satan, and am now as full of comfort as I was before of Trouble: Thus he continued chearful (though very weak) all that day, and the next morning dyed, no diſeaſe being apparent on him.

Of Places Haunted.

There was in *Athens* a great and ſpacious Houſe, but very infamous for a report that it had for a long time been haunted by an evil Spirit. That in the dead time of the night a ſtrange noiſe was heard, at firſt as it were from the Yard, which came nearer and nearer, till there ſtood before them an old Man, lean, pale, and with a long Beard, having his Hands and Feet chained, which he often ſhaked. By theſe terrors the Inhabitants fell ſick, and many dyed; for the remembrance of the Image impreſſed on their fancy, cauſed a deadly fear, inſomuch that at laſt it was left deſolate. Nevertheleſs, Bills were ſet up in ſeveral places of the City, if peradventure any one would venture to hire and inhabit it. At that time the Philoſopher *Athenodorus* came to *Athens*, and reading one of theſe Bills, and the ſmall Rent it was to be let at, by reaſon of its Infamy, bought it, notwithſtanding what the People reported of it, and gave order the firſt night, that his Bed ſhould be made in the firſt Room of it, ſome Books, and his Pen and Paper to be brought, that his Mind being employed and buſied, might cauſe no vain fears. In a ſtudying poſture therefore he watched, and when at midnight he heard the noiſe of Chains and Irons, as had been reported to him, he neither lifted up his eyes, nor left writing till it ſeemed to be in the Room. Then looking towards the Door, there appeared the Image of an ancient Man loaded with Chains,

Chains, beckoning, as it were, for him to follow: the Philoſopher on the other ſide, made ſigns with hand that he ſhould ſtay a little till he had made an end of what he was writing. But the Spirit began again to ſhake his Chains, at which the other left off writing, and taking the Candle in his hand, followed the Ghoſt, who proceeded ſlowly, as if he were very aged, and much loaded with his Chains, till he came into the yard where he vaniſht. The Philoſopher being left alone, left a mark upon the place, and the next morning cauſed it to be dug up; where were found the bones of a man chained, for the fleſh was putrified and eaten away; theſe being gathered and buried publickly; the houſe was never haunted afterwards.

2. *Eraſmus* in his Epiſtles writes, that on the tenth of *April* 1523. in an Inn of *Siltac* a Town in *Switzerland*, there was a certain hiſſing heard about night time, which ſeemed to come out of one of the Chambers of the houſe; wherefore the Hoſt fearing there might have been Thieves, ran thither immediately but could find no body, yet ſtill heard the ſame noiſe in the Garret, and not long after upon the top of the Chimney: then ſuppoſing that it was an evil Spirit, he ſent for the Prieſt to exorciſe him, who no ſooner began his Conjuration, but the Spirit anſwered he cared not for them, ſince one was a Whore-maſter and both were Thieves, and therefore he would in ſpight of them burn the Town as he had undertaken (all this was thought afterwards to proceed by the means of a Familiar Spirit, which the Maid of that houſe confeſſed on her death bed, to have had familiarity with for the ſpace of fourteen years) the Spirit therefore, took this Maid to the top of the Chimney, and commanded her to ſpread ſuch fire as he gave her, which ſhe did, and in leſs than an hours time all the Town was conſumed, notwithſtanding the great abundance of water the inhabitants brought to quench it.

11. *Faxtius*

11. *Fazellus* writes, that a certain *Sicilian* called *Lyodor*, a moſt notorious Magician, got himſelf great repute in the City of *Catania*, by his wonderful Illuſions: for he ſeemed by the Extraordinary working of his Charms and Spells, to transform Men into brute Beaſts, and to beſtow upon all things elſe ſuch form and likeneſs as himſelf pleaſed; and by general Report he drew to him as ſoon and as eaſily Perſons that were diſtant from thence many dayes Journey, as thoſe that were in the ſame Place; he did alſo many injuries and ſhameful outrages to the Citizens of *Catania*; ſo that the common People bewitched with a fearful and falſe Opinion fell to Worſhipping of him; and when for his wicked deeds he was condemned to die, he by virtue of his Charms eſcaped out of the Hangmans hands, cauſing himſelf to be carryed in the Air by Devils from *Catania* to *Conſtantinople*, and after that brought back again from thence into *Sicilia*: This made him admired of all the People, who imagining the Divine Power was laid up in him, they ran into an horrible Errour, offering him Divine Honour: But at laſt *Leo*, Biſhop of *Catania*, inſpired with a ſudden Zeal, laid hands on this Deviliſh Magician in an open place before all the People, and cauſed him to be caſt alive into an hot burning Furnace, where he was conſumed to Aſhes. *Schotus Phil Curioſ.*

12. *Delrio* in his Magical diſcourſes gives this Relation. Two Magicians met together in the Queen of *Englands* Court, as I have it from unqueſtioned witneſſes; theſe two agreed, that in any one thing they ſhould infallibly obey one another; the one therefore commands the other to thruſt his Head out of the Caſement of a Window, which he had no ſooner done, but a large pair of Stags Horns, were ſeen planted on his Forehead, to the great pleaſure of the Spectators, who joked upon him with a thouſand abuſes, and mocks; he reſenting the diſgrace, and thirſt-

thirsting after revenge, when his turn came to be obeyed, he with a Charcoal drew the Lineaments of a man upon the Wall, and then commanded the same Magician to stand under that Picture, that the Wall should immediately give place to receive him; the other apprehensive of the extream danger he was in, began to beseech him that he would excuse him, but the other absolutely refused; being therefore compelled he stands under it, and then the Wall seemed to open, and he being entred therein, was never afterward seen more. The same Author sets down another Relation as a matter of undoubted truth: A notable Conjurer, for a Tryal of his great skill, had cut off the Head of the Inn keepers Servant, where he lodged, and when he was about to set it on again, he perceived he was hindered by the presence of another Magician, that chanced to be by at that time; he therefore besought him that he would not oppose him; but the other not regarding his request, the first Magician caused a Lilly to Spring out upon the top of the Table, and when he had chopped off the Head of it, together with its Flowers, upon the sudden down falls the Magician that had hindered him, headless to the ground; that done, he sets on the Head of the Servant again, and speedily conveys himself away, lest he should be questioned for the Murder of his Rival. *Delrio, Disquis. Magick.*

Of Conjurers Impostors and Cunning-men, as they are by many simple people called.

Cornelius Agrippa the great Magician, going one day out of Town from *Lovain* where he dwelt, left the Keyes of his Study with his Wife, charging her

her ſtrictly to let no body go in; but it hapned ſo that day, that a young Companion of *Agrippa*, a Scholar, and having ever had a curioſity to ſee ſome of this Negromancers books, came to the Houſe, and with much importunity gained the keyes; then entring the room and viewing the Books, he perceived a Manuſcript of *Agrippa*'s amongſt the reſt, as it were a Compendium of them: this he reads, and in ſhort ſpace raiſes an ill favoured Devil; who entring the ſtudy, aſked what he would have that he call'd him ſo; the young man unexperienced, frightned, and ignorant what to ſay, was choaked by the Spirit, and left dead on the ground. *Agrippa* not long after returns home, and finds the Devil dancing, and ſhewing tricks upon the houſe top; at which, aſtoniſhed, he goes into his ſtudy, and finds the dead body, which he commands his Spirit to enter and carry to the place where the Students uſed to meet; this being done, and the Spirit quitting the Body, it fell down and was burved for dead, having ſome Marks only of Strangulation about the Throat. But not long after the matter was diſcovered, and *Agrippa* for ſafety fled to *Lorrain*.

There was in the Emperor *Maximilians* Court, ſeveral Impoſtors and Cunning-men, as the ſimple people call'd them, which did ſeveral ſtrange things, and deluded the Ignorant hugely: but I'le now proceed to the next head.

A Diſcourſe of Witches, Wizards, and Witchcraft, and of Hags, and their Imps.

I. *What a Witch is.*

THe Conception which I, and (I think) moſt men have, is, That a Witch is one who can do, or ſeems to do, ſtrange things beyond the known Power

Power of Art, and ordinary Nature, by Vertue of a confederacy with evil Spirits: ſtrange things, not Miracles; theſe are the extraordinary effects of Divine Power, known and diſtinguiſhed by their circumſtances, but ſtrange things are really performed, and are not all Impoſtures and Deluſions. The Witch occaſions, but is not the principal efficient, ſhe ſeems to do it, but the Spirit performs the wonder; ſometimes immediately, as by Tranſportation and Poſſeſſions, ſometimes by applying other natural cauſes, as by raiſing Storms, and inflicting Diſeaſes; ſometimes uſing the Witch as an Inſtrument, and either by the Eye or touch conveying malign influences and theſe things are done by vertue of a Covenant, or compact between the *Witch* and an *evil Spirit*.

2. As divers very worthy Authors have credibly related ſeveral wicked actions committed by *Witches*, and *Wizards*, ſo ſome of them have recorded the manner of their entring themſelves into that curſed Profeſſion, and the Ceremonies thereof, as they have been diſcovered by thoſe who have renounced thoſe deteſtable practices, which it may not be improper here briefly to relate. The *Wizards* and *Witches* being met at a place and time appointed, the *Devil* there appears in human ſhape, admoniſhing them to be faithful, and promiſing them ſucceſs and length of Life; then thoſe that are preſent, recommend the Perſon who is to be entred; the *Devil* then requires him to renounce the Chriſtian Faith, and Sacraments, and giving him his hand, tells him, that this alone is not ſufficient, but that he muſt worſhip him likewiſe, and give himſelf to him Body and Soul for ever, and bring as many as poſſibly he can into the ſame Society; and that he muſt prepare himſelf certain Ointments, and then be confirmed therein. *Manlius* writes, that in the Year 1553, Two *Witches* ſtole a Neighbours Child, and murdering

it,

it, cut it in pieces, and put it into a Kettle to boil; when the ſorrowful Mother looking for her Infant, came by chance into the Houſe, and found the Limbs thereof horribly conſumed; for which abominable Fact the Authors of it were burnt, having confeſſed this their Villany. Another Author ſays, Two other *Witches* are reported to have killed abundance of Children, and that in *Germany* Eight *Witches* were taken, who confeſſed they had murdered an hundred forty and five Children in making their *Ointments*; they are alſo reported to have each of them a *Spirit* or *Imp* attending on them, who are to aſſiſt and obey them in all things, and to give them notice of their ſolemn Meetings, or appointments, at which time it is ſaid, they ſeparate themſelves from all company, and night being come, they ſtrip themſelves naked, and anoint themſelves with their *Ointments*, then are they carried out of the Houſe, either by the Window, Door, or Chimney, mounted on their *Imps*, to their meeting place, which is ſometimes many hundred miles from their dwellings, where they find great numbers of *Wizards* and *Witches* arrived by the ſame means, who all make their accuſtomed reverence to *Lucifer* in his Throne, adoring him, proclaiming him their Lord, and rendering him all honour, as their King; this Solemnity being finiſhed, they ſit at Table, where no delicate Meats are wanting to pleaſe their appetites, after which they dance, and the *Incubuſſes* in the ſhape of proper men ſatisfie the luſts of the *Witches*, and the *Succubuſſes* ſerve for *Whores* to the *Wizards*; ſometimes at their ſolemn Aſſemblies the Devil commands each to tell what wickedneſs he hath done, and according to the deteſtableneſs thereof, he is honoured and applauded; theſe, and many other ſuch wonderful things are mentioned by Authors of good credit, and ſeveral Perſons have made Confeſſion, and given an account thereof.

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The Remarkable Tryal of a Witch.

3. IN the year 1645. One *Rebecka Jones*, being ſuſpected for a *Witch*, was brought before Sir *Harbottle Grimſtone*, and Sir *Thomas Bows*, Juſtices of the Peace for *Eſſex*, to whom ſhe voluntarily confeſſed, *That about 25 years before, living with one* John Biſhop *in that County, there came one Morning to the door a very handſome young Man, as ſhe then thought, but now ſhe thinks it was the Devil, who asked her how ſhe did, and deſired to ſee her left wriſt, and then he took a Pin from her ſleeve, and pricked it twice, and there came out a drop of Blood, which he took upon his finger and departed; and going a while after to St.* Oſyths, *ſhe met a Man in a ragged Suit, with ſuch great Eyes as much affrighted her, who came to her, and gave her three things like to Moles, having four feet apiece, but no tails, and black, and bid her Nurſe them till he deſired them again*; ſhe aſked what ſhe muſt give them, he anſwered Milk, and that they would not hurt her, but would avenge her on her Enemies, and bid her murther ſome, but not too many, and he would forgive her, and then went away; after which ſhe ſaid, *She ſent one of theſe Imps to kill a Sow of one* Benjamin Hows, *which was done accordingly; ſhe then with one* Joyce Boanes, *did ſend each of them an Imp to kill one* Thomas Brunſtead *of St.* Oſyths, *who dyed about three weeks after, and ſhe believes the two Imps killed him*; ſhe confeſt likewiſe that ſhe ſent another of her Imps to *Brunſteads* Houſe to kill his Wife, and that the reaſon of her offence againſt them, was, becauſe they beat a Son of hers upon a ſmall occaſion: for theſe and other Villanies this Woman was arraigned at *Chelmsford*, and upon her own Confeſſion condemned and hanged. *Inform. of Witches.*

Of Pharies, Familiar Spirits, and Goblins.

OF Pharies alſo, thoſe little Mimick Elves, that appear alwayes very ſmall of ſtature, and buſie themſelves chiefly in imitating the operations of men; we read in *Georgius Agricola*, that great ſearcher of Subterraneal mines, that they appear frequently in thoſe places whence precious Metals are dug, and from their manners are called *Cobali*, or Imitators of men; theſe ſeem to laugh, to be cloathed like the work-men, to dig the Earth, and to do many things, that really they do not; mocking ſometimes the work-men, but ſeldom or never hurting them. The *Latins* have called them *Lares* and *Larvæ*, frequenting, as they ſay, Houſes, delighting in neatneſs, pinching the Slut, and rewarding the good Houſewife with money in her Shoe.

Siarra hath left us this notable Relation: That there lived in his time in *Spain*, a Table and Beautiful Virgin, but far more famous for her excellence at her Needle; inſomuch that happy did that Courtier think himſelf, that could wear the ſmalleſt piece of her work, though at a price almoſt invaluable. It hapned one day, as this admirable Semſtreſs ſate working in her Garden, that caſting aſide her Eye on ſome fair Flower or Tree, ſhe ſaw, as ſhe thought a little Gentleman, yet one that ſhew'd great Nobility by his cloathing, come riding towards her from behind a bed of Flowers; thus ſurprized how any body ſhould come into her Garden, but much more at the ſtature of the perſon, who as he was on Horſe back exceeded not a foots length in heighth; ſhe had reaſon to ſuſpect that her eyes deceived her. But the Gallant ſpurring his Horſe up the Garden, made it not long, though his Horſe was little, before he came to her; then greeting the Lady in moſt decent man-

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ner, after some Complements past, he acquaints her with the cause of his bold Arrival; that forasmuch as he was a Prince amongst the Pharies, and did intend to celebrate his Marriage on such a day, he desired she would work him Points for him and his Princess against the time he appointed. The Lady consented to his demand, and he took his leave; but whether multitude of business caused the Lady to forget her promise, or the strangeness of the thing made her neglect the work, thinking her sight to have been deceived, I know not: yet so it fell out, that when the appointed time came, the work was not ready. The hour wherein she had promised the Phary Prince some fruits of her Needle, hapned to be one day as she was at dinner with many Noble Persons, having quite forgot her promise, when on a suddain casting her eye to the door, she saw an infinite train of Pharies come in: so that fixing her eyes on them, and remembring how she neglected her promise, she sate as one amazed, and astonished the whole company. But at last the train had mounted upon the Table, and as they were prancing on their Horses round the brims of a large dish of white-broth, an Officer that seemed too busie in making way before them, fell into the dish, which caused the Lady to burst into a suddain fit of laughter, and thereby to recover her senses. When the whole Phary company was come upon the Table, that the brims of every dish seemed fill'd with little Horse men, she saw the Prince coming towards her, and hearing she had not done what she promised, seemed to go away displeased. The Lady presently fell into a fit of Melancholly, and being asked by her friends the cause of these alterations and astonishments, related the whole matter; but notwithstanding all their consolations, pined away, and dyed not long after.

The Sighs and Groans of a Dying Man.

Good Lord, I confess that I am but a Worm *of Yesterday; my production was out of the Dust, and I must thither return in my ultimate resolution; for (as I have heard) in the sick Mans Passing-bell, Dust I am and to Dust I shall return: Let me therefore alwayes be in a readiness for my last change, seeing I know not how soon the silent Grave may involve me under its Wings, where I shall lye in obscurity, till the last Trumpet shall sound, at the morning day of the Resurrection,* Arise ye Dead, *&c. Good Lord, though now I appear as a living Object of thy Favour, yet I know not how soon the Scene may be altered, for this very day I now breathe in, may be the last I shall ever count: And so many wayes may the Thread of my Frail Life be snapt asunder, that I cannot promise my self an hours time upon Earth; a little Stone from the House top, as I pass in the Street, a slip of my Foot, or the stumbling of my Horse, a suddain Mischance (among a million that may befall me every Day) which I know not of, may reduce me to my first Original, and leave me a pale Carkass to be Sacrificed to the gaping Grave: Oh let me often therefore consider where will be my Eternal abode, when the black attire of my Funeral is over, and all my Weeping Friends gone to their several Houses and homes: Let me often think how meanly and poorly Clad I shall enter into my Coffin, with only one poor Shrowd and other Dresses fitted to cover me; Oh then what will become of my rich Attire, my haughty Deckings, my over curious Trimings, for to the Grave now I am a going: and then when I am arrested by the cold Hands of Death, how Pale and Wan to all shall I seem? even ready to nauseate my very Spectators: Good Lord, let such thoughts as these keep me humble; and keep down all proud aspiring thoughts that shall at any time arise in my Corrupted Heart; For 'tis true,* Dust I am, and to Dust I shall speedily return.

FINIS.

Descants upon the Author of this Book.

AND now being *refreshed with these fragrant Leaves*, what shall I say? *Blessed Author, art thou yet alive?* Breath longer in this *fruitful Air*, and extract more out of this so *rich a Stock.* A *Scribe* so well instructed cannot have spent all, but must have new or old to bring out of his Treasury. *Do not hide, but improve thy Talent*; be not only a *good* and *wise* but a *faithful Steward*, and yield us more of thy pleasant *Fruits*. *Thou hast begun well, who, what should hinder thee?* Thy present (were there no succeeding) Reward is Spur enough to *future*

future work. Religion is *Recreation*, and *Heaven* is the *way* to *Heaven*: Good men are there on *this side the Grave*. Thy *longing Soul* was still *peeping into it*, and sending thy *Thoughts* as *Spies*, to view this *Promised Land*. But art thou at *rest from thy Labours*? This (among others) thy *Work follows thee*, and hath here erected thy *lasting Monument*. Where-ever thou wer't buried, *Obscurity shall not swallow thee*. Every *good Heart* that knevv thee is thy *Tomb*, and every *Tongue writes thee an Epitaph*: Good men speak vvell of thee, but above all *God delights in thee*. Thy Thoughts vvere still fluttering upvvards, richly *fraught with Divine Meditations*, and ever aspiring, till *unlading themselves in the Bosom of thy Beloved*. We are hugely thankful that a fevv drop from thee for the comfort and example of fainting sluggish Mortals belovv. Thou livedst *in deed*, vvhilest others live *only in shew*; and hast changed thy *Place*, but not thy *Company*.

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